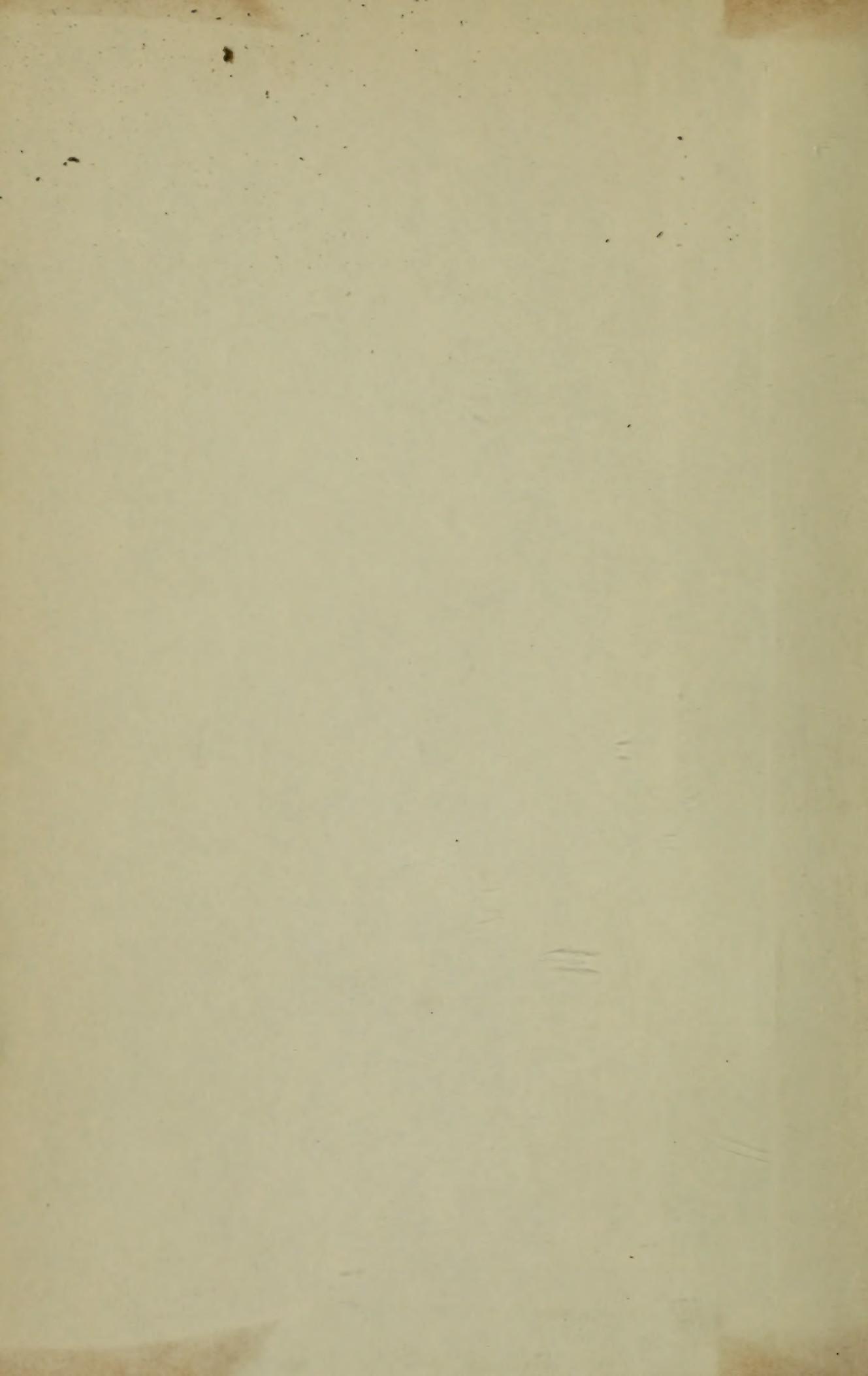
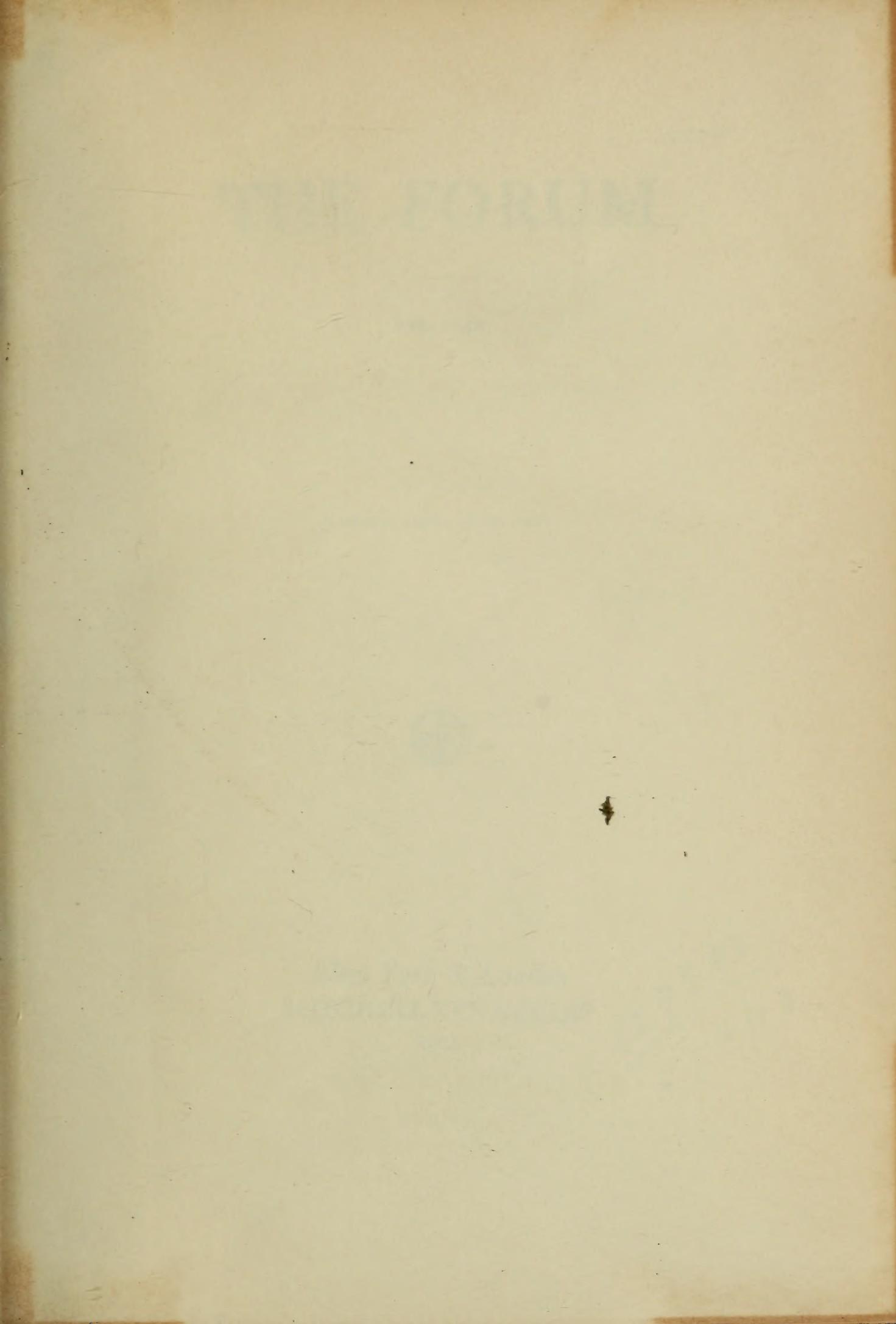




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FOR JANUARY 1913

THE BALKAN QUESTION

EDWIN MAXEY

THE declaration of war upon Turkey by the Balkan states has reopened an old sore in European diplomacy. It has threatened that delicate equilibrium of forces known in the language of diplomacy as the balance of power in Europe. As this principle has formed the pivot upon which the diplomacy of Europe has turned for about three centuries, the situation is especially interesting from the diplomatic standpoint. Nor are questions of European diplomacy any longer a matter of indifference to Americans. Though we avoid, in so far as possible, meddling with them officially, we are affected by them and hence we follow them with a certain degree of practical interest rather than out of merely idle curiosity or a desire to appear learned.

In respect to the interest taken by Americans in foreign affairs, a marked change has taken place within very recent times. But a little over fifty years ago, the Crimean War, in which more than half of Europe was engaged, appeared to concern Americans very little more than if it were being waged upon the planet of Mars. Nor is this change due to a keener taste for things warlike, nor yet to the fact that we now have oversea possessions. It is due rather to the fact that, as a result of improved means of transportation and of distributing intelligence, the different parts of the globe have been drawn closer together so that disturbances in the commercial, financial, diplomatic or political status of any of the parts produce a much greater and more prompt reaction throughout all the members

than ever before. National isolation has become a mere empty phrase to which there is nothing corresponding in external reality.

Added to the practical interest which we have in matters which affect our markets, there is not a little in the attempt of the baby Balkan states to solve a problem which has baffled Europe for over five centuries that appeals to the heroic in us. For whether or not the era of hero-worship is past, the strivings of a people to realize their legitimate ambitions can never fail to challenge our admiration until our emotions cease to respond to patriotic stimuli.

But in order that we may get an intelligent appreciation of the Turkish question as it exists to-day and of the patriotic impulses which have forced the Balkan states into alliance and into action, it is necessary that we take a brief historical survey. For there are some questions which to be understood at all must be approached from the viewpoint of the historian, and the Turkish question is decidedly one of this type. We cannot, therefore, be justly accused of pedantry for adopting this method of approach.

Between five and six centuries ago, the Turks, who are an Asiatic people, overran a considerable portion of south-eastern Europe and among the peoples brought under subjection to their rule were the Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Serbs and the Montenegrins. But though a change of government was forced upon them by the sword, the conquered peoples were never absorbed by their conquerors. The Greeks could never forget that while the Turk as an untamed and untutored savage was still roaming the semi-arid plains of Asia, they were in the very vanguard of civilization and had by reason of the brilliancy of their superior intellect manifesting itself in the fields of literature, art, and philosophy placed all coming generations debtor unto them. No more could they forget that their ancestors had beaten back from the soil of Greece the Asiatic hosts sent against them by the world-empire of Persia.

Neither could the Bulgarians forget that they had survived the Roman influence and could boast the military honor of having slain in battle one of the successors of Augustus and Constantine; that during the reign of Simeon (917 to 927) Bul-

garia had, to quote the language of Gibbon, "assumed a rank among the civilized powers of the earth"; that Stambuloff, the "Bulgarian Bismarck," was one of the ablest statesmen Europe has produced; that no amount of tyranny had succeeded in making a Turk out of a Bulgar or in quenching their patriotic aspirations.

No more could the Servians forget that their dominions had in the middle of the fourteenth century stretched from the Danube to the Gulf of Corinth and from the Adriatic to within a short distance of Adrianople; that under Dusan the Servian Empire was the leader of the Balkan states; that the Servian plain of Kossovo has been the Armageddon of nations; that a Serb, whether in Servia or in Macedonia, is outraged whenever he is compelled to submit to the barbarities of Turkish rule.

No less impossible was it for Montenegro to forget that though she has never been a great state, her people were imbued with that spirit of liberty and intolerance of oppression characteristic of a mountain people. The same spirit which impelled them to defy the great Napoleon, in admiration for which act Napoleon III intervened to secure their independence, has now impelled them to defy the power of the Turks.

Given peoples from whom the national consciousness and spirit of liberty could not be eradicated and ruled by a Government which did not understand them, having little in common with them and no sympathy for them, it is not at all surprising that the Balkans should have been a trouble-cauldron the noisome fumes from which have for generations polluted the political atmosphere of Europe. Such has indeed been the fact. The condition has long been recognized as intolerable. It required no political seer to discover that no remedy could be anything more than a temporary makeshift which did not result in confining Turkish rule to territory populated almost exclusively by Turks, whereas there are to-day over a million more Christians than Turks in European Turkey. To believe that this was not clear to the Powers of Europe, is a reflection on their intelligence.

But who was to apply the remedy? Russia volunteered, and the treaties of Kutchuk-Kainardji, 1774, Jassy, 1792, Bucharest, 1812, Akerman, 1826, Adrianople, 1829, Unkiar-Skelessi, 1833,

San Stefano, 1878, represent a series of compromises under which the territory and influence of Turkey were limited and those of Russia extended. The control of the Bosphorus was a dream of the Czars which at times seemed close to realization. An outlet on an unfrozen sea was a natural, national longing.

This way of dealing with the problem did not however meet with the approval of the commercial Powers of Europe. England in particular objected, as the natural outcome of the plan would be to place Russia in control of the eastern Mediterranean. This would be too great a threat to England's line of communications with India for her to permit it, unless compelled to. Whatever threatens England's line of communications with India touches her at a point where the nerves are especially sensitive and close to the surface. Her contention was that by reason of Turkey's position, the Turkish question was a European question and not one for settlement by Russia and Turkey alone. She therefore forced Russia to submit the question to a conference of the Powers which met in London, 1840, at which the secret treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi was revised downward. The Conference of Paris, 1856, was another meeting of the Powers of Europe for the general purpose of settling the Turkish question, but for the specific purpose of limiting still further Russian control in Turkish affairs. The last great congress for this purpose was the Conference of Berlin, 1878, called for the purpose of making waste paper out of the greater part of the Treaty of San Stefano. This they succeeded in doing. But they succeeded also in committing a decided blunder. The Treaty of San Stefano, after recognizing the independence of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, had provided for a Greater Bulgaria which included most of Macedonia and would separate the two parts of Turkey in Europe. Bulgaria would then have been considerably the most important of the Balkan states. The distasteful feature of this was not so much the extent of its territory but the conviction upon the part of the Powers that, having been brought into being by Russian arms, it would be virtually a dependency of Russia, though theoretically under Turkish suzerainty. There was the further fear that it was merely another step in the plan of Russia to get control of the Bosphorus and

there was a determination so to act as to discourage the entertainment of any such hope.

But granted that England and Austria would be so threatened in their vital interests by Russian control of Constantinople that it would be dangerous and unwise for them to permit it and granted further that a separation of Macedonia from Bulgaria was necessary to prevent the consummation of Russia's plan, it was not necessary that they should have left the Christians of Macedonia without a guarantee that Turkey would inaugurate the reforms provided for in the Treaty of Berlin.

Article 62 of this treaty provides that "The Sublime Porte having expressed the intention to maintain the principle of religious liberty, and give it the widest scope, the contracting parties take note of this spontaneous declaration." Whether or not this provision appealed to the sense of justice of the Turk, it must have appealed to the sense of humor of the signatories, i. e., assuming that they possessed any sense of humor. But the treaty does not stop here; it provides further that "In no part of the Ottoman Empire shall differences of religion be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity as regards the discharge of civil and political rights, admission to public employments, functions and honors, or the exercise of the various professions and industries." And still more specifically, "All persons shall be admitted, without distinction of religion, to give evidence before the tribunals."

The fatal weakness of this as a contract for the purpose of binding the Turkish Government is that it provides no guarantee for the enforcement of its provisions, i. e., provides no penalty in case the provisions of the treaty are not complied with. As a matter of fact those reforms have never been inaugurated in good faith and the Christian has never been and is not now on an equal footing with the Mohammedan in the Turkish courts. Christians have had their property pillaged, been robbed, their wives and children outraged and even murdered, without being able to secure any redress in the Turkish courts. This is pretty generally recognized by those who have made a careful study of conditions on the spot. Such were the conditions in Macedonia when the massacre at Protchana convinced the Balkan states that

conditions were so intolerable that they must be remedied and that war was the only remedy.

The Powers had recognized that the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin were not being complied with by the Porte and after considering the matter at the Muerzsteg conference of 1903 and the Buchlau conference of 1912 between von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Chancellor, and Count Berchtold, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Austria, representations were made to the Porte calling upon it to introduce the necessary reforms. These representations resulted in the securing of promises, but nothing more. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the Balkan Allies should have despaired of anything being accomplished without a resort to force. For they had, and not without cause, reached the conclusion that force is the only form of argument which appeals to a Turk. Accordingly Montenegro declared war, which was soon followed by a like declaration from the other members of the alliance.

At the beginning of the war, most military critics were of the opinion that the chances were strongly in favor of a Turkish triumph. They pointed out the facts that the Turkish army was superior in numbers, would move along the shorter lines, could readily keep in touch with its different units, would be operating close to its base of supplies, and could cut the Allies up in detail, thus crushing them separately instead of being compelled to fight their combined force; that the Turkish soldier was superior in military valor to the soldiers of the Allies, that the Turkish army was organized upon the German basis under the supervision of von der Goltz and would be led by generals of greater military experience than those of the Allies. All of these facts tended to show that on paper the Turk had a decided advantage, but certain other very material facts were left out of the computation.

In equipment the Turkish army suffered by comparison with that of the Allies. This is due in part to the fact that Turkey has for years been in a crippled financial condition and in part to the system of official graft which diverted some of the money intended for military equipment into the pockets of the official class. As a result, the cartridge belts of several of the Turkish

soldiers showed that they had been fighting with blank cartridges, a class of weapon which may be effective in diplomacy but is useless in battle. The Turkish commissariat was most miserably organized and far less efficient than that of the Allies. The Turkish intelligence department was also wanting in those forms of equipment considered essential in modern warfare, such as telephone connection between the different units of the army and headquarters. Their mobilization was so slow that the Allies gained a decided advantage during the early weeks of the war, so that Turkey has been on the defensive throughout the war. Instead of cutting the Allies up in detail and defeating them separately by having a larger force at the point of contact than that of the enemy, she has allowed her own divisions to be separated from each other so that at present but a fraction of her army is at the point where the crucial contest is being waged. For instance, the garrison of Scutari is powerless to aid in the defence of Constantinople, as are those of Kumanova and Uskub, most of these latter having surrendered and the balance scattered so that they are no longer in effective force. The garrisons of Monastir and Salonika have surrendered, thus subtracting over a hundred thousand more from the Turkish fighting force. Another eighty thousand are shut up in Adrianople with practically no chance of being able to join the main army in front of Constantinople. Before this article reaches the reader Adrianople with its garrison of 80,000 will very probably have surrendered, as it is completely invested and can be soon starved out, if not burned out by the pyroxylin shells from the besieging guns. True, while they continue to hold out the garrisons of Scutari and Adrianople necessitate a force being kept to guard them, but it is only a question of a short time when they will be compelled to surrender, thus relieving the besieging force for operations against the main Turkish army, which now numbers but 100,000, a mere remnant of the standing army of 375,000 at the opening of the war and but a small percentage of the 750,000 soldiers the Turkish army on a war footing is supposed to contain.

Thus the Bulgarian army in front of Constantinople can soon be strongly reinforced, while it is doubtful whether or not the

Turkish army can, as the Greek fleet may be able to prevent it. And even admitting that the line of communication with the Asiatic possessions can be kept open, it is very doubtful whether or not the Asiatic soldiers can use effectively the modern implements of warfare. Their efficiency, to say the least, is doubtful. And unless they can be made effective from the start, the war will very likely not last long enough to furnish them much training.

The prevalence of cholera in the Turkish army has cost the lives of several thousand soldiers and rendered several thousand more ineffective. If this is due to unsanitary conditions, the presence of Asiatic troops is very likely to aggravate the difficulty, and another breakdown in the commissariat would aggravate it still further. It not infrequently happens in wars that disease is more dangerous than bullets. The presence of thousands of ill-fed, poorly sheltered civilians will not tend to lessen the danger from disease and this danger will increase with the progress of the winter.

The poor leadership which has handicapped the Turks can be accounted for in part on political grounds. Shefket Pasha, the ablest military and political leader of the Turks, belongs to the Young Turk party, and this party was driven out of power because of the unpopularity of the Government's conduct of the war with Italy. The unsuccessfulness of the war, however inevitable such lack of success might be, was sufficient to drive from power the Cabinet in which Shefket held a portfolio, and the present Minister of War has not been a large enough man to tender the position of Commander-in-Chief to a deposed leader, however able a military genius he might be. This may be due to a lack of judgment or a lack of patriotism, but whatever the cause the effect is the same.

Contrary to the expectations of the military critics, the Turkish military operations have been severely handicapped by a listlessness upon the part of the Turkish soldier. This may be due to a conviction that his Government is not really worth fighting for. Nor indeed is it astonishing that a Government which is a synonym for inefficiency should fail to inspire its soldiers with the zeal which would make of them the most effective fighting

machines. When compelled to fight with his back to the wall, the Turk has fought with his old time bravery; but he has not in this war shown any of the aggressiveness which in his palmier days characterized his fighting and would have commended him for service alongside of the old guard of Napoleon. Disheartened and discouraged men are not the material out of which effective armies are made, and the inefficiency of the Turkish Government has been enough to discourage even a Turk.

In marked contrast with the spirit, morale and leadership of the Turkish army have been those of the Allies. The allied armies have been able to move rapidly and fight with a dash because the men wanted to move and fight. They are inspired not merely with a thirst for revenge because of a recollection of wrongs received from their former oppressors, but are fired by a determination, born of a sense of duty, to provide for their kinsmen in Macedonia what these have been helpless to provide for themselves, viz: an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of their own labor and to live under a Government which offered reasonable protection to life and property, and to worship God without having it accounted to them as a crime for which they would be placed outside the pale of the law.

The remarkable successes of the Allies have again demonstrated the fact that a large standing army is not indispensable to rapidity of action, harmonious organization, or effective fighting. Though the standing army of Bulgaria is about fifty thousand, she has within an amazingly short length of time been able to put into the field an effective army of three hundred thousand men, who have from the start moved with the precision of veterans. They have always been able to outnumber the Turkish army at the point of contact. The amateur soldier, whether volunteer or recruit, who comes from the ranks of the artisans and yeomanry, provided he feels that he has a cause worth fighting for and is well-armed and reasonably well-fed, makes a very dependable military asset. He is not infrequently superior in effectiveness to the professional soldier. When this fact is realized by the great Powers of continental Europe, it will reduce greatly the non-productive class, and lighten the burden under which the toiling classes are now bending and restive.

One of the surprising features of the war has been the size of the armies which the Allies have been able to put into the field, for, though their combined population is not much greater than that of Mexico or the single State of New York, the forces engaged in the main battles of the war have outnumbered those engaged in the battles of Waterloo or Gettysburg. This is still more surprising when we recall that the chief battles of the present war were fought within four weeks of the beginning of the war.

The campaign of the Allies has been characterized by exceptional coöordination, a quality not usually characteristic of the actions of allies. It has also been remarkably free from military blunders. The only marked exception to this is the dissipation of forces by the sending of a Servian army to Durazzo instead of in the direction of the real theatre of war. Not only was it an example of poor military tactics, but it was a diplomatic blunder as well, in that by arousing the ire of Austria it encouraged the Turk to further resistance. Whatever causes dissension among the Powers has always been a source of comfort to the Porte, for it has been the foundation upon which that Government has rested for over a century.

So far as can be seen, the power of resistance of the Turks, if left to their own resources, is about at an end. Their willingness to sue for peace was pretty good evidence of this and their rejection of the terms offered by the Allies does not necessarily prove anything to the contrary. The habit of haggling and temporizing has become so much a part of Turkish diplomacy that it is almost the warp and woof of the fabric. Whether or not they receive any better terms than those already offered by the Allies, they will at least have satisfied their time-honored habit of haggling and no doubt entertain the hope that by sparring for time something may happen which will impel the Powers to intervene in their behalf, and that even at the worst the terms cannot be made much more severe.

The counter proposal by the Porte provides for the cession of a mere ribbon of territory along the Balkans which would be no very substantial gain to the Allies and would leave the settlement of the Turkish question about as far off as ever. Of

course the Porte does not expect that this counter proposal will be accepted by the Allies, but it is put forth as a basis for haggling. The insistence upon the retention of Adrianople, because it is still technically in the Sultan's possession, is not to be taken too seriously and there is in fact no danger of its being acceded to by the Allies, unless there is compulsion by outside force.

The likelihood of intervention by the Powers in behalf of Turkey is extremely small, provided the Allies use reasonably good judgment. If Servia will agree to an outlet on the Ægean instead of on the Adriatic, and if all will agree to assume a part of the Turkish debt proportional to the territory taken from the Porte, it is not clear that the Powers will have any legitimate cause for intervening. Though it is not evident that the possession by a small Power like Servia of an outlet on the Adriatic endangers in any degree the safety of Austria so as to furnish ground for a diplomatic protest, much less for a resort to force, it might be wise for Servia to yield the point, although she is asking for nothing which was not possessed by old Servia.

The Turkish debt, which now amounts to over a billion dollars, has hitherto proved an important factor in the solution of the Turkish question and is likely to continue so. The bonds are held by some of the most influential financiers in Europe, who more than once have been able to bring to bear upon their Governments pressure sufficiently strong to impel them to become active for their protection. The Porte has thus realized the truth of the adage that "a public debt is a public blessing." But if the Allies are diplomatic, they will provide for an equitable apportionment of the share of the Turkish debt which would fairly be represented by the territory taken from Turkey among the states receiving such territory. This would leave the bondholders in as good a position as before and would forestall intervention nominally upon other grounds but actually for the protection of the bondholders. Whether or not the bondholders in this case have come into possession of their securities in such a way as to render them worthy of protection and have not by subsequent acts forfeited their right to protection is a question upon which there may be room for difference of opinion. I am

not deciding that question. I am simply intimating that under the circumstances it might be a wise policy for the Allies to make provision to protect them.

The settlement of the questions growing out of the present war, involving as it will a reconstruction of the map of Europe, will no doubt have to come before a conference of the Powers before it is considered final. This because circumstances and tradition have made the Turkish question a European question and not simply one which can be decided by Turkey and another Power. As this conference is sure to be called, it is to be hoped that none of the Powers will anticipate it by intervening with force to gain an advantage for itself which it could not reasonably hope to gain by a calm presentation of its rights through the regularly established channels for the peaceful settlement of international controversies. The chances of securing justice in this way would seem to be ample to warrant awaiting the conference and settling the question as a whole instead of piece-meal. If, then, after due deliberation the legitimate rights of a state are ruthlessly trampled under foot, it still has an opportunity to appeal to force.

So far as can be seen now, there is no insurmountable obstacle in the way of a peaceful settlement of the points in dispute, and if the Powers of Europe have the intelligence and wisdom with which I credit them they will realize that their real interests demand a preservation of the peace of Europe, that a general European war is an appallingly serious matter and cannot be contemplated or entered upon lightly. The influence of two distinct classes of society will operate strongly for peace, though for different reasons. The capitalistic class favor peace because war is a disorganizer of commerce and finance. This class will speak through the bankers who would be called upon to finance the war. The laboring class will very naturally and earnestly oppose war, because the burdens of it will fall upon them with little prospect of their securing any substantial advantage as a result of it. This class will speak through their socialist representatives in the parliaments, as they have already done through their international socialist congress.

If forcible intervention is resorted to, it will be by Austria,

and if Austria intervenes with force instead of relying upon a more logical method of asserting and securing her rights, it will be probably because she has an agreement with Turkey as well as with Germany and Italy that she is to have Albania as a reward for her assistance in bringing about peace between Turkey and Italy. This would give Austria such a commanding position on the Adriatic as to increase greatly her prestige as a Mediterranean power, and give her an added excuse for maintaining an increased navy. Remembering that she considered Bosnia and Herzegovina a fair price for her services to the Porte at the Conference of Berlin, this is not an unreasonable conclusion to reach. Or, it may be that Austria fears a federation of the Balkan states in which the Slav influence would be the dominant influence, and believes that now is the time to frustrate the plans of such a league. I can hardly conceive it as possible that Austria considers this danger as sufficiently overwhelming and imminent to warrant an appeal to force. As well might the United States have appealed to force to prevent the federation of the Canadian provinces.

Barring intervention, it remains for the Allies to agree with Turkey and with each other upon a distribution of the conquered territory. And it remains to be seen whether or not the unity of purpose and harmony of action which have up to this point characterized their actions will be able to survive such a test. And it is indeed a severe test, for there are few things which so strain friendship as a division of spoils. But it is to be hoped that the good sense and patriotism of the Allies will so far outweigh their selfishness as to permit of an equitable and peaceful distribution of the territory wrested from the Turk.

Assuming that the power of resistance of the Turk is overcome, it seems probable that the following will be in general outline the plan adopted for reconstructing the map of southeastern Europe: Bulgaria will receive Thrace, and perhaps some of Macedonia; Servia will get the greater part of Macedonia, the Sanjak of Novi Bazar and an outlet on the Adriatic or Ægean; Greece will receive Epirus, which formerly belonged to her; and Montenegro will receive the Albanian territory which is within her military occupation. The strip between the Tcha-

talja lines and Constantinople will be left to the Porte, possibly under some provision for international supervision.

The hope and determination of the Allies to put an end to Turkish rule in Europe need occasion no surprise. During the five centuries of its continuance it has contributed nothing to the ideas which go to make up modern civilization. Not only has the Turk not contributed anything, he has not learned anything. While the rest of the world has moved ahead, he has stood still. Judged by ethical, political or economic standards, his rule stands for ultra-reaction. And in the law of politics as of life there is no such thing as permanent reaction without decay and disintegration. Governments, like individuals, cannot stand still; they must advance or go backward.

What Turkish rule means, when applied to a Slavic people, can best be understood by comparison. During a single generation of independence, Bulgaria has made greater progress in standards of living, industry, commerce, administration of justice, including protection to life, morals, and property, and in that spirit of optimism which begets progress, than had been made during the five centuries of Turkish rule. Macedonia and Thrace are now where Bulgaria was a century ago. They are under a taxing system which has long since been discarded by practically all civilized states and is so operated as to discourage saving. Not only are they heavily taxed, not infrequently over ten per cent. of their income, but the money is not expended in such a way as to give them more than a minimum, if indeed any, return for the sacrifices they have been compelled to make in order to satisfy the demands of the tax gatherer. Not only does a considerable portion of the taxes collected fail to reach the treasury, but of that which does there is but a very small percentage expended in such a way as to make more tolerable the conditions of living. The administration of justice is in most cases not merely a farce, but a travesty upon decency. No public school system is maintained and freedom of thought instead of being encouraged is strangled.

In view of these facts it can surprise no one that the Slavs and Greeks under Turkish rule are restive for a change of conditions and an opportunity to do for themselves what they have

no confidence, and not even reason to hope, that the Turk will do for them. Neither should it surprise anyone that the Allies who have lived under Turkish rule and can therefore appreciate the position of their kinsmen should sympathize with them, and that their sympathy should not be confined to words or sentiment, but should result in action.

The fundamental question in the case of the Allies against the Turk is not whether the individual Slav or Greek is superior to the individual Turk, for in some cases he is and in some cases he is not. The question is rather one of whether, given the racial, religious, juristic and traditional antagonism existing between them, either can govern the other satisfactorily or successfully. There must be something in common, and sympathy between the ruler and the ruled, before there can be a reasonable expectation of successful government. And as there is no prospect that the Turks can drive the Slav and the Greek out of their old homes, they must themselves be driven back to their home in Asia, whither they will take their ideas of government with them, as they have not adjusted themselves to a European environment, and fortunately have not been able to change the environment so as to adapt it to them. The basic idea of Turkish political theory and practice seems to be that government exists for the private pleasure and profit of the ruler instead of for the public benefit of the ruled.

If the Turk is driven from Europe, he will have whatever satisfaction comes from knowing that he has had his revenge in advance. Europe also will have the satisfaction of knowing that it owes him no debt of gratitude.

TURKEY-IN-ASIA

LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I REMEMBER once hearing that veteran British war correspondent, E. F. Knight, tell how up to the time of the loss of his left arm as the result of a bullet wound received in the South African war, he had been for years a constant sufferer from cold hands and feet and a weak stomach, while almost from the day of his convalescence after the amputation he had enjoyed the circulation and digestion of the perfectly healthy man that he had been ever since.

"Evidently I didn't have enough vitality to go round," he explained; "but I can assure you it is much better being a wholly healthy half man than a half-healthy whole one."

There are few "laws of men" that do not find parallels in the "laws of nations," and for the country that has not "the vitality to go round" it is much better to be a wholly healthy half empire than a half-healthy whole one. Mere extent of territory—even good territory—is of advantage only to the nation possessed of great vitality. The colonies of Great Britain and Holland have been aptly characterized as "the vigorous new roots which have supplied the sap to keep the parent trunks from decaying." But France is prosperous in spite of her colonies rather than as a result of them, while Spain has furnished the world's most striking instance in point through the economic rehabilitation she has been able to effect since her rich but turbulent colonies ceased to draw her life blood at the end of her war with the United States.

As a witty French journalist is quoted in a recent dispatch as having put it, "The last month has been marked by the funeral of *Status quo ante* in the Balkans, death having been due to 'diplomatic failure' and other complications." Turkey may be permitted to retain Constantinople and an encircling "stump," but that the "Sick Man of the East" will rise from the operating table without the amputation of the rest of his European "extremity" is not likely; which naturally leads to the speculation as to what chance he, who has been dragging out an

unhappy existence as a half-healthy whole man, has of taking up the burden of life again as a wholly healthy half man. Let us see what sort of a half man he is to begin with, what "elements of empire" are possessed by the hitherto all-too-loosely bound vilayets of Turkey-in-Asia.

The Peninsula of Asia Minor—forming roughly a rectangle between the Mediterranean and Black Seas—is a country, both physically and climatically, not unlike what we have known as Turkey-in-Europe beyond the Dardanelles, a moderately well-watered land whose broad, fertile valleys alternate with ranges of rugged mountains. The very considerable population, largely Mohammedan, is fanatically attached to the Sultan as Khalif and dully resentful toward him as the head of a Government which has taxed it so mercilessly, leaving it, when the balance is struck, still incomparably the most loyal body of subjects in any part of the empire. A thoroughly up-to-date railway system connecting the best of the interior with Smyrna, Constantinople-in-Asia and other ports has given tremendous impetus to trade and agriculture in the last decade, while increasing intercourse with Europe has resulted in the introduction of Occidental business methods if not Occidental business ethics. Smyrna, with close to half a million people, one of the fastest growing and best equipped ports on the Mediterranean, is the main *entrepôt*, and it is interesting to note that the most striking feature of its recent customs reports has been the indicated increase of American trade, both export and import, with Asia Minor.

It will be seen that the Peninsula of Asia Minor, with its fairly homogeneous and comparatively loyal peoples, modern railway system and rich agricultural and commercial promise, is well qualified to serve as the "head" of a regenerated Turkish empire: the outlook for the development of a strong, healthy "body" is still more encouraging. Draw a line from Trebizond, on the Black Sea, to Bassorah, near the head of the Persian Gulf, and another from the latter point to Alexandretta, at the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, and the inclosed triangle, along with a small amount of desert, will include by far the largest undeveloped area of really first-grade agricultural land in the world to-day. The region of the Tigris and Euphra-

tes, while not quite so extensive as our own Mississippi Valley, is, on account of its milder climate and the ease with which the best of it may be placed under a canal system, capable of supporting—in fact, in the days of Babylonia and Chaldea, has supported—a much larger population.

The network of canals for watering the rich plains of Mesopotamia built by the early Babylonian kings and reaching its greatest extent and efficiency under Nebuchadnezzar, was undoubtedly the most comprehensive irrigation system the world has ever known, and even up to a thousand years ago, the time of the Khalifate of Baghdad, an enormous area was intensely cultivated. Wars, pestilences, floods, shifting river channels and the gradual silting up of the canals conspired to undo the labors of ages and for many centuries the brown, sun-baked desert covering this, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, has obscured its agricultural possibilities as completely as the rounded mounds above the ruins of ancient Babylon hid the palaces of Belshazzar and Nebuchadnezzar. It is only during the last decade that the patient labors of German scientists have uncovered Babylon, and the great Mesopotamian reclamation scheme of Sir William Willcocks, the eminent Anglo-Egyptian engineer, was drawn up less than two years ago. This scheme calls for the construction of dams, dykes, flood-escapes and canals, the completion of which, at a cost of from thirty to fifty million dollars, will make it possible to bring under intensive cultivation an area more than twice as large as all of irrigated Egypt. Work on two of the projects has been under way for over a year, the contracts—aggregating close to \$5,000,000—having been awarded to a prominent British firm. There were 2000 men at work on the Hindia Barrage, which is to divert the Euphrates to its old channel and bring several hundred thousand acres under canal, when I visited the works four months ago; but as the Turkish Government is financing the project it is not improbable that, on account of the war, construction may drag for a while through shortage of funds.

North of the irrigable portion of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley is a 500-mile wide belt of nearly level land which, though lying too high above the river to be brought under canal, is

capable, with its six or eight inches of rainfall, of raising surprisingly good crops of the remarkable drought-resisting Mesopotamian wheat. At present it is but lightly scratched here and there by its scattered population of *fellahin* or farming Arabs; yet I saw many miles of grain raised by their crude methods which would have been pointed to with pride in the Dakotas or California. The population of all of arable Mesopotamia—except the Shamar and other great tribes of nomadic Arabs—is generally inclined to be peaceful, and, while far from being devoted to the Turkish Government, is not likely to prove an active source of trouble.

Of great importance to the development and solidarity of an Asiatic Turkish empire will prove the completion of the Baghdad Railway, construction work on which has been under way now for nearly a year. This line, which is being built by a German syndicate, will run from Adana, the present terminus of the Asia Minor system, to Aleppo, Mosul, and Baghdad, ending at Bassorah or Koweit, thus establishing broad-gauge communication between the Bosphorus and the head of the Persian Gulf. Besides its great impetus to commerce and agriculture, it will give the national Government a fair chance for the first time thoroughly to exercise its military and administrative functions, and it should bind the far-flung vilayets of the Tigris and Euphrates to the Turkey of Asia Minor as nothing else could do. It should prove the nerve through which such vitality as old Turkey still retains is sent out to galvanize new Turkey into life; the channel through which the sap from the fresh young roots should flow back to rejuvenate the decaying trunk. As the Baghdad railway is already financed, it is very unlikely that anything but a general European war will prevent its completion in 1916 as planned.

With assured water and rail transportation and with a vast area of the richest land shortly to be ready for the plough, the chief problem in connection with the rehabilitation of the one-time Garden of Eden is that of population, and this may be partially solved as a result of the Balkan war. Considerable immigration to the new lands has been looked for from Syria, Armenia, Palestine, Kurdistan and Persia, and some enthusiasts have cherished what would appear to be the vain hope of making

an agriculturist of the nomadic Arab. All that may be drawn from these sources will be insufficient, however, but it is more than probable that this dearth may be made up from the Mohammedans of Turkey-in-Europe, many of whom will prefer, even if they are permitted to remain in their old homes, to live under a ruler of their own faith. Many thousands of Islamites from Bulgaria emigrated to Asiatic Turkey when that province gained its independence, and it is certain that a much greater movement in the same direction will take place following the realignment in the Balkans. These sturdy, industrious peasants, especially if they are able to realize anything for their land and property, would come in most opportunely for the furtherance of Mesopotamian reclamation. Generations of oppression have left them with little loyalty to the Sultan as a temporal ruler, but they will still rally to his call as their spiritual head, and there is no doubt that they would furnish a desirable leaven in the mixture of races that must be gathered to people the new lands of the Tigris and Euphrates.

If all the rest of our "Sick Man" were like the very healthy "head" and "trunk"—Asia Minor and Mesopotamia—his convalescence and complete recovery, in the absence of "complications," might be a matter of but a few years. Unfortunately, there are his "extremes" still to consider, and here we find things in a bad way indeed. The great desert peninsula of Arabia might be described as a leprous limb that must shortly fall away of its own weight and weakness, while Christian Syria and Armenia and Jewish Palestine are old wounds that have been so often reopened that they can never heal.

The Christian communities of Syria will never be contented —nor even safe—until they are formed into a self-governing protected state like Lebanon, while the Jews of Palestine have long cherished an ambition for a similar arrangement for the section including Jaffa, Jerusalem and Nazareth and the intervening territory.

There is an Arab proverb which claims that it takes ten Arabs to be as bad as one Jew, ten Jews to be as bad as one Turk, and ten Turks to be as bad as one Armenian. There is no doubt that the Armenians—especially the rapacious money

lenders—have brought upon themselves some of their ill treatment at the hands of the Turks and Kurds, which fact, however, makes the outlook for a peaceful solution of their problems as Turkish subjects all the more difficult. Armenia is not so situated as to permit of its being formed into a protected state like Lebanon, nor are the Powers sufficiently sympathetic to care to undertake the responsibility of such a task. The Armenians would far rather be Russian than Turkish subjects, however, and this is what will come to pass sooner or later, and probably for the good of all concerned. Kurdistan, in spite of its turbulence, Turkey should be able to handle.

In Arabia the Turk maintains a slight show of authority in a narrow strip down the Red Sea coast, but even here his hold is so tenuous that the Arabs were able to force him to halt the Hedjaz railway at Medina because its completion to Mecca would have interfered with the livelihood they gain by plundering the pilgrim caravans or levying tribute. Yemen, extending along the lower Red Sea, is the most fruitful province of Arabia, and behind its desert coast has a considerable area of rich, well-watered plateau country. Turkish authority has been on the wane for many years here, however, and a rebellion that was in progress at the time of the opening of the Turkish-Italian war has gained ground so steadily that the province has practically reverted, for the present at least, to its native sheikhs. The vast unexplored interior of Arabia is known to be almost entirely desert, peopled only by nomadic Arab tribes, some of which have lived so far removed from outside influence that they have not even embraced the Mohammedan religion. The Persian Gulf coast is divided up between a half dozen or more sheikhs and petty sultans, the supreme and only real power in each of which capitals is the British military consul, who reports to the Indian Government. This coast of Arabia is as completely under the British domination as is that of Persia across the Gulf; as irrevocably British, one might almost say, as one of the native states of India.

To sum up: There cannot possibly be peace or prosperity in Armenia, Syria and Palestine under Turkish government, and it can never be worth while for the Sultan to endeavor to extend

his active authority over more than a small portion of the Arabian Peninsula. With Armenia transferred—for a consideration—to Russia; with the non-Mohammedan peoples along the eastern end of the Mediterranean included in a protected state—possibly an extended Lebanon; and with Arabia—Turkey must of course be allowed a strip running down to Mecca—definitely reckoned as a British sphere of influence, the way would seem clear for a new Turkish Empire to begin to work out its own salvation in the broad belt of Mohammedan country commencing at the Dardanelles and bending down through Asia Minor, across Mesopotamia, to the Persian Gulf. To attain to health even here, however, the "Sick Man" would have to be left perfectly free from outside worries, and to one who has watched the flutterings of the straws in the wind gusts of Near Eastern politics this would seem more than there is justification to hope for.

Two things may easily happen to bring about a break-up of the Asiatic Turkish empire I have outlined—a general European war, such as may be precipitated at any time during the continuance of the present Balkan trouble; or, a more remote but scarcely less real danger, a collapse of the Russo-British Entente. In the event of a general war involving all of the nations of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, Turkey could hardly fail to be dismembered, if not entirely partitioned, whatever the result; for every nation of the victorious group, whether from strategic or commercial considerations, would feel called upon to take what it could get. If a general European war is indefinitely deferred, as there seems good reason to hope at this moment, the integrity, if not the life, of Turkish Asia will hinge on whether or not British diplomacy can find means of persuading Russia not to begin its long-imminent advance to the Persian Gulf and a warm-water port, a task that would appear to call for a stronger hand and greater finesse than Sir Edward Grey has yet displayed in endeavoring to guard his country's interests in that part of the world.

If we acknowledge the apparently inexorable law that the strong and centralized nations shall succeed to the territories of the weak and loosely-bound nations, Russia, through her geo-

graphical position, is the natural heir to the best part of Asiatic Turkey. During the last century, and down to half a decade ago, Great Britain held her back by making it plain that a Russian advance southward would be considered a *casus belli*, for it was the British policy in that period to maintain Turkey as the third and outermost buffer—Persia and Afghanistan being the inner ones—between India and Europe. Since the growth of what she calls the German menace, Britain has manœuvred to hold Russian friendship at almost any price, and as a consequence her Near Eastern policy with regard to the latter has become one of conciliation. It is this policy that was responsible for Britain's failure to support Shuster in Persia, as well as for the indifference of the British Government to the fate of Turkey in the latter's war with Italy. Ten, or even five, years ago England would have resisted Russian aggression in Northern Persia just as surely as she would have backed up a protest against the Italian invasion of Tripoli with her fleet. It is a matter of common knowledge that England has been conceding to Russia far more than she has received in return, and it is the general opinion in Europe—and many in London are also of the same mind—that Russia is using the Entente only to gain a freer hand in Persia, and that when she has “jockeyed” herself into the desired position England will be left to shift for herself, if not actually forced to defend India.

Certainly it would seem impossible for any nation or group of nations, save by pressure in Europe, to prevent Russia from absorbing all of the best of Turkey-in-Asia whenever she is ready to make the move. Diarbekir, on the upper Tigris, is but a week's march from the Black Sea, and a Russian army once at that point could be rafted to the Persian Gulf in a fortnight, occupying Mosul, Baghdad and Bassorah on the way.

Great Britain's interest in Asiatic Turkey is confined almost exclusively to the bearing that the seizing of its territory by another Power would have on the safety of India. The Persian Gulf is practically a British lake to-day; yet I am convinced that that already over-burdened Empire would seek to extend a spur of the “All Red Map” in that direction only to keep another

Power from encroaching too closely upon the all-too-vulnerable north-western frontier of India.

Britain's "abandonment" of Turkey offered Germany a chance she had long awaited, and there is no question that the latter nation has had the "whip-hand" at Constantinople for several years, the most tangible evidence of that ascendancy being the Baghdad Railway concession. Yet just what Germany's ambitions in Turkish Asia are it is hard to determine. British military men throughout the East are a unit in declaring that the Kaiser arranged the Turkish *rapprochement* in order to be able to throw the Turkish army upon the Suez Canal and Egypt in the event of a war with England. There is no evidence to support this contention, but doubtless the contingency has not been overlooked. Again, in a number of European reviews—both French and English—I came last winter across one form or another of the expression "Germany's road to an Asiatic empire by way of the Balkans." This expression was called to my mind several times last summer when, at widely separated points in Mesopotamia and Syria, I successively encountered three very well known German diplomats, men who, while they are nominally accredited to this or that country, have spent most of their lives on special missions—usually straightening out their country's territorial tangles—in various parts of the world. Baron Oppenheim, for example, whom I met at Assur, on the Tigris, served his Government in connection with the Samoan imbroglio, and later spent several years in America studying railway development. He was said to be devoting his time to excavating ancient Assyrian and Hittite capitals, and I neither saw nor heard anything to make me doubt the truth of that assertion. And yet—it is not easy to understand how the demands of archæology should claim men of such prominence at a time when Germany has so much need of their special talents in smoothing the way to her long desired "place in the sun." It is by no means impossible that the occurrence of the sites of ancient Assyrian and Hittite capitals along the road to one of the most desirable "places in the sun" is a felicitous coincidence.

I have never met a German of any class or calling who would admit that his country's ambitions in Turkish Asia were

other than commercial, and it would be hard to prove anything to the contrary. My own opinion, most diffidently advanced, is that Germany is doing here just what she is in Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catherina, the rich and beautiful provinces of Southern Brazil—establishing herself as quietly and peacefully as possible by developing the country in order that full advantage may be taken of a favorable turn of the political cards to enter into more tangible possession. Only through the defeat of the Triple Entente by the Triple Alliance would such a consummation be rendered possible, however; in any other contingency the word is with Russia, and, as Kipling put it in referring to the menace of the "Bear" in another quarter:

"Of the gray-coat coming, who can say?
When the night is gathering, all is gray."

In any case, it would seem that there is little prospect that the Near East will cease to be a powder magazine, and a powder magazine is certainly the last place in the world in which to improvise a convalescent ward. Precedent and certain favoring symptoms to the contrary, then, there would appear to be scant hope that our once half-healthy whole man can take advantage of his altered state to become a wholly healthy half man. The anti-vivisectionists have not yet made their appearance in Asia, and in China *ling-chi*, or dismemberment, is still a favorite form of execution. Certainly our "Sick Man" will not be able to survive without the amputation of certain of his diseased Asiatic extremities, as I have indicated; and if the Powers do not give him up to *ling-chi* in the end it will be because a general European war has been averted for good and the world is standing on the brink of universal peace.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

WHAT of the night
And the eventual silences?
Art thou not cold with the knowledge of decay
And the uncompromising reaches of the earth?
What of the night
When the tune falters and the blood chills?
When thou art one with the grass
And the underbrush of the world,
Wilt thou forget the names of flowers,
The rhythm of song and the lips still balmy with the breasts of
women?
When thou and the fog on the hilltop are as brother and sister,
Wilt thou forget utterly the ways of men,
The clash of swords and the sting of wine,
The dim horizons and the grace of girls?
When thou art alone eternally
What of the night?

Where will God be
When thou art swathed in silence;
When the wreckage of dreams has crushed thee
And the lust for springtimes dissolved thee?
Wilt thou have visions only of the dawn
And autumn sunsets?
Will the memory of women's faces haunt thy grave?
Will the odor of blue flowers find thy dust?
When thou art choking on the calm indifference of youth
And the everlasting beauty of trees,
Wilt thou dream only of the June,
The love of women and the great democracy of men?

When thou hast fought and failed,
And thy brow has withered laurelless,
And thy name has been effaced by the insatiable winds,

And thou hast gone out at the Western gate
To join the laggards of the dead,
Wilt thou crave only the withheld success,
The transitory fame of twilight years?
Will thy soul cry out only for the song,
The red dawn and the glad triumph of love?

Wilt thou indeed forget the days of pain,
The ineffectual prayers,
The lies of time and the bitterness of defeat?
Or, remembering these things,
Wilt thou forget the hands of women and the rude love of men,
And be glad of thy dark quietude?

When thou art part of the impending gloom,
I deem that life will seem to thee
In no such wise,—
But rather thou wilt dream it as a whole;
Not as a song, nor yet a broken bell;
But all that thou hast been—the great tears,
The rain, the kisses and the flutes,
The old sorrows and the hills at dawn,
Much laughter and much grief and the stern fight.
And thou shalt know how all of life is gain—
The gold of youth, the gray defeat of age—
How in the soul's inharmony there lies
The incoherent unity of things.

THE BOGIE MEN

A Comedy in One Act

LADY GREGORY

Characters: Taig O'Harragha and Darby Melody, both chimney sweeps.

Scene: A shed near where a coach stops.

Darby comes in, with a tin can of water in one hand, and a sweep's bag and brush in the other. He lays down the bag on an empty box and puts the can on the floor. He takes a suit of clothes out of the bag and is admiring them and about to put them on when he hears some one coming and hurriedly pushes the clothes back into the bag.

TAIG. [At door] God save all here!

DARBY. God save you. A sweep is it? [Suspiciously] What brought you following me?

TAIG. Why wouldn't I be a sweep as good as yourself?

DARBY. It is not one of my own trade I come looking to meet with. It is a shelter I was searching out, where I could put on a decent appearance, rinsing my head and my features in a tin can of water.

TAIG. Is it long till the coach will be passing by the cross-road beyond?

DARBY. Within about a half an hour they were telling me.

TAIG. There does be much people travelling to this place?

DARBY. I suppose there might, and it being the highroad from the town of Ennis.

TAIG. It should be in this town you follow your trade?

DARBY. It is not in the towns I do be.

TAIG. There's nothing but the towns, since the farmers in the country clear out their own chimneys with a bush under and a bush overhead.

DARBY. I travel only gentlemen's houses.

TAIG. There does be more of company in the streets than you'd find on the bare road.

DARBY. It isn't easy to get company for a person has but two empty hands.

TAIG. Wealth to be in the family, it is all one nearly with having a grip of it in your own palm.

DARBY. I wish to the Lord it was the one thing.

TAIG. You to know what I know——

DARBY. What is it that you know?

TAIG. It is dealing out cards through the night-time I will be from this out, and making bets on racehorses and fighting-cocks through the hours of the day.

DARBY. I would sooner to be sleeping in feathers, and to do no hand's turn at all, day or night.

TAIG. If I came paddling along through every place this day and the road hard under my feet, it is likely I will have my choice way leaving it.

DARBY. How is that now?

TAIG. A horse maybe and a car or two horses, or maybe to go in the coach, and I myself sitting alongside the man came in it.

DARBY. Is it that he is taking you into his service?

TAIG. Not at all! And I being of his own family and his blood.

DARBY. Of his blood now?

TAIG. A relation I have, that is full up of money and of every whole thing.

DARBY. A relation?

TAIG. A first cousin, by the side of the mother.

DARBY. Well, I am not without having a cousin of my own.

TAIG. I wouldn't think he'd be much. To be listening to my mother giving out a report of my one's ways, you would maybe believe it is no empty skin of a man he is.

DARBY. My own mother was not without giving out a report of my man's ways.

TAIG. Did she see him?

DARBY. She did, I suppose, or the things was near him. She never was tired talking of them.

TAIG. It is often my own mother would have Dermot pictured to myself.

DARBY. It is often the likeness of Timothy was laid down to me by the teaching of my mother's mouth, since I was able to walk the floor. She thought the whole world of him.

TAIG. A bright scholar she laid Dermot down to be. A good doing fellow for himself. A man would be well able to go up to his promise.

DARBY. That is the same account used to be given out of Timothy.

TAIG. To some trade of merchandise it is likely Dermot was reared. A good living man that was never any cost on his mother.

DARBY. To own an estate before he would go far in age Timothy was on the road.

TAIG. To have the handling of silks and jewelleries and to be free of them, and of suits and the making of suits, that is the way with the big merchants of the world.

DARBY. It is letting out his land to grass farmers a man owning acres does be making his profit.

TAIG. A queer thing you to be the way you are and he to be an upstanding gentleman.

DARBY. It is the way I went down; my mother used to be faulting me and I not being the equal of him. Tormenting and picking at me and shouting me on the road. "You thraneen," she'd say, "you little trifle of a son! You stumbling over the threshold as if in slumber, and Timothy being as swift as a bee!"

TAIG. So my own mother used to be going on at myself, and be letting out shrieks and screeches. "What now would your cousin Dermot be saying?" every time there would come a new rent in my rags.

DARBY. "Little he'd think of you," she'd say: "You without body and puny, not fit to lift scraws from off the field, and Timothy bringing in profit to his mother's hand and earning prizes and rewards."

TAIG. The time it would fail me to follow my book or to say off my A. B. ab, to draw Dermot down on me she would. "Before he was up to your age," she would lay down, "he was fitted to say off catechisms and to read newses. You have no

more intellect beside him," she'd say, "than a chicken has its head yet in the shell."

DARBY. "Let you hold up the same as Timothy," she'd give out, and I to stoop my shoulders the time the sun would prey upon my head. "He that is as straight and as clean as a green rush on the brink of the bog."

TAIG. "It is you will be fit but to blow the bellows," my mother would say, "the time Dermot will be forging gold." I let on the book to have gone astray on me at the last. Why would I go crush and bruise myself under a weight of learning, and there being one in the family well able to take my cost and my support whatever way it might go? Dermot that would feel my keep no more than the lake would feel the weight of the duck.

DARBY. I seen no use to be going sweating after farmers, striving to plough or to scatter seed, when I never could come anear Timothy in any sort of a way, and he, by what she was saying, able to thrash out a rick of oats in the day. So it fell out I was thrown on the ways of the world, having no skill in any trade, till there came a demand for me going aloft in chimneys, I being as thin as a needle and shrunken with weakness and want of food.

TAIG. I got my living for a while by miracle and trafficking in rabbit skins, till a sweep from Limerick bound me to himself one time I was skinned with the winter. Great cruelty he gave me till I ran from him with the brush and the bag, and went foraging around for myself.

DARBY. So am I going around by myself. I never had a comrade lad.

TAIG. My mother that would hit me a crack if I made free with any of the chaps of the village, saying that would not serve me with Dermot, that had a good top coat and was brought up to manners and behavior.

DARBY. My own mother that drew down Timothy on me the time she'd catch me going with the lads that had their pleasure out of the world, slashing tops and pebbles, throwing and going on with games.

TAIG. I took my own way after, fitting myself for sports

and funning, against the time the rich man would stretch out his hand. Going with wild lads and poachers I was till they left me carrying their snares in under my coat, that I was lodged for three months in the jail.

DARBY. The neighbors had it against me after I not being friendly when we were small. The most time I am going the road it is a lonesome shadow I cast before me.

TAIG. [*Looking out of the door*] It is on this day I will be making acquaintance with himself. My mother that sent him a request to come meet me in this town on this day, it being the first of the summer.

DARBY. My own mother that did no less, telling me she got word from Timothy he would come meet here with myself. It is certain he will bring me into his house, she having wedded secondly with a laboring man has got a job at Golden Hill in Lancashire. I would not recognize him beyond any other one.

TAIG. I would recognize the signs of a big man. I wish I was within in his kitchen. There is a pinch of hunger within my heart.

DARBY. So there is within myself.

TAIG. Is there nothing at all in the bag?

DARBY. It is a bit of a salted herring.

TAIG. Why wouldn't you use it?

DARBY. I would be delicate coming before him and the smell of it to be on me, and all the grand meats will be at his table.

TAIG. [*Showing a bottle*] The full of a pint I have of porter, that fell from a tinker's car.

DARBY. I wonder you would not swallow it down for to keep courage in your mind.

TAIG. It is what I am thinking, I to take it fasting, it might put confusion and wildness in my head. I would wish, and I meeting with him, my wits to be of the one clearness with his own. It is not long to be waiting, it is in claret I will be quenching my thirst to-night, or in punch!

DARBY. [*Looking out*] I am nearly in dread meeting Timothy, fearing I will not be pleasing to him, and I not acquainted with his habits.

TAIG. I would not be afeard, and Dermot to come sparkling in, and seven horses in his coach.

DARBY. What way can I come before him at all? I would be better pleased you to personate me and to stand up to him in my place.

TAIG. Any person to put orders on me or to bid me change my habits I'd give no heed! I'd stand up to him in the spite of his teeth!

DARBY. If it wasn't for the hearth-fires to be slackened with the springtime, and my work to be lessened with the strengthening of the sun, I'd sooner not see him till another moon is passed, or two moons.

TAIG. He to bid me read out the news of the world, taking me to be a scholar, I'd give him words that are in no books! I'd give him newses! I'd knock rights out of him or anyone I ever seen.

DARBY. I could speak only of my trade. The boundaries of the world to be between us, I'm thinking I'd never ask to go cross them at all.

TAIG. He to go into court swearing witnesses and to bring me along with him to face the judges and the whole troop of the police, I'd go bail I'll be no way daunted or scared.

DARBY. What way can I keep company with him? I that was partly reared in the workhouse. And he having a star on his hat and a golden apple in his hand. He will maybe be bidding me to scour myself with soapy water all the Sundays and holidays of the year! I tell you I am getting low hearted. I pray to the Lord to forgive me where I did not go under the schoolmaster's rod!

TAIG. I that will shape crampy words the same as any scholar at all! I'll let on to be a master of learning and of Latin!

DARBY. Ah, what letting on? It is Timothy will look through me the same as if my eyes were windows and my thoughts standing as plain as cattle under the risen sun! It is easier letting on to have knowledge than to put on manners and behavior.

TAIG. Ah, what's manners but to refuse no man a share of

your bite and to keep back your hand from throwing stones?

DARBY. I tell you I'm in shivers! My heart that is shaking like an ivy leaf! My bones that are loosened and slackened in the similitude of a rope of tow! I'd sooner meet with a lion of the wilderness or the wickedest wind of the hills! I thought it never would come to pass. I'd sooner go into the pettiest house, the wildest home and the worst! Look at here now—Let me stop along with yourself. I never let out so much of my heart to anyone at all till this day. It's a pity we should be parted!

TAIG. Is it to come following after me you would before the face of Dermot?

DARBY. I'd feel no dread and you being at my side.

TAIG. Dermot to see me in company with the like of you! I wouldn't for the whole world he should be aware I had ever any traffic with chimneys or with soot. It would not be for his honor you to draw anear him!

DARBY. [Indignantly] No but Timothy that would make objection to yourself! He that would whip the world for manners and behavior!

TAIG. Dermot that is better again. He that would write and dictate to you at the one time!

DARBY. What is that beside owning tillage, and to need no education but to take rents into your hand?

TAIG. I would never believe him to own an estate.

DARBY. Why wouldn't he own it? "The biggest thing and the grandest," my mother would say when I would ask her what was he doing.

TAIG. Ah what could be before selling out silks and satins? There is many an estated lord couldn't reach you out a four-penny bit.

DARBY. The grandest house around the seas of Ireland he should have, beautifully made up! You would nearly go astray in it! It wouldn't be known what you could make of it at all! You wouldn't have it walked in a month!

TAIG. What is that beside having a range of shops as wide maybe as the street beyond?

DARBY. A house would be the capital of the county! One door for the rich, one door for the common! Velvet carpets

rolled up, the way there would no dust from the chimney fall upon them. A hundred wouldn't be many standing in a corner of that place! A high bed of feathers, curled hair mattresses. A cover laid on it would be flowery with blossoms of gold!

TAIG. Muslin and gauze, cambric and linen! Canton cross-bar! Glass windows full up of ribbons as gaudy as the crooked bow in the sky. Sovereigns and shillings in and out as plenty as to riddle rape seed. Sure them that do be selling in shops die leaving millions.

DARBY. Your man is not so good as mine in his office—or in his billet.

TAIG. There is the horn of the coach. Get out now till I'll prepare myself. He might chance to come seeking for me here.

DARBY. There's a lather of sweat on myself. That's my tin can of water.

TAIG. [Holding can from him] Get out, I tell you! I wouldn't wish him to feel the smell of you on the breeze.

DARBY. [Almost crying] You are a mean savage to go keeping from me my tin can and my rag!

TAIG. Go wash yourself at the pump, can't you?

DARBY. That we may never be within the same four walls again, or come under the lintel of the one door! [He goes out]

TAIG. [Calling after him while he takes a suit of clothes from his bag] I'm not like yourself! I have good clothes to put on me, what you haven't got! A body coat my mother made out—she lost up to three shillings on it,—and a hat—and a speckled blue cravat.

[He hastily throws off his sweep's smock and cap, and puts on clothes. As he does he sings:

All round my hat I wore a green ribbon,
All round my hat for a year and a day;
And if anyone asks me the reason I wore it,
I'll say that my true love went over the sea!

All in my hat I will stick a blue feather,
The same as the birds do be up in the tree;
And if you would ask me the reason I do it,
I'll tell you my true love is come back to me!

[He washes his face and wipes it, looking at himself in the tin can. He catches sight of a straw hat passing the window] Who is that? A gentleman? [He draws back]

[Darby comes in. He has changed his clothes and wears a straw hat and light coat and trousers. He is looking for a necktie which he had dropped and picks up. His back is turned to Taig, who is standing at the other door]

TAIG. [Awed] It cannot be that you are Dermot Melody?

DARBY. My father's name was Melody, sure enough, till he lost his life in the year of the black potatoes.

TAIG. It is yourself I am come here purposely to meet with.

DARBY. You should be my mother's sister's son so, Timothy O'Harragha.

TAIG. [Sheepishly] I am that. I am sorry indeed it failed me to be out before you in the street.

DARBY. Oh, I wouldn't be looking for that much from you.

[They are trying to keep their backs to each other, and to rub their faces cleaner]

TAIG. I wouldn't wish to be anyway troublesome to you. I am badly worthy of you.

DARBY. It is in dread I am of being troublesome to yourself.

TAIG. Oh, it would be hard for *you* to be that. Nothing you could put on me would be any hardship at all, if it was to walk steel thistles.

DARBY. You have a willing heart surely.

TAIG. Any little job at all I could do for you——

DARBY. All I would ask of you is to give me my nourishment and my bite.

TAIG. I will do that. I will be your serving man.

DARBY. Ah, you are going too far in that.

TAIG. It's my born duty to do that much. I'll bring your dinner before you, if I can be anyway pleasing to you; you that is used to wealthy people.

DARBY. Indeed I was often in a house having up to twenty chimneys.

TAIG. You are a rare good man, nothing short of it, and you going as you did so high in the world.

DARBY. Any person would go high before he would put his hand out through the top of a chimney.

TAIG. Having full and plenty of every good thing.

DARBY. I saw nothing so plentiful as soot. There is not the equal of it nourishing a garden. It would turn every crop blue, being so good.

TAIG. [Weeping] It is a very unkind thing to go drawing chimneys down on me and soot, and you having all that ever was!

DARBY. Little enough I have or ever had.

TAIG. To be casting up my trade against me, I being poor and hungry and you having coins and tokens from all the gold-pits of the world.

DARBY. I wish I ever handled a coin of gold in my lifetime.

TAIG. To speak despisingly, not pitiful. And I thinking the chimney sweeping would be forgot and not reproached to me, if you have handled the fooleries and watches of the world, that you don't know the end of your riches!

DARBY. I am maybe getting your meaning wrong, your tongue being a little hard and sharp because you are Englified, but I am without new learnments and so I speak flat.

TAIG. You to have the millions of King Solomon you have no right to be putting reflections on me! I would never behave that way, and housefuls to fall into my hand.

DARBY. You are striving to put ridicule on me and to make a fool of me. That is a very unseemly thing to do! I that did not ask to go hide the bag or the brush.

TAIG. There you are going on again. Is it to the customers in your shops you will be giving out that it was my lot to go through the world as a sweep?

DARBY. Customers and shops! Will you stop your funning? Let you quit mocking and making a sport of me! That is very bad acting behavior.

TAIG. Striving to blacken my face again at that time I had it washed pure white. You surely have a heart of marble.

DARBY. What way at all can you be putting such a rascally say out of your mouth? I'll take no more talk from you, I to be twenty-two degrees lower than the Hottentots!

TAIG. If you are my full cousin Dermot Melody I'll make you quit talking soot!

DARBY. I'll take no more talk from yourself!

TAIG. Have a care now!

DARBY. Have a care yourself!

[*Each gives the other a push. They stumble and fall, sitting facing one another. Darby's hat falls off*]

TAIG. Is it *you* it is?

DARBY. Who else would it be?

TAIG. What call had you letting on to be Dermot Melody?

DARBY. What letting on? Dermot is my full name, but Darby is the name I am called.

TAIG. Are you a man owning riches and merchandise?

DARBY. I am not, or anything of the sort.

TAIG. Have you teems of money in the bank?

DARBY. If I had would I be sitting on this floor?

TAIG. You thief you!

DARBY. Thief yourself! Turn around now till I will measure your features and your face.—*Yourself* is it! Is it personating my cousin Timothy you are?

TAIG. I am personating no one but myself.

DARBY. You letting on to be an estated magistrate and my own cousin and such a great generation of a man! And you not owning so much as a rood of ridges!

TAIG. Covering yourself with choice clothing for to deceive me and to lead me astray!

DARBY. Putting on your head a fine glossy hat, and I thinking you to have come with the springtide, the way you had luck through your life!

TAIG. Letting on to be Dermot Melody! You that are but the cull and the weakling of a race! It is a queer game you played on me and a crooked game. I never would have brought my legs so far to meet with the sooty likes of you!

DARBY. Letting on to be my poor Timothy O'Harragha!

TAIG. I never was called but Taig. Timothy was a sort of a holiday name.

DARBY. Where now are our two cousins? Or is it that the both of us are cracked?

TAIG. It is, or our mothers before us.

DARBY. My mother was a McGarrity woman from Loughrea. It is Mary was her christened name.

TAIG. So was my own mother of the McGarritys. It is sisters they were sure enough.

DARBY. That makes us out to be full cousins in the heel.

TAIG. You no better than myself! And the prayers I used to be saying for you, and you but a sketch and an excuse of a man!

DARBY. Ah, I am thinking people put more in their prayers than was in their hearts.

TAIG. Our mothers picturing us to one another as if we were the best in the world!

DARBY. Lies I suppose they were drawing down, for to startle us into good behavior.

TAIG. Wouldn't you say now mothers to be a terror?

DARBY. And we nothing at all after but two chimney sweepers and two harmless drifty lads.

TAIG. Where is the great quality dinner yourself was to give me, having seven sorts of dressed meat? Pullets and bacon I was looking for, and to fall on an easy life.

DARBY. Gone like the clouds of the winter's fog. We rose out of it the same as we went in.

TAIG. We have nothing to do but to starve with the hunger, and you being as bare as myself.

DARBY. We are in a bad shift surely. We must perish with the want of support. It is one of the tricks of the world does be played upon the children of Adam.

TAIG. All we have to do is to crawl to the poorhouse gate. Or to go dig a pit in the graveyard, as it is short till we'll be stretched there with the want of food.

DARBY. Food is it? There is nothing at this time against me eating my bit of a herring. [Seizes it and takes a bite]

TAIG. Give me a divide of it.

DARBY. Give me a drop of your own porter so, is in the bottle. There need be no dread on you now, of you being no match for your grand man.

TAIG. That is so. [Drinks] I'll strive no more to fit my-

self for high quality relations. I am free from patterns of high up cousins from this out. I'll be a pattern to myself.

DARBY. I am well content being free of you the way you were pictured to be. I declare to my goodness the name of you put terror on me through the whole of my lifetime, and your image to be clogging and checking me on every side.

TAIG. To be thinking of you being in the world was a holy terror to myself. I give you my word you came through my sleep the same as a scarecrow or a dragon.

DARBY. It is great things I will be doing from this out, we two having nothing to cast up against one another. To be quit of Timothy the bogie and to get Taig for a comrade, I'm as proud as the Crown of France!

TAIG. I'm in dread of neither bumble or bagman or bugaboo! I will regulate things for myself from this out!

DARBY. There to be fineness of living in the world why wouldn't I make it out for myself?

TAIG. It is to the harbors of America we will work our way across the wideness of the sea. It is well able we should be to go mounting up aloft in ropes. Come on, Darby, out of this!

DARBY. There is magic and mastery come into me! This day has put wings to my heart!

TAIG. Go easy now. We are maybe not clear of the chimneys yet.

DARBY. What signifies chimneys? We'll go up in them till we'll take a view of the seven stars! It is out beyond the hills of Burren I will cast my eye, till I'll see the three gates of heaven!

TAIG. It's like enough luck will flow to you. The way most people fail is in not keeping up the heart. Faith it's well you have myself to mind you. Gather up now your brush and bag.

[*They go out singing "All in my hat I stuck a blue feather—"*]

THE TRAGEDIES OF CHILDHOOD

LEWIS M. TERMAN

FOR so long have childhood and happiness, youth and hopefulness, been linked by tradition as synonymous terms, that only by an effort of thought can we dissociate them. Because we have lived through the emotions of childhood and into the engrossing, passionate interests of manhood or womanhood, the essential flavor of these earlier experiences is lost to us. Our sorrows tend to be forgotten. At the same time, memory purifies the joys of earlier years by robbing them of their dross of pain or suffering. The law that *the disagreeable tends to be suppressed* is perhaps the most potent force in mental cosmogony.

But this law has its unfortunate consequences. The diminished sense of reality for the things of our own childhood often projects itself into our interpretation of child life about us. We seldom treat children as though they were real personalities. On the contrary, we handle them as we would manipulate puppets; we pay little heed to their feelings and preferences. In their presence we make cruel comment about their faults to other persons. We buffet them about with commands as arbitrary to them as an ocean typhoon. To many of us their sorrows are but foolish tears; their deepest griefs, humiliations and disappointments seem but colorless and transitory affairs.

Psychologically nothing could be further from the truth. Children's personalities are no less genuine and are subject to sorrows and regrets not less keen than our own. Their emotions are not vague and misty, but real and compelling. If the parent or teacher were but granted a momentary insight into this reality, in all its fulness, astonishment and sometimes humiliation would result. In truth the sorrows of children are the most real there are. The fact that they are not so lasting does not affect the essential fact. The child lives in the present. When that is dark there is no light anywhere. Our own griefs are mitigated both by the memory of former joys and by the

hope of others yet to come. But past and future are abstractions which the child-mind but vaguely appreciates. *There is no sadness like the sadness of childhood.*

That the sorrows of childhood are often real to the point of tragedy should be evident enough to anyone gifted with psychological insight; but if further proof is desired it may be had in a consideration of children's suicides.

In America no studies have been reported of either the frequency or the causes of children's suicides, but in European countries the problem has been sensationaly exploited in newspapers and numerous brochures for several years. So bitterly were the schools assailed as the causal agent that in 1904 the Educational Department of Prussia appointed a commission composed of men of the highest standing, to make an investigation. The material gathered by this commission has been summarized and reported by Professor Albert Eulenberg, of the University of Berlin. Not long ago there appeared also a notable book on the *Relation of Children's Suicides to Education*, written by the leading criminologist of France,—Louis Proal. This was based upon the governmental statistics for the years 1839 to 1904 and upon a painstaking investigation of documents relating to individual cases.

In France the juvenile suicides began their rapid increase about 1860. The decade ending in 1870 gave more than double the number of the preceding decade. This was increased approximately 70 per cent. in the decade ending in 1880, since which date the number has shown a further increase of 50 per cent., making a total five times as large as that of 1860. At present the children of France (16 years of age and under) are committing suicide at the rate of 150 per year. In Germany the situation is no better; in Russia it is far worse.

In Russia suicide has become so common among school children that the State Department of Education was a few years ago forced to take cognizance of the evil by requiring careful investigation by the local educational authorities of every "school suicide" and a detailed report of the case to the National Department of Instruction. These reports are coming

in at a constantly increasing rate. Recently three thousand cases were carefully tabulated and reported to the educational authorities.

The reader will understand that the official figures are certainly far below the actual facts, because of the well-known tendency of relatives to assign the cause of death to accident. The real number is probably two or three times as large as the statistics would indicate. The sex differences are considerable, amounting in France to a ratio of three boys to one girl, and in Germany and Russia to about four to one.

All the available evidence supports the assumption that the problem exists with but slight variations in every country of the civilized world, the United States being no exception. Indeed, if the relations which hold for crime and for suicides of adults can be accepted as offering any clue to the suicides of children, then these must be far more numerous with us than in any of the countries of Europe. We may safely assume that the figures just presented for European countries are equalled if not exceeded in the United States.

Basing our estimate upon the figures for France, Germany and Russia, it is probable that the total annual number of suicides under 16 years of age in the United States amounts to about 500, and that the total annual number under 21 exceeds 2000. In other words, the annual loss of life from the Fourth of July celebrations, when this loss was at its highest, has never equalled that for child suicides *under 16 years*.

Both Proal and Eulenberg find an astonishing proportion in the earlier years. Occasionally suicide occurs as early as 6 or 7 years. In fact, suicides, like all forms of crime, are becoming more and more precocious. In these days children leave their marbles and tops to commit suicide, tired of life almost before they have tasted it.

The causes have been searchingly analyzed by both Eulenberg and Proal. From the very lengthy table of Eulenberg showing the causes of 1117 child suicides in Prussia, the following items, embracing the larger number, may be reproduced here.

Cause	Number of cases
Fear of punishment	336
Unwillingness to attend school	8
Fear of examination, failure on examination or failure of promotion	52
Expulsion from school	6
Mental work	2
Other school causes	20
Corporal punishment at home or at school.....	9
Unjust treatment by parents or teachers.....	26
Anger, obstinacy, etc.	13
Love affairs	21
Mental disease (insanity)	70
Melancholia	30
Morbid sense of honor	37
Excessive ambition	25
Causes unknown	321
Miscellaneous	141
<hr/>	
Total	1117

When we combine the causes which relate to the school, it is seen that the number exceeds one-third of the total. Love affairs and insanity account together for not more than 10 per cent., showing how erroneous is the customary tendency of popular opinion to ascribe child suicide to one or the other of these reasons. The investigations of juvenile suicides constitute a general indictment of school, parents and society for their injustice and failure to understand the childish heart and to see that it is moved by the same passions that stir adults to acts of violence—jealousy, anger, pride, ambition, sensuality even, and the desire for revenge.

That jealousy has been found one of the frequent causes should not surprise us when we consider the force and universality of this primitive instinct. The occasions for jealousy range from partiality of parental affection to the unequal distribution of cookies, dolls and chocolates. More often, however, mother love is involved. The mother is likely to show a

preference for the child who is less pretty, less bright, or crippled. Sometimes she prefers the one who resembles her, particularly if she is not devoted to the child's father. Some mothers come to prefer daughters to sons because of the community of interests growing out of their more constant association. The less favored child lives an embittered life.

Anger is another precocious passion, especially with the nervous, hysterical child. Suicides of children are characterized by less deliberation than those of adults and are therefore more likely to result from a momentary passion such as anger or the shock of sudden humiliation. When the morbidly irritable child is punished it should be done without show of temper. Verbal reproofs should be brief and should be delivered calmly and with a spirit of kindness. To set about the destruction of the child's pride in order to render it obedient, modest or docile arouses anger and the spirit of revolt. Mothers and women teachers are prone to attach an artificial importance to petty transgressions and to fail to distinguish between voluntary offences and unfortunate accidents. The infliction of punishment for dropping a vase, tearing the clothes or blotting a book is not uncommon either at home or at school.

If it is right that children be protected from the occasional undue severity of schoolmasters, society is under no less obligation to hedge about the still more frequent cruelty of parents. We do not advocate a *laissez-faire* discipline, but plead rather for a nicer balance between weakness on the one hand and undue severity on the other.

For obvious reasons illegitimacy of birth, parental desertion, divorce and family disgraces are frequent causes. This is perhaps the saddest chapter of all, though one that does not immediately concern the school.

Often the blame can be imputed to the excessive ambition of the child or to the false pride of the parents. The child begins his lessons too early and from the beginning is stimulated to overwork. Evenings and holidays are devoted to study. If a certain degree of precocious success is attained so much the more pressure is exerted. Parents who are themselves farmers or trades-people are often over-zealous that their children occupy

high stations. The children also come to look with contempt upon the calling and social standing of parents. If there is general weakness of health the child is almost certain to become a victim of pathological fatigue.

The plight of the moderately endowed child of a genius father is still more sad. Badgered at home for his stupidity, subjected eternally to unfavorable comparisons, conscious that he is a disappointment to relatives and friends, such a child has little indeed to make life worth living. Every situation that confronts him carries its suggestion of failure.

In thus pointing out the dangers of inordinate ambition, we do not, of course, mean to imply that we should strive to inculcate a bovine contentment with what is humble. The purpose is merely to call attention to the vanity and wrong of "boosting" the child to a level which does not comport with its natural gifts of intellect and character.

Other causes include cheap theatres, pessimistic literature, sensational stories, the newspaper publicity given to crime and suicides, and the dangerous suggestive effect of the suicide of relatives or comrades,—in other words, contagion, in the broad sense. Many are victims of hereditary, constitutional deficiency which disposes them to morbid excitability or to "fixed ideas." Alcoholism and venereal diseases contribute their part, and act both to poison the stream of heredity and to create an immoral environment. At the same time religious beliefs are constantly losing force as effective deterrents.

The statistics show that child suicides are relatively more frequent in cities than in the country, and in large than small cities. All of the causes which have been named operate more effectively the denser the population. In cities the emotions are more often excited, divorces and illegitimacy are more frequent, activity is more restrained, school life more extended and more trying, poverty, alcoholism and venereal diseases more widespread. Moreover, the country child has a thousand resources which tend by distraction to break the force of morbid impulsions:—trees to climb, woods to wander through, flowers, fruit, sunshine, and best of all, wholesome occupations.

A large share of the blame for children's suicides falls upon

the school. It cannot absolve itself of all responsibility merely by guarding against becoming the immediate occasion of the tragedy. Nor does the demonstration of a neuropathic heredity necessarily clear the school of blame. The presence of neurasthenia, hysteria, epilepsy, irascibility, etc., in the heredity does not render the suicide inevitable. It merely adds a premium to the value of moral and physical prophylaxis. On the part of the school such a condition ought to suggest a closer attention to the individuality of the child, the careful avoidance of over-pressure, a more sparing use of examinations, the dangers of emulation as a pedagogic device, and the uselessness of some of the dreary subject matter of school instruction.

For the children of unfortunate heredity we need a pedagogy founded equally on psychology, physiology and neurology. A medical pedagogy of this type would not only assist in the prevention of children's suicides; it would also contribute a sanitizing influence to the entire national life. The school should draw a lesson also from the new and marvellous discoveries of psychotherapy. Teachers, as well as parents, need lessons in mental orthopædics in order that they may be able to ameliorate conditions of morbid irritability, weakness, timidity, indocility and excessive pride.

Education, to be sure, cannot nullify the laws of nature or grant a new dispensation of heredity; but by taking thought it can build a tolerably solid structure out of rather imperfect materials. Education may make just the difference between excessive pride and high-mindedness, timidity and modesty, apathy and gentleness, rage and righteous indignation; or, in fact, between a criminal and a hero, a prostitute and a saint.

To accomplish all of this the school must learn to harness the natural forces of suggestibility. It must inspire self-confidence and teach children to succeed. It needs to train children in habits of healthful activity instead of cramping the mental storehouse with knowledge which does not function. In the cure of anger, irritability, emotivity, timidity, idleness, sadness, phobias, melancholia, obsessions and other mental abnormalities, sensible physical and mental hygiene will accomplish what penalties and restraint would be forever powerless to do.

“FEUERZAUBER”

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I NEVER knew the earth had so much gold—
The fields run over with it, and this hill,
Hoary and old,
Is young with buoyant blooms that flame and thrill.

Such golden fires, such yellows—lo, how good
This spendthrift world, and what a lavish God!
This fringe of wood
Blazing with buttercup and goldenrod . . .

You too, beloved, are changed; again I see
Your face grow mystical, as on that night
You turned to me
And all the trembling world—and you—were white.

Aye, you are touched; your singing lips grow dumb,
The fields absorb you, color you entire—
And you become
A goddess standing in a ring of fire!

HIS OWN DAY

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

ON this day I was born—that was thirty-three years ago. On this day, twenty years later, I fired the shot that placed me among the living-dead for nearly twelve years. On this day, after a year in prison, THEY sent me their first letter. And on this day, only a year ago, I went out into the world once more—and what does the bridegroom expect that may compare with what I expected then?

Other years have brought me other happenings on this day, but I have merely mentioned what stands out most strikingly above the rest. Often and often I have brooded over this curious coincidence, but to no purpose. My existence, as I look back over it, appears not like a succession of years, but like a string of single days—of pearls set far apart on a bare thread. Into these days life distilled the essence of what it had in store for me. And now, of a sudden, a thought comes to me: suppose it were possible, would I then undo or unwish one of the days that have made up my real life? If to-day I were twelve years younger, and if that shot were still unfired, would the fatal moment still find me able or willing to make the slight motion needed to fire it?

I did fire that shot, however—no, there were three of them, but my hand shook so that two never touched the man in front of me. It was only the third one that hit him—after he had had time to raise his left arm up before his face. The bullet went into the back of his upper arm—the arm that was raised. And I was aiming at his heart—or thought I was.

Then men dropped down upon me—strong, heavy men—large numbers of them, I thought. Another shot rang out, but I was not pulling the trigger that time. I was on the floor—pinned down, beaten, trampled on—and at last everything grew black and silent about me.

At the time I must have believed I hated that man, but I know now that I did not. He was nothing to me—had done nothing to me—and not much more to anybody else. He was

nothing but a tool—but the tool had become a symbol of all that pressed down upon us.

Us?—Who were WE in those days? I could hardly tell. They charged me with being an anarchist. Yet it could not be proved at the trial. Had they put me on the stand and asked me outright, I might have answered “yes” or “no” as vanity or fear, defiance or caution happened to move me. I myself did not know what I was in those days—or what anarchism was. I had been to meetings—I had read a little—but what moved me was in the air: anger, revolt, passion for blood—the blood of somebody, of anybody—because the blood of workers, of poor ignorant things like myself, had been shed without much reason—men shot down like wild beasts for talking to other men in the street!

Nobody had advised me—nobody knew. And I knew nobody, not even among my fellow-workers. I was alone then, as I have always been—without a real friend, without anybody to talk or take counsel with. The idea shaped itself in the nights. Somebody seemed to be speaking within me all the time, saying: “You are the man!” I starved to buy the revolver—which I could not do nowadays. What my deed was to accomplish, or why I undertook it, was not very clear to me—nothing was except that voice from within. And then my own day came around.

When it had been done—of course, there could be no hope of escape or acquittal. At first I believed they would take my life. But I was given a lawyer—THEY got him for me, I suspect now. And he told me that nothing much had happened—just a flesh wound—and that my chances might not be so bad but for the general fear that others were behind me. When he told me this I laughed with tears in my eyes. For in those days my heart was still full—not only of hatred, but of faith—though what I had faith in was vague enough, as I see it now.

I remember the lawyer asking me if I harbored a grudge against the man I had shot—any kind of personal grievance. When I said no, he shook his head and said it was bad for me—very bad.

Everything happened in flashes—so quickly that I could

hardly keep track of it. A few weeks merely, and I was tried, sentenced, immured in the cell where they told me I should have to spend the next fifteen years of my life—if I lived that long.

From the first I realized that I was being tried not as an ordinary criminal, but as a member of a gang of dangerous conspirators. I can see now that my own lawyer must have suspected something of the same kind. In court, as in jail, I was watched day and night—watched so jealously that only my lawyer could get near me, and even he could rarely speak a word to me without being overheard by somebody else.

For that reason, probably, I did not learn until the very last day of the trial—and then with a surprise that shook me as had nothing else during or before that trial—that I was being looked after by some mysterious friends, and that they were willing to risk a great deal in helping me as far as any help could be given me. This startling news came through my lawyer, who must have tried to convey it for some time before the chance offered itself at last. It was in the courtroom, on the morning of the last day.

"Listen sharp now," he said unexpectedly. "Catch the word SANTIR?" He pronounced it "san-teer" and repeated it three times. Finally he spelled it out: "S-a-n-t-i-r." Then he added, in a barely audible voice: "When you hear it, a friend is speaking and wants to give you a message. Don't let on when you hear it, but use your ears, and do as you are told."

Some trivial remark in a louder tone followed. Apparently we were being watched again. And I sat gaping at him in a state that came mighty near unconsciousness. Minutes must have passed before I knew again what was happening around me. Then I became all ear. And after that my whole waking existence was spent listening for that word and speculating on when or where I should first hear it and what it might bring in its wake. Confused ideas of flight and of more or less melodramatic jail-breakings occupied my attention a great deal. Of what was going on around me I knew very little. Even what the judge said when he sentenced me seemed to reach me from a great distance and carried no meaning with it.

The hour for my transfer to prison arrived—and no one had yet breathed the magic word in my presence. I was being put through some formalities and was submitting to them in my usual spirit of half-conscious passivity, when a man in uniform grabbed me by the arm as if to push me back into place. As he did so he roared out something which I did not catch, and then he lowered his voice and shot the one word "santir" at me from between his closed teeth. The sound of it literally froze me—then the blood surged through my veins like fire. But my head remained clear and my ears open, and I heard the man mutter:

"Don't let them take you to the hospital—it's your finish if they get you there."

That was all. The man gave me another angry push and disappeared. I reached the prison without another incident.

How ridiculous it seems to me now, that a single little word—a word which I don't know the meaning of, having thought it both dangerous and a sacrilege to ask about it—a word that may not even be any real word at all—should be capable of holding such a store of strength, of courage, of hope—yes, I might almost say: of happiness!

I always heard that word when I least expected it. I heard it often, too—not, perhaps, as men at liberty count frequency, but very often for a man spending all his hours in a solitary cell, without so much as a glimpse of the outside world. Rarely I heard it less than once a month, and each time it heralded some warning that served to protect me against unseen enemies or helped to make my existence a little more endurable. At the time, I used to wonder whether the men from whom I heard that word were all anarchists at heart—a ludicrous, but excusable, mistake. Being once more a part of the world, I know now that where you see two or three jailers, there you see at least one man willing to sell out those to whom he has already sold his soul.

For the better part of a year little came but hints against traps said to be set for me. I was given to understand that my premature exit from this world would be very welcome to some persons having the power of doing me harm. I cannot tell

whether any truth was behind these suggestions, but I took them all at their face value. And while I may have profited by them in some ways, I know that they made me additionally nervous.

What I feared above everything else was to get sick or lose my mind; and these fears combined with my surroundings in wearing out my resistance. The gloom, the isolation, the bareness and sameness, the silence without and the tumult of my hammering pulses within—but, above all else, the futile grinding of a brain with nothing to work at: under the infernal pressure of this blank existence I felt myself gradually giving way. My body did not suffer so much as my mind. And one day I lost the hold on myself to such an extent that I fell to beating and kicking the cell door in a fit of senseless rage. For a while the muffled sound of my own blows was the only thing I heard—and, such as it was, that sound brought me a welcome relief. Then a deep voice shouted from the other side of the door:

“Peace in there—keep peace, you fool!”

“Peace!” I echoed, dropping down on the bench that served me both as bed and seat. And there I remained for I don’t know how long, rocking myself sideways and muttering ceaselessly that one word “peace.”

Slowly, very slowly, I became aware of a change within me. Quiet descended upon me—a quiet such as I had not experienced since that shot was fired. Instead of exciting me, the deep silence seemed to soothe my overwrought nerves, and under its influence I fell into a long, restful sleep. From this I woke in a much better mood. The danger was not over, but, by a mere chance, I had discovered a way of overcoming it.

For a long time my whole life revolved about those two words: one reaching me from the outside at uncertain intervals; the other one rising automatically to my own lips whenever darkness threatened to swallow me completely. This latter word became more familiar to my lips than any other word in the language—and not until after I had left the prison did it ever fail to bring back self-control and calm of soul.

In that way—although I was denied the privilege of a walk in the prison yard, or even along the corridors—I wore through one dreary month after another without being drawn into any-

thing that might render my position still worse. And when my own day came around once more, my system seemed actually to have adjusted itself to the new conditions—to all of them but the total lack of occupation.

When the day arrived, I gave but little thought to it—for much of its significance had not yet revealed itself to my mind. The morning passed as usual. Toward noon I was standing in the middle of the cell, gazing up at the one little window under the ceiling. My eyes were riveted to those few square inches of blue sky, while I was trying vainly to catch a glimmer of the sunlight which I knew must be flooding the world outside—perhaps even entering some of the cells at the other end of the building, toward the south. And my one thought was: "If I could only get a single ray of sunshine into this place!"

At that moment I heard somebody unlocking the door—in another it was pulled open—one of the guards appeared and threw something past me onto the bed. Before closing the door again he said:

"There's a book for you. And you can have others if you ask for them."

He did not use the word that so far always had signalled a message from the friends of whom I knew so little that I could only speak of them to myself as THEY. I stood still, unmoved, uninterested, not even caring to look at the book. And so dulled was my mind—so set in a single direction—that considerable time passed before it occurred to me that here was the change I had yearned for—a something to do at last. Then I turned and picked up the book, but with no haste or anticipation of pleasure.

The title ought to have burned itself into my mind forever. Instead there is not an inkling left of it. It was a novel of some kind, I think. I was turning its pages listlessly, when I caught a glimpse of what looked like a loose piece of paper between two leaves. A suspicion stirred in my mind. My breath quickened. With more excitement than the case seemed to warrant, I tried to find that paper which had dropped out of sight the moment I noticed it. The longer I searched in vain, the more feverishly impatient I grew. When at last I found what I was looking for, the thinness of the paper explained why my search had been so

hard. It was a single sheet, slightly smaller than the pages of the book. On both sides it was closely covered with handwritten words. At the top of one page, written in somewhat larger letters, I saw the countersign: SANTIR.

I had to sit down and wait until I became able to read more than that one word. At last I started—in what state of mind would be hard to describe. There was no address and no signature. Yet I perceived soon that it was a letter, and that it was meant for me. It opened with a direction that it be destroyed before dark of the day when it was received. Then followed—the words have gone out of my mind long ago, though once they seemed engraved on it past erasure. The very contents of that letter are forgotten—nothing remains with me but a faint impression of its general spirit and an acute remembrance of the feelings it aroused.

I read and re-read that letter—the first one of many from the same source. At first I devoured its message with a bursting sense of pleasure. Soon, however, a very different feeling began to steal in upon me, and after a while it prevailed entirely: a sense of inexplicable disappointment and bewilderment. There seemed to be something in that letter which eluded every effort to pin it down. The words were not abstruse or far-fetched—and yet they had, somehow, an appearance of lying hopelessly beyond my understanding.

With this problem I struggled until I could no longer distinguish the writing. Then—with a sinking heart—I set about to obey the instructions of my unknown correspondent. I could think of no other way to destroy the letter than by tearing it into small fragments and swallowing these. I had forced down all but a few shreds of paper, when a startling thought shot through my brain—and soon I had convinced myself that it embodied the truth. It offered the one possible explanation why the plain words of that letter had puzzled me as they did.

Whoever wrote the letter had made it obscure on purpose—and that purpose, I now believed, was to hide, and yet convey, some communication more secret, more dangerous even, than the letter itself. And this message I had been expected to discover, and possibly make use of—but because of my blindness and

stupidity I had missed it. Brought to the very limit of despair by the thought of this possibility, I began alternately to curse and weep—and this I kept up until I suddenly discovered that I had learned the whole letter by heart without being aware of it.

That night I slept little. One by one, I examined each word, each sentence, of the destroyed letter. As I turned them over in my mind, everything seemed gradually to gain in clearness—but without bringing to light anything that was wholly new to me. I became more and more inclined to think that I had been deceived by my own excitement—that I had never been puzzled at all except in my own imagination. And yet something within me protested steadfastly against such a conclusion.

It was morning again, and I was sitting on my bench, when the truth of the whole matter came home to me—and right there, in the solitude of my cell, I felt the blood rising hotly to my cheeks. For the first time in my life something like a realization of inferiority took hold of me. For the first time I recognized a shortcoming in myself without promptly absolving myself from all responsibility for it.

I saw that the mystification produced by the letter had its sole basis in the poverty of my own mind. I understood that my own ignorance had veiled the meaning of words chosen and arranged by a mind better equipped than my own. For the first time I grasped the fact that I was ignorant.

I sat down to think, with my elbows on my knees and my chin in my hands. Then I walked back and forth—three steps one way and as many back again—and thought as I walked. Then I sat and thought some more. At last I threw myself on my bed, and my head struck the book in which the letter had been hidden. Until then I had completely forgotten its presence in the cell, though I must have been almost lying on it all night. It served now to turn my mind in a quite new direction, and finally I found myself thinking to some purpose.

The upshot of it was simple enough—for anything like a detailed plan for my own education was utterly beyond me at the time. No, I just decided to read as much as they would let me, and to pick the most instructive books I could get. To figure out what books and subjects would best meet my needs

appeared—and proved—a difficulty which time and again brought me to the verge of despair. But after every new discouragement I went at it with increased determination. And in the end—as the result of many mistakes—I learned what I wanted and how to reach it. Where the books came from, I don't know. There was a library in the prison, but I have reason to believe that most of the works I called for were smuggled in from the outside. And I am equally sure that THEY had a hand in it.

As, at an earlier period, I had lived only to listen, so I lived now to study. Every day was given to it—for I had nothing else to do: every day from the moment it grew light enough in my cell to permit the reading of print, and until the shadows fell so thick about me that the letters grew blurred and invisible. But the part of the day that I could employ in such manner was altogether too small for my thirst after knowledge. For my cell faced the north, and its one window was very small and placed very high up. Thus, in order to use the long twilight hours—otherwise lost—I took to learning most of what I read by heart and going over it in my mind during the time not available for reading.

Some schooling I had had, of course—of the kind and quantity that any poor boy gets in a small American town before he is sent out to earn his own living. After going to work and moving to a larger scene, I read not a little, partly to occupy my lonely leisure hours, and partly with some faint idea of improving myself—but it was all so pitifully haphazard and shallow. Newspapers, anarchist pamphlets, some “radical” books with more of argument than of fact in them, and a stray novel picked up at random now and then—such was the only food my mind had to live on in those early years. And the result—!

Turning to real books now—books full of what I have seen described somewhere as “organized knowledge”—I found to my grief that much of their contents might as well have been printed in some foreign language. Nor did the main trouble lie in the presence of technical words and terms—for these I conquered easily enough with the aid of a dictionary, which I was

allowed to keep in my cell after a while. No, the one difficulty that seriously concerned me was exactly the same that had checked me in the reading of that first letter. The words were clear enough, taken singly or together, and yet they refused, for some mysterious reason, to connect with what was already in my mind.

For months I floundered about like a drowning man—giving up all hope one minute, and in the next returning to the struggle with a sort of concentrated fury. Day after day I kept at it—with as much system as I could devise—until finally I began to make tangible progress. Almost from the first my day's reading fell into two sharply divided parts: one reserved for the pursuit of general knowledge, and the other devoted exclusively to the study of the English language and the reading of English poetry.

A rare, overpowering love for my own tongue had taken hold of me. As far as I can make out, it began very simply as a reaction against my humiliating experience with that first letter—the letter which seems to have influenced my life as much as any one thing that ever entered it. But very quickly this vague feeling developed into an absorbing passion that fed with equal greed on the driest grammar and the golden lines of the great poets. Nothing would satisfy me but to master the innermost secrets of my own language—all its ways and resources, its every peculiarity and refinement. For this purpose I turned above all to the poets. My one thought in going to them was to study, but I ended by loving them for their own sake. And while, in the beginning, my attention was wholly directed toward their form, their command of words, their delicacies of expression, I soon learned to look for deep-running emotional undercurrents, for world-embracing wisdom, and for inexhaustible spiritual beauty.

Shakespeare and Milton, Shelley and Byron, Keats and Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, Lowell and Whitman—these were my daily associates throughout those eleven years. When a day's reading was finished—under compulsion, because my cell was steeped in darkness—I would often crouch on my bed in a kind of swooning rapture, while I repeated aloud the

verses I had learned. Thus I was made a new man. A new world was built up for me—a vaster, nobler, sweeter world, of which I yearned to be a living part. And, lastly, the poets taught me how to read the letters that to me meant more even than their own poetry.

No one can tell what trend things might have taken, had I had nothing but my books. But I had the letters also.

My heart is beating wildly again. Head and limbs are restless. Midnight has not come yet. My own day has brought me nothing so far.

I am reading no more poetry these days.

The letters—THEIR letters—would reach me at fairly regular intervals—four to six weeks apart—and always in the same shape and manner: a single, closely written sheet, hidden between the leaves of a book and generally very hard to find. Each new book had to be carefully searched. And even when I had searched it in vain, I would hope against hope that the reading of it might bring out an overlooked letter. Finally, when a letter was found—a few hours of gloating over its text, a feverish scrutiny of each word and mark in it, and an anxious effort to photograph its contents on the brain. Always before I was quite done with that task, the moment would come when the letter had to be destroyed. After that I would repeat its every word to myself the first thing I did when I awoke in the morning—and this would continue every day until another letter arrived. The latest letter always seemed to wipe the preceding one out of my memory. I never could recall the text of more than one at a time. To-day I cannot bring back a single sentence from one of those treasured messages. And I have asked myself at times whether they, too, were nothing but so many delusions—whether, after all, they carried within them nothing vital enough to take a lasting hold of my memory. But such speculations are too dangerous to be pursued very far.

All the letters were written in the same hand—a hand clear as print—and I can still see it when I close my eyes—that is, I can see letters and words, but no sentences with a meaning in them. Even to my untrained perception it was clear, however,

that the letters were composed by several different persons. And I spent excited hours trying to figure out the characters and personalities and appearances of the authors. One of them I felt must be a woman.

They were only known to me collectively—as THEY. But out of their letters they seemed to rise before me like so many real presences: startlingly real, and yet unnaturally enlarged—like figures coming at you through a mist. And out of their letters I endowed them with all the qualities that I had missed in ordinary men and women. As I pondered their words, and wondered at their brightness, strength and kindness, a single thought separated itself from all the rest and gathered force above all others, until the feeling it engendered seemed the very essence of my being: “I must be worthy of those friends if I ever meet them!”

All that was sublime in the poets I rediscovered in these letters—only in a more familiar form. All that the poets had dreamt of, and hoped for, and sung about, I felt to be already present in life—embodied in THEM, in my friends. And out of all this, new dreams were born—dreams of what might be done when I emerged from my grave and joined that group of men—men free from the marring weaknesses and limitations of ordinary humanity. Mankind should be made to see, even as I had seen—it should be made to understand, even as I, in my prison hole, had come to understand—and THEY would do the rest.

Only one adverse thought appeared at times to trouble my faith. How is it, I said to myself, that the rest of the world has not already seen what to me is so plain? If a few letters can reveal so much, how much more may not be proclaimed by speech and glance and action? There must be men to whom THEY must come so much closer than to me—free men meeting them face to face every day—and what blindness prevents these more fortunate ones from perceiving what cannot be hidden from me in my cell?

For a long time I opened every letter with a thought, if not a hope, that it might contain some suggestion for my escape. But nothing of the kind was ever mentioned. And by degrees

all idea of a release before the natural end of my term ceased to occupy my mind.

All in all, I must have received more than a hundred letters, and for eleven years I lived in and by those letters—in them and in the works of the poets.

Through eleven years I climbed steadily upward. The work that was so painful in the beginning changed into one continuous, exhilarating joy. I felt myself growing day by day. And the letters provided me with a test for my own growth. Each new one found me better ready for its appreciation. And as I rose, the letters seemed to rise ahead of me—till there were no more letters!

There was no chance for me to answer. Paper and pen were denied me to the last. And I thought it just as well—something of a relief, in fact. For I dared not dream of equalling what I received—and nothing less would do. But just for the fun of it—urged on by the very hopelessness of my undertaking—I tried to shape appropriate replies in my head. First in verse, but that way nothing would come at all. Then in prose. And this task soon formed one of my favorite pastimes. I did not try to judge what I composed—I made no comparisons, as far as I remember—but I believe that if, to-day, I write and speak the English language with some grace, this gift may be traced mainly to that prison practice without pen or paper.

Toward the end of my twelfth year in prison I was told, to my intense astonishment, that "good behavior" had shortened my term, and that I should be set free in a few weeks. And not until then did I realize how completely I had resigned myself to the quiet routine of my studious prison life.

At first the very thought of a return into the crowded, busy world filled me with fear. I should have to earn a living, too—and how? I had gone to prison as an unskilled workman—with all the limitations of such a man, but also with the chances of such a man, such as they are. In prison I had acquired no skill that might bring me a living—but I had changed considerably in other ways. I hardly realized that I had educated myself—that I had risen above the natural circumstances and tastes of my own

class—but I knew there was a great difference in me, and the nature and consequences of it perplexed me.

What first gave me back some courage was the thought of meeting THEM. Later on I drew added confidence from the fact that I was to be released on my own day. For all that, I spent the rest of my prison days swinging back and forth between fear and expectation, between extreme elation and extreme depression—and both feelings grew more intense as the days fell behind me, until at last every nerve in my body was on edge.

And all too soon, as it seemed to me then, the day arrived. I was set free. THEY met me at the prison gate—a dozen people in all, as far as my confused senses could make out.

After running so smoothly and willingly, my pen balks.

It is growing late, and I must have been writing for hours. To whom? To what purpose?

Some power is urging me on—something must be coming out of it in the end.

THEY were very kind to me, very friendly and considerate. They flattered and praised and made much of me. And the more eager they appeared in their efforts to please me and comfort me, the more embarrassed I became.

Of course, I should have borne in mind the vast difference that lies between the words of a letter read within prison walls and the words spoken by a man in the street—between the outpouring of some hour of concentrated enthusiasm and the petty commonplaces that fill up all the hours of all the days of all the years unto the end. I believe I did consider something of this kind. But need the difference have proved so great?

All that first day I felt dazed. Everything jarred me, and yet I saw or heard very little plainly. I cannot even tell what sort of place it was in which we spent the evening. Some festivity had been arranged in my honor. Many people were there besides THEM. Much talking went on—I even took a part in it, and was greatly startled by the queer sound of my own voice. And all the time I was longing for my cell—longing for silence and solitude—longing to get away from THEM.

If they had proved monsters—if I had found them what the

world imagines them—the blow might not have been so hard. But to find them just ordinary human beings—small, earthbound, selfish, spiteful, and vain; full of big words and petty bickerings; looking more at each other than at life or mankind or the future—this—this was the one thing I had never suspected—the one thing I could not bear.

Many a time during these last months, particularly at night, I have been sitting untold hours on the edge of my bed, just as I used to do in the cell—and unfamiliar, unaccountable feelings have torn me—until my heart seemed on the point of stopping or bursting. And I have felt things drifting away from me—just as they were drifting those first months in prison. And I have rocked and rocked, and muttered that one word “peace”—until the taste of it in my mouth filled me with nausea. But to no avail.

As I look back at that first day, an isolated incident stands out grotesquely from the mist that surrounds all the rest—and I wonder why in the world my mind has preserved this thing alone of all that must have taken place around me.

There was a woman among THEM—as I had guessed. She was kind-looking, oldish and fat—knitting away at a sock all the time, and talking faster than she knitted. Once more I have the sense of being in a strange room, full of people and smoke, and beside me this woman is plying her needles as she says to me:

“Oh, I know what it is to be in jail—I go to jail once a year as regular as the sun rises—for just as soon as I try to speak in a public hall, ‘pop!’ comes the police and locks me up on the spot—and I can’t be away from my family oftener—but once a year I risk it and take my dose, and it’s good for me—it keeps me from getting too fat—you see, I am so fond of roast pork and red cabbage—with the merest touch of vinegar on the cabbage—but twelve years is too much for anybody.”

Can it be that, after all, this represents the most characteristic thing that *did* happen to me that day?

I learned to know them from one another—learned their names and histories—became acquainted with their ways and

views and aspirations. We talked a great deal together—we were always talking—of “the cause,” of our “plans,” of “action.” And although I could never make out what they were actually doing, or what they intended to do, I had to admit that they were not lacking either in insight or ideals.

As the days went by, they helped me in many ways. They suggested and tried various schemes to get me a livelihood. They got me to try my hand at writing—as I have been doing since, and not without some success. Oh, I know that I have been neither just nor grateful to them!

But no matter what they said or did, my impatience with them increased all the time—my prison dreams receded further and further away—and now—I am here!

Several times I have tried to leave them. Once I went out into the woods, across unknown fields, wandering about for days. In the end they found me, and I went back with them—or was brought back.

One year has passed since I was set free—and it is again my own day. This morning they came to me. They remembered the anniversary and had planned to celebrate it. One of them remembered what lay still further back and spoke of the shots—I could have struck him! Not that I regret—for what would be the use? But how can I tell whether I should care to do now what I did then—twelve years ago?

I told them I was sick and wanted to be alone. They pressed me. They wanted to stay and take care of me. I could see that they were seriously concerned—and disappointed also—but I could not let them. I could not stand being with them on this day again. And at last I got them to leave me.

Not that they are worse than other people—or worse than I am. Not that they are false to themselves—or to their cause, such as it is. But because they are not better than everybody else—because their cause is no more especially theirs than it was his whom I tried to kill.

And this cause, the very name of which sounds unreal in my ears to-day—it has been my cause—it is——?

So this was what my day was to bring me—the great hap-

pening that I have been waiting for since morning! Once more, as always, this one day has set its mark indelibly on my life—and henceforth my life will not be what it was until to-day.

For a year it has been coming—and I did not suspect what it meant until this moment.

I have been thinking of THEM merely—and it was my faith itself that was slipping away from me. If it be wholly their fault, or if it were doomed to happen anyhow, who can tell? If it bodes good or bad—days yet to come must prove it.

This much I know, and no more: what I have lived on during the last twelve years, or longer, has been taken away from me—it is now gone beyond all recovery. When I began to write this, I had a feeling of some great loss—but I did not know then—my pen was only putting chance words on a piece of paper.

Until this very moment the truth was hidden from me, but now I *do* see it: through all these years I have been following a phantom!

My loss may turn into gain in the end, but just now it is a loss and nothing else. I am poor as I never was before I went to prison—I am lonesome as I never was in the solitude of my cell—I am at sea as I never was before I first began to think and dream.

When and where shall I find a scheme, a creed, a faith, that can fill up this gnawing void within—a something on which I may build my life?

How am I going to live at all without something to believe in?

The church clock is striking twelve—my day is gone.

A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG *

CHARLES VALE

UNE *Nuit au Luxembourg*, by Remy de Gourmont, was published in Paris in 1906. London, after meditating for six years, has decided to challenge public opinion with an unexpurgated translation. Boston, always progressive and adventurous, has repeated the challenge. It is rather astonishing that the journey from Paris to Boston, *via* London, has occupied, comparatively, such a short period. Evidently events are marching.

At the beginning of the volume appears, as a preface, a review by Arthur Ransome. This, in virtue of its excellence, should be considered carefully. It does not explain *Une Nuit au Luxembourg*, or Remy de Gourmont; but neither Remy de Gourmont nor *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* can be explained easily. It does, however, reveal Mr. Ransome's own viewpoint; and that is a revelation entirely worth while.

"*Une Nuit au Luxembourg*," he writes, "is the book that opens most vistas in M. de Gourmont's work. A god walks in the gardens behind the Odéon, and a winter's night is a summer's morning, on which the young journalist who has dared to say 'My friend' to the luminous unknown in the church of Saint-Sulpice hears him proclaim the forgotten truth that in one age his mother had been Mary, and in another Latona; and the new truth that the gods are not immortal, though their lives are long. Flowers are in bloom where they walk, and three beautiful girls greet them with divine amity. Most of the book is written in dialogue, and in this ancient form, never filled with subtler essences, doubts are born and become beliefs, beliefs become doubts and die, while the sun shines, flowers are sweet, and girls' lips soft to kiss. Where there is God he will not have love absent, and where Love is he finds the most stimulating exercise for his brain. Ideas are given an æsthetic rather than a scientific value and are used like the tints on a palette. Indeed, the book is a balanced composition in which each color

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has its complement. Epicurus, Lucretius, St. Paul, Christianity, the replenishment of the earth by the Jews,—it is impossible to close the book at any page without finding the mind as it were upon a springboard and ready to launch itself in delightful flight. There are many books that give a specious sensation of intellectual busy-ness while we read them. There are very few that leave, long after they are laid aside, stimuli to independent activity. *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* is for our generation what *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was to the generation of Swinburne, ‘a golden book of spirit and sense.’ Ideas are dangerous metal in which to mould romances, because from time to time they tarnish. Voltaire has had his moments of being dull. Gautier’s ideas do not excite us now. M. de Gourmont’s may not move us to-morrow. Let us enjoy them to-day and share the pleasure that the people of the day after to-morrow will certainly not refuse.”

And again:

“In *Une Nuit au Luxembourg*, the thinker is now and then a little contemptuous of the artist. The reader is moved by something beside a purely æsthetic emotion. Beside the breath of loveliness that blows fitfully, almost carelessly, through those flowering trees, there is a sturdier wind that compels a bracing of the shoulders and an opening of the chest. The spectacle of that mind, playing with gods and worlds, so certain of its own balance, wakes a feeling of emulation which has nothing to do with art. This feeling of emulation, never far from a feeling of beauty, is the characteristic gift of M. de Gourmont’s work. There was an artist; there was a thinker; there is a philosopher whose thought loses nothing by being beautiful, whose art loses little through being the pathway of the most daring, the surest-footed thought.”

A Night in the Luxembourg commences with the sudden death of a journalist—a Frenchman with an English name. There is an appearance of mystery; at first it is thought that he had been strangled by a woman whom he had taken to his rooms. But the affair is settled discreetly by his executor, who had been his friend and is now his legatee. He discovers a manuscript,

evidently just completed, which he decides to publish. It tells a remarkable story—the story of *A Night in the Luxembourg*. Wandering aimlessly, the journalist had perceived a peculiar illumination in the church of Saint-Sulpice. He enters, and sees a Stranger—whom, nevertheless, he seems to recognize. Living on a new plane of receptivity, he walks with the Stranger in the gardens; hears him talk of religion, philosophy, love, life. Soon he realizes that the Stranger is he who has been called by different names in different ages—Christ, Apollo. It is not a conventional Christ to whom he has been introduced, or merely an unconventional Apollo. It is a new type—M. de Gourmont's type, M. de Gourmont's mouthpiece. And through this mouthpiece M. de Gourmont attacks asceticism; indorses the older paganism, in its finer implications; and evinces toward love a blending of the ancient Greek and the modern Gallic views. The dialogue—even now, in spite of our familiarity with the questioning of all claims that have crystallized into creeds—will seem greatly daring to many readers, painfully irreverent to many others. Yet, in these days of democracy, each man must decide for himself where legitimate freedom of discussion ends, and unwise license begins. Official censorships have a habit of provoking more ridicule than respect. The book which will arouse a storm of protest in one generation, in the next is regarded as mildly stimulating or completely innocuous. And where so much remains to be learnt before human thought will move freely and without shackles to the rational interpretation of the universe, any work which strikes a blow at inertness, at mental stagnation, performs a service for which gratitude must be rendered. *A Night in the Luxembourg* at least compels self-examination, the turning over of the litter in the attic where man stores his insincerities, the beliefs that he is not using, but is unwilling to discard entirely. Even if it be not—and it certainly is not—the affirmation of a creed in which rest may be found, without laziness, M. de Gourmont's philosophy is at least the negation of sheepishness. Nothing is sacred merely because it was accepted by our forefathers and has been transmitted to us covered by the dust of ages. It may prove to be the wine of life. But it must be tasted, and tested.

Here is an example of M. de Gourmont's method:

THE STRANGER. My father . . . You were speaking of my father. I am afraid you have an exaggerated idea of him. He was—is it not so?—very powerful, fairly intelligent, just,—but, admit it, he was not good . . .

THE JOURNALIST. You speak as if he no longer existed.

THE STRANGER. He is not dead, but he is old. The gods end by growing old. He has retired into the eternal silence of disabused intellects. He still gives advice; he alone is capable of explaining certain human evolutions; but the indifference of the aged has dried up his heart. He has never much loved mankind, and now has turned from them entirely. I, on the other hand, love them . . .

"The gods end by growing old." Even so, from alpha to omega. Zeus has been pensioned; and though two-faced Janus is still in demand, is Jesus found in the churches that proclaim him—the Jesus who came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance; the Jesus who did not accuse the harlot, but bade her sin no more; the Jesus who had not where to lay his head, but the whole world in which to lay his hand on the maimed, the blind, the leprous? If he is not growing old in the memories of men and dim to the consciousness of the churches, would our brothels and dives, our jails and penitentiaries be the pillars of civilized society?

The Stranger continues:

"The religious conception of the world that you now have, the conception that you call Christian, from the name that was given me on the occasion of one of my earthly visits, is one of the feeblest that humanity has ever imagined. . . . The creator of the world, the regulator of the world, is Destiny. Fatality rules over the gods, as the gods rule over men; and under her hand, my friend, we are all equal, exactly as you under death—genii, kings, and beggars alike. . . . The search for truth is one of the great occupations of men. . . . This need for truth torments men about the time that their carnal passions let them rest."

Subtle and suggestive are the ensuing passages. Insistence

is placed on the variability of the gods. Suprahuman they may be, but not supernatural. They are not immune from change, sensation, decay, death—though the period of power and vitality is vastly prolonged. There are some thousands of them, of varying importance; and they find, we are told, in sex the consolation and inspiration that men have fancied they discover in it. To those who have forgotten the Greek conception of life, of love, of man and the gods, the quotation that follows will seem fantastic or blasphemous. Yet, if what man knows is a part of what God knows, and valid to the measure of its completeness, then what man feels is a segment, however small, of the circle of divine feeling. There is no blasphemy in the idea that what humanity finds right and beautiful, the gods (we must accept for the moment the plane of the book) might make more beautiful still, refining away the dross and retaining the gold of emotion.

"We deliver ourselves to every pleasure with a divine frankness, and it would be difficult for those of us who have not associated with men to understand the meanings you have given to the words lust, gluttony, idleness. . . . Our women differ little from yours, that is to say, they bear the same relation to us as yours do to you. We do not consider them inferior, but different, and this difference makes our common happiness. They are admirable but the pride that is natural to them makes them selfish. My friend your women equal ours. They know how to forget themselves in love; they know how to find their happiness in the happiness they give. If their senses are less delicate, their hearts are more sensitive. Ah! to read in their eyes their gratitude for the pleasure they have given. . . . "

Though this passage could scarcely have been written—in its entirety—elsewhere than in France, it may be read without harm in other countries, which familiarize their schoolboys with the erotic legends of the classics without acquainting them with the simple facts of their own nature and development. It were absurd to strain at M. de Gourmont's gnat—though it is an unusual and distinctly noticeable gnat—while we swallow complacently the whole array of classical camels.

M. de Gourmont is not an admirer of St. Paul. He has some particularly pointed remarks with regard to the thirteenth apostle.

"I interested myself in St. Paul. I came to him as I have come to you: he was dazzled and believed that the vision had given him a divine mission. I followed him in his journeys. His energy amused me. . . . Later on, I let him die without consolations: his pride sufficed him."

"I thought this man less mad than the other thaumaturgists who, like him, amused the crowds; but the idea of God went to his head, and he began to believe in me, supposing me omnipotent. It was then that I ceased to visit him, for I do not care to make myself the facile accomplice of religious divagations. Left to himself, he went on hearing me; my voice sounded like a buzzing in his deaf ears. His faith grew measureless, and he accepted martyrdom. How different from the charming Epicurus, for whom our conversations were never more than a charming diversion. . . . "

Three young women, who appear later to be goddesses,—a frequent delusion with regard to the sex,—are now introduced; and the journalist has curious emotional experiences with one of them. Finally, the Stranger goes his own strange way: but the goddess-incognita remains. The journalist takes her home. In the morning, he is found dead. The description of the final environment is given with French frankness; but I transcribe it with transatlantic reticence.

"While waiting for the police to draw up their official statement, I made a mental inventory of my friend's room. Its aspect seemed to me odd. . . . Two candles at the bedside had burnt themselves out. A man's clothes had been flung on a sofa, and among these clothes I found a woman's dress, of antique or rather Empire fashion, a sort of tea-gown of spongy white linen, very fine, with a gathered belt, much lacework, and blue and yellow embroideries. I saw besides some plain white silk stockings, yellow garters with paste buckles, and one slipper in blue morocco; I did not find the other."

"The man's clothes were those of my friend, who was dressed at the moment in a gray flannel suit and a brown dress-

ing-gown. Nothing could be simpler. But the dress, and the silk stockings ?"

The doctor comes. He is asked: "Natural death?"

"The most natural in the world." He looks round the disordered room, and then points to the writing table, where the manuscript of the story was found. "Sexual followed by cerebral excesses."

This might well be the verdict of some critics with regard to the book itself. It is a subtly clever book; often stimulating, in its revolt against stupid acquiescence in mere custom and in its contemptuous rejection of unreasoned asceticism. But it comes from a source tainted with decadence. Freedom of thought is permissible—differ as we may from the expression of the thought; but obscenity—though it be the obscenity of the ultra-intellectual—is not permissible. Here, it is Parisian; perfectly conveyed, but unpleasant. Through all the subtlety and satire, the fearless speculation and the persistently intruded sexuality, one sees the leering of a grotesque gargoyle designed by a degenerate. Not from M. de Gourmont the philosopher, but from M. de Gourmont the feminist—in the most irritating, and perhaps not the least prevalent, sense of the word—comes such a lewdness of imagination as, for instance, the reference to St. Cecilia. I refrain from quoting it—yet not without some reluctance; for I am attempting to convey an accurate impression of the book, and it is difficult to do so while omitting such significant details. And one becomes rather tired of the convention that men and women who are supposed to be grown up must nevertheless be served only with desiccated mental food. Ignorance cannot constitute or safeguard virtue; and there is little value in the innocence that cannot face both the truth and the lies of life, the cleanness and the uncleanness, and so realize and enrich itself, knowing both good and evil, and caring to choose the good.

If this is a wicked book, as many will consider it, should it not be read? The answer depends upon the personal conception of character. Yet a character so fragile that it must seclude itself from all possible shocks, will not go far in the world before arriving at a Waterloo. The spiritual invalid has been

over-pampered, and should make acquaintance with the weather of open spaces, beyond the crowded tenements of habit. Nevertheless, even for the robust, *A Night in the Luxembourg* might prove dangerous, though the poetry, the intellect and the irony that pervade it prevent me from magnifying the shadows of decadence that would loom to Comstockian eyes as an impenetrable fog, obscuring sunlight or stars, or the little lamps of the streets where the world's conventions pass and jostle. But Paris is perhaps the only place in which such a story should be read. The Parisian atmosphere reduces even M. de Gourmont's cynicism to its correct proportions. One views it in perspective—the perspective of the Boulevards.

Yet truth is truth—and there is truth in the book, though it is expressed with a license generally associated with falsity; a license to which, in this country, we are not accustomed, apart from politics. But reversion is not necessarily perversion. The coarser view of sex-attraction as something inherently degrading, disguise it as we will; the confusion of morality with asceticism, in theory, and with vulgarity, in practice;—is this finer than the simple, willing recognition of natural tendencies as normal and wholesome, if all their associations are with beauty? Abnormalities and ignorance do not represent morality; nor, assuredly, can it be measured by M. de Gourmont's gargoyle standard. But it may be discussed, as even the gods—to use M. de Gourmont's phrasing—may be discussed. Blind acceptance of the venerable Miltonic superclergyman of *Paradise Lost* is not inseparably identified with the modern interpretation of mediæval dogmas. To doubt is no longer a crime. It is a duty. If a man cannot justify the faith that is in him, it might as well be interred decently in the grave of lost illusions; and he must learn to justify it to himself before he can defend it from the ridicule or irony of the militant sceptic. No faith can stand firmly which cannot withstand the keen analysis of intellect. If it be impregnable, he who attacks it merely demonstrates its invulnerability, and therefore renders service, even though his desire were to destroy.

M. de Gourmont attempts to destroy; but he also constructs. He ridicules the unreasoned; but no man could more compe-

tently satirize his own ridicule. He disintegrates creeds and customs with acid doubt; but, with a twist of imagination, transforms doubt into a creed, corrosive and self-destructive. He holds up to us the pictures of the past, that we may see them in a clearer light; but he will throw a similar light on the formlessness of the Futurists, and invite polite scrutiny. The public is not yet concerned with the Futurists; they have still to become a tradition. But the habit of admiring the pictures of the old masters, and the masters who are growing old, is firmly established, and criticism is resented. Yet the superb coloring is sometimes more noticeable than even moderate imagination. So *A Night in the Luxembourg* may be worth at least a day in the Louvre. It has the coloring of decadence; but it has also the imagination of—M. de Gourmont.

TWO POEMS

HERBERT KAUFMAN

MEMORY

THE light
 Of the white night
 The pale
Green veil
Of dawn
Is gone.
Gray day
Dulls the sky
And I lie
And yearn
And turn
The yellowed page of memory
And read to bleed.
Dear, all these years
My tears
Have stained the hidden chapter. It was well
To kill your love, but it is hell
To meet its ghost;
You were a lie as fair as ever slew a soul
And yet if I might take my toll
Once more of kisses and caress
And press
Your God-hewn self again
Perhaps the pain
Might still.

RESURRECTION

I SAW her to-night as she passed in the crowd;
For a moment the past was forgot and I bowed,
And the mummy that once was a heart, moaned in pain,
And the soul that was dead writhed in anguish again;
Then Memory spake and shrank back in its shroud.

PRISON BARS

DONALD LOWRIE

ACCORDING to figures taken from the official reports of penal institutions throughout the United States, from 20 to 25 per cent. of the number of prison inmates in this country are recidivists, *i. e.*, offenders serving a second, third or subsequent term for felony. These figures, deplorable as they stand, are sufficient in themselves for the condemnation of our penal system—or lack of system; but when it is learned that they fall far short of the truth, that the actual percentage of recidivism is much greater, the enormity of continued apathy on the part of the American people toward prison conditions becomes obvious. As a matter of fact, 40 per cent. of the number now confined in the State prisons and penitentiaries of this country have served previous terms. At present there is very little co-operation between prisons. Each prison is maintained and conducted independently of all other institutions of similar character, and it is only when the "repeater" has been an inmate of the prison to which he is recommitted that the fact of his previous term is established, and even this is not always accomplished. It is only by mingling with prisoners as one of them, it is only by simulating their composite moral standard, it is only by maintaining a rigid inviolacy of their confidences, direct or inadvertent, that a person seeking facts may glean a fair measure of inner and under-world truth. The present writer spent ten years behind the walls of San Quentin prison, California, and during that time gleaned a great deal of information from individuals who had been confined in other prisons. This information was gathered casually, without apparent design, so far as each man who revealed his experiences knew, and for that reason there was no element of misrepresentation or exaggeration; nor has the writer any motive in chronicling the actual percentage of recidivism save that of furnishing an accurate working basis for those who are interested in the problem of crime, and the efficacy or inefficacy of purely punitive penalties.

Writers reared amidst mahogany surroundings, with no idea

of what the inside of prisons is like, have elaborated so-called solutions of the "criminal problem." Scribes actuated by a desire to make money have published sciolistic observations and sensational stories concerning prisons and prisoners. Religious workers, after a few Sunday visits to prisons, have expressed the opinion that the majority of prisoners are "heathens" in spirit. Perhaps, because the present writer has had his head cropped, and has worn stripes, his views may be obnoxious to some who may feel that his mind is biased, who may believe that:

"No thief e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

But I would ask you: Who is better qualified to tell you about mines than a man who has spent ten years with a safety lamp shadowing his begrimed countenance? Who is better fitted to discuss farming than an individual who has slaved for a decade behind a plough and harrow? Who is more imbued with the facts and conditions of improvement than one who has spent a third of his generation behind bars? In the book, *My Life in Prison*, I have drawn a picture of what imprisonment is like, but—save esoterically—have offered no remedy. It is the purpose of this article to offer a few remedial suggestions.

Why are so many discharged prisoners returned to prison? Surely they do not crave the fetid food, the ignominious garb, the soul-sickening slavery of such an existence. Surely they must realize that it does not pay to be "crooked," that it is a "losing game," that the law-abiding members of society stand against them with thumbs mercilessly up-pointed; that the wages of crime is living death. Then why do they persist? They don't; at least the majority of them do not. It is the fact that their term in prison has unfitted them for the struggle of life, and that they find a self-righteousness in those outside who have never been caught breaking the law, that sends the majority of ex-prisoners back to prison. There is no condition of human life more tragic in its inexorability than that of the former convict. Occasionally one rises above his past and attains to a fair

degree of success in the business world; but socially and personally the stigma of his former degradation always clings to him; the contamination—like that of the former harlot—is never forgotten; and he goes down to his grave with the consciousness of having lived a lop-sided life, all in consequence of a mistake, the commission of what we call crime, perhaps in early manhood.

The object of imprisoning human beings, or rather, the object of restricting their liberty, should be to protect society, and for no other reason. And in this restriction of liberty there should be absolutely no element of revenge or punishment involved. As stated before, 40 per cent. of those committed to prison at present revert to crime on being released. Is that protection? If 40 per cent. of those discharged from hospitals or insane asylums relapsed, would you continue complacently to pay taxes for the support of such institutions? Would you not feel that there was something wrong in the management, or in the system? Society fails to protect itself under the present penological conditions because nothing, or practically nothing, is done to cure the offender. He is merely committed to prison for an arbitrary term of years as punishment for his offence. While in prison his food, his clothing, and a place to sleep, sordid though they may be, are provided him. He need give no thought to the morrow, and if he have a family in the outside world he can contribute nothing toward its support. In other words, the instant he enters the prison gate he ceases to have responsibility, he is told that he must not exercise initiative, that he must not manifest the least spirit of independence, that he must conform rigidly and unswervingly to a set of rules. This condition is of course unnatural, and the victim of it becomes abnormal. A dog chained up becomes vicious; a horse confined in a narrow stall without exercise becomes unmanageable when released; a canary permitted to go from its cage invariably starves to death because it does not know how to get its own food. Human beings subjected to analogous conditions show similar results. It is inevitable that they should do so.

Examining into the word crime, what do we discover? In the first place, it is natural for a child to take what it sees, what

it wants. As the child grows old enough to understand, it is told that certain things around it belong to individuals; that it has been born into the world to have only what its parents give it. In later years it learns that it may have only that which it earns by labor, or through the exploitation of the labor of others. It learns that it must labor, not for the benefit of fellow human creatures, but for the sake of accumulating all it can possibly accumulate for its own use. It finally discovers that labor is not for self-support, not to make everyone equal, but for profit, for the sake of getting something that the other fellow lacks. That is civilization. Some children grasp it readily and accept it as right. Others fail to grasp it save in degree. Still others instinctively rebel against it. Children in the latter two classes are embryo "criminals."

Again, 75 per cent. of present-day crimes are crimes against property; only 25 per cent. are what may be called natural crimes, such as murder, assault, mayhem, or violation of sex naturalness. Offences against property are classified by mankind into misdemeanors and crimes. Let us use two hypothetical cases to illustrate the difference. Driving along a country road you come to an apple orchard. It is remote from habitation. The fruit looks tempting, you feel slightly hungry. Knowing that the apples belong to another person, you nevertheless climb over the fence and take some of them. The fact that they belong to another person makes no difference, your conscience will not bother you—unless you chance to be caught and are made to suffer the humiliation of being charged with petit larceny and obliged to pay a small fine. Another man, a tramp, comes along the same road. Passing the farm house he observes that the door is open and sees a roasted chicken reposing on the table. He also is hungry, and the chicken looks tempting. He enters the grounds, goes into the kitchen and purloins the chicken. He knows that the chicken belongs to another person, but that doesn't bother his conscience either. But he is caught, and immediately learns that he has a conscience. He also learns that he has committed burglary, which is a crime. The fact that he entered a dwelling makes him a burglar, and he is sentenced to prison for two years. In both cases the motive was identical,

yet how unidentical the penalties. And the penalty imposed upon a "criminal" depends on many extraneous and illogical conditions: the locality where the crime occurred, the reticence of the offender to disclose his identity, or tell where he came from, the prevalence of crime in that particular community at the time, or the condition of the judge's liver. Also, some judges are "hard," while others are "easy"; some are fair, while others are unfair. So many concrete instances illustrating the elasticity of "justice" occur, that it would take a volume to record them.

And so, wherever and whenever I have the opportunity, I advocate the indeterminate sentence; that is, I believe prisons should serve the same purpose as hospitals or insane asylums, and that no prisoner should be released until those in charge of him feel reasonably sure that he has been trained to such an extent that he will not revert to crime. Of course this connotes that those in charge of prisons shall be men of the highest qualifications and character. To secure such men means that prisons must be absolutely removed from the sphere of politics.

Wherever it is possible, the young or initial offender against the law should be given a chance on probation. He should be impressed with the fact that if he violate the terms of this probation it will mean that he will become a ward of the State indefinitely, perhaps for the rest of his life. That seems harsh, but it is not. It merely aims to protect society by protecting the individual offender against himself. Failing to honor his probation, or being adjudged unfit for it, the delinquent would be committed to the State institution designed for his redemption. Such an institution should not be known as a prison, and no disgrace should attach to the individual committed, neither while there, nor afterwards.

At present there is great opposition to prison labor. Trade unions are fighting continuously to prevent the employment of prisoners. It is quite natural that this should be the case; it is not only natural, but it is right. Not being paid anything for his labor, the prisoner's product is cheap, and this cheap product placed on the market to be sold at a lower figure than the product of the free workman, who perhaps has a family to

support, cheapens the work of the free workman. But if the prisoner were paid for his labor the same as an outside workman, his labor would no longer be cheap, and would not cheapen the labor of the free workman. Being paid on this basis for his labor, the prisoner in turn would have to pay for everything he received: his clothing, food, lodging, medicines, etc. Also, he should be permitted the greatest possible latitude in the expenditure of his earnings. The development of human character depends almost entirely on the exercise of choice by the individual. "He is not free who is not free to stray." The prisoner with a family should have the right, or be compelled, if need be, to support that family; while the prisoner having no dependents, in order that he might assume the same degree of responsibility as the man of family, would contribute an equal portion of his earnings toward the support of State hospitals and asylums. Such a system would not only make the prisons self-supporting—as they should be—but would inculcate habits of industry, frugality, responsibility, and respect for law and order in the delinquent, as will be shown. In place of being tortured in a straitjacket or "derrick," instead of being hanged by the thumbs, or thrown into the dungeon for violation of the community rules and regulations, the offender would be subject to fine, and no inmate could secure his release, on parole, until he had accumulated a specified sum, sufficient to start him out independently in the outside world.

Until quite recently the 1,900 prisoners confined at San Quentin cost the State of California a quarter of a million dollars each year to keep them in the abnormal condition there, a condition from which the majority emerged worse than when they entered. An equal number of men in the outside world would support a community of several thousand persons; a community with schools, churches, parks, banks, homes, theatres, street and fire departments, and everything that goes to make up what we conceive to be a normal existence. Yet these 1,900 able-bodied men, fed on the cheapest kind of food, clothed in the coarsest manner, housed in cells like animals instead of human beings, and working every day without pay, cost the people of California so many thousands of dollars. What is true in

California is true in other States. Just stop and think of the absurdity of such a condition—a State paying to keep 1,900 able-bodied men in a condition of pauperism, after which 40 per cent. return to crime. Can any greater moral and economic stupidity be imagined? Is there any element of sentimentality involved in the agitation for prison reform when these facts are considered?

But under the system which has been outlined the delinquent would acquire, almost unconsciously, the very characteristics—industry, frugality, responsibility and respect for law and order—necessary to his manifestation as a useful member of society in the world at large. And under that system no prisoner would be released save on parole. After a trial on parole, if he "made good" he would get his absolute release, restoring him to the same status he enjoyed before his lapse, and with no more stigma attaching to him than attaches to the person who has been cured of small-pox or insanity. If he failed to honor the conditions of his parole, or if he committed another crime, he would be returned to the care of the State for further training; with a fine, imposed as a penalty for his relapse, which it would require him at least two years to work out before he could begin to strive for a second chance on parole. This would eliminate the expense of trying professional "crooks" again and again; it would make every man his own keeper, his own jailer, his own saviour.

In my experience I have seen scores of youths in their "teens" committed to prison for a first offence to serve sentences ranging from 5 to 50 years; and recidivists, "four or five time losers," return under mittimus of 2 or 3 or 5 years. I know a man who, after serving four years in the penitentiary for burglary, spent the \$5 which the State allowed him, for a second-hand revolver and some "soup" (nitroglycerine). The second night following his release he was discovered by a policeman in the act of trying to blow open a safe in the wholesale district of San Francisco, and when the officer essayed to arrest him the ex-prisoner tried to kill. Fortunately, by quick action, the policeman got his thumb under the hammer and the cartridge failed to explode. The culprit was overpowered, and was subsequently tried and convicted. But when the time came for the

passing of sentence, owing to mud-gutter political influence—the offender having been born and raised “south of the slot” in San Francisco, where his aged mother washed clothes for a living—he “got off” with a sentence of four years. I don’t say four years wasn’t long enough, because, under the present system, four years serve the same purpose as ten or fifteen years. The case is cited merely in comparison with another. A few days after this man had been sentenced, a youth less than seventeen years of age, a boy who had wandered away from his home in the East, away from his mother, like a great many boys do, was passing along a deserted street of the same city in the dead of night, and came upon a man lying in the gutter intoxicated. Hungry and miserable, with no place to sleep, he was tempted to “go through” the drunken man’s pocket. He did so, and secured between three and four dollars. Unfortunately for him, however, the drunken man was aroused, grappled with the boy, and made an outcry. Naturally the boy tried to get away, and struck his would-be captor in the face several times before a policeman, attracted by the cries, arrived on the scene and placed them both under arrest, handcuffing them together. Under the California law, to take anything from the person of another when such person offers resistance constitutes robbery, and the youth was tried and convicted on that charge. Being friendless and penniless, and without influence, he was buffeted back and forth between the jail and the court like so much junk, and when the time came for passing sentence the same judge who had sentenced the murderously inclined safe-blower to prison for four years on a second conviction “handed” this boy a “package” of 20 years. Just think of it. Twenty years in a place where he would stagnate, and imbibe nothing save evil. For

“Vile deeds, like poison weeds,
Thrive well in prison air;
'Tis only what is good in man
That wastes and withers there.”

Suppose he were your boy? When I left San Quentin the second offender was out, but the boy, pale-faced and weary, the anguish of hopelessness and premature age in his brown eyes,

was still there. With the indeterminate sentence such a horror could not be. I know a professional crook, a man thoroughly familiar with court procedure, who was sent back to San Quentin for his tenth offence with a sentence of one year. He had served nine previous terms for felony. I know another man who came back the seventh time with a sentence of two years. I know five youths, all under 21 years of age, who were sentenced to serve 50 years each for their first offence. A particularly atrocious robbery had occurred in the community, and they, the subsequent and minor offenders, were used as "examples."

Do you wonder that I advocate the indeterminate sentence? With the indeterminate sentence and a condition where the offender will be trained and developed instead of being crushed and degraded, followed by parole when the subject is fit, and final restoration to the full rights and privileges of citizenship, crime, as a profession, will ultimately go by the board. The present retaliatory, revengeful, inhuman, uneconomic, abnormal and crushing system has had a long and bloody reign; why not try something else?

THE ITALIAN DEAD MARCH

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

LO, I know not whom they bear
Thro' the gray streets,
Thro' the gray dulness of life,
With such a trouble of music!
O strange folk,
Alien-brotherly people,
How have you put God's grief in this your dirge?
O, I could weep away my soul,
Upon which love and joy await,
I could weep it away
To those strains.
Thro' this gray afternoon
A gleaming sword flashes,
A visionary sword
Bites thro' the day,
Pierces to my soul with instant anguish.
Who grasped this tear of God
And made it music?

Who goes there in the black wain
With gaudy flowers and flags and sleekened mourners?
Who?—what?
A boxful of ashes.
And yet the petty futile funeral rite
Convicts my soul of immortality,
Of old ineffable mystery convicts it,
Humbles it,
Dissolves it,
Blows it as sand,
Devastates it,
Pierces it thro',
Because of this lamentation of brass trumpets
Filled with a tear of God.

JULES DE GAULTIER: SUPER-NIETZSCHEAN

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

EVERYTHING that is ultra-modern comes from Schopenhauer. He completed the work of Kant and inaugurated modernity. His "World as Will and Idea" and his essays were the starting points of Nietzsche, Wagner, Flaubert, de Maupassant, and Turgenieff. Goethe himself admitted his debt to the philosopher of Frankfort. His influence is universal. His ideas dominate those who have never read a page of his. Schopenhauer is the father of the modern world. He is a Columbus, a Copernicus.

Jules de Gaultier stems directly from Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. He is the author of five or six volumes which are the most complete and the most masterly studies of the Life-Illusion which exist. The formula of Schopenhauer, the great generalization of which everything was an expression, was "the Will-to-Live." Nietzsche's final generalization was "the Will-to-Power." De Gaultier's final generalization is "the Will-to-Illusion."

These three generalizations are not antagonistic. Jules de Gaultier accepts both the formula of Schopenhauer and the formula of Nietzsche and demonstrates that they are parts of a supremo generalization still: the Will-to-Illusion. All life is an expression of the Will-to-Live and the Will-to-Power, but both the Will-to-Live and the Will-to-Power depend for their very existence on the instinct to illusion that exists in every animate thing. The Will-to-Illusion, to unreality, to lie, is inherent in every life-movement. Movement itself cannot be conceived of without it.

Jules de Gaultier calls this universal truth—a truth from which depend among mankind those other two truths, the Will-to-Live and the Will-to-Power—Bovarysm, or the power that a being has of conceiving himself otherwise than he is (*se concevoir autre qu'il n'est*). Life is carried on by an act of the imagination perpetually repeated. Every human being sees himself as he is not. An ideal and a lie are one and the same thing.

The life of Madame Bovary, or the Instinct-to-Romance, is the life, in one form or another, of every creature. Error, irrationality, a perpetual becoming, are the very bases of life. From the instinct to bovaryse, or to create the world as it exists imaginatively, flows all the comedy and tragedy of existence. It is the secret of history and the secret of religions. From the tragic viewpoint we are all Hamlets and Madame Bovarys; from the comic viewpoint we are all Malvolios and Don Quixotes.

The profoundest instinct in man is to war against the truth; that is, against the Real. He shuns facts from his infancy—from both his racial and individual infancy. His life is a perpetual evasion. Miracle, chimera and to-morrow keep him alive. There is no absurdity that he will not seek to perpetuate in order to escape the Dreadful Truth. He lives on fiction and myth. It is the Lie that makes him free. Animals alone are given the privilege of lifting the veil of Isis; men dare not. The animal, awake, has no fictional escape from the Real because he has no imagination. Man, awake, is compelled to seek a perpetual escape into Hope, Belief, Fable, Art, God, Socialism, Immortality, Alcohol, Love. From Medusa-Truth he makes an appeal to Maya-Lie.

Those few who pride themselves on their power to look the Real in the face without flinching are as thoroughly duped as the poorest clod. Schopenhauer to escape the Real invented a Nirvana. Flaubert sought relief in the Art-Lie. Nietzsche took refuge in the Overman. Jules de Gaultier has built on the granite of the Real or the True a magical Palace of Perception, thus bovarysing himself. But it must be said of Jules de Gaultier that he is the first to glorify and divinize the Lie, and in his magic Palace of Perception he is a willing prisoner. He is an Œdipus at Colonna, but an Œdipus with wide-open eyes. He glorifies what Schopenhauer execrated and is the golden dome that surmounts the edifice erected by Nietzsche. He accepts life as an amazing frolic of antithetical forces. He who sees the mechanism of the Game and enters it freely with a bound and a shout and a superb Dionysiac Yea, knowing from the first that it has no other meaning than what appears on its surface—such a person (and such a one is Jules de Gaultier)

may be said to have achieved the limit of human freedom. To him the war against Reality has become a sport. Sometimes he is on one side, sometimes on the other. From his tent in the clouds he contemplates the antics of man and the ruses of the Real. He gives himself heartily to the drama, and utters silently and with what withering irony: "Thy will be done, O most admirable Dramaturge!"

"The world is my idea," said Schopenhauer. Jules de Gaultier has changed this axiom to "the world is my invention." That is his metaphysic, if he has one. Imagination creates the Real. Schopenhauer's formula that man by "dint-of-wishing" will in the long run become the thing he wishes to be, Nietzsche's command given to men that they shall endeavor to "surpass themselves" and Jules de Gaultier's dogma that all reality, social as well as cosmic, exists first of all as a figment in the brain and is externalized by a long series of trials and imitations, are at bottom the same.

It is a new cosmogony. Man is himself a god, a fabricator, and his workshop is in his skull. His brain is the loom of the Unconscious, and with the stuffs he weaves there he dresses the external world. Kant had already made man the inventor of Time and Space. Jules de Gaultier makes him the inventor of all that is through the supremacy and dynamic quality of his imagination.

Life is, therefore, a perpetual exfoliation of the Real. Everything first exists as a thought, a fancy, a wish, a need in a mind, either consciously or unconsciously, before it takes form and substance. All things are created in the manner in which Pygmalion created Galatea. All the absurdities of dreamland will some day be commonplaces. The Imaginative Will of man is the Artist par excellence, the Impresario of the world-comedy. It bungles and botches and strikes in the dark a million million times; but it pays the penalty for its daring in the end by the complete and irretrievable externalization of its mental and emotional poses, and carries on the profound legend of Nemesis. Don Quixote ends by being Prospero—and Prospero ends by reading Aristophanes and Heine. The Real is the child of our

imagination, and when it stands before us in all its naked, menacing ugliness we rant and roar because the glory of the dream vanished in the birth-throes.

Without this perpetual illusion life cannot be carried on. The Ideal is the one thing needful. It is the law of evolution. It is the leit-motif of Change. It is the mask of the forever hidden Ironist. The Ideal is the Witch of the World. Brangaene! Brangaene! divine procuress, with thy deadly love-poison ever at our lips! Monstrous begetter of deadly passions, torrential images, tumescent visions—and shabby realities!

The real world passes through the portals of sense and in the penetralia of the mind is deformed and modified by the endless deformations and modifications already enthroned there. When it is reborn it comes forth glorified, bedizened, aureoled in the garments of the imagination. Thus Tolstoy assumes the manners of a peasant, the soldier hearing the call to arms already sees himself as a newer Napoleon and beholds himself crossing Europe, the middy just enlisted in the navy struts unconsciously up and down the deck as he saw Nelson do it in a picture book, the youth who has his first speaking part given him by his theatrical manager conceives himself as a future Booth or Irving. And it sometimes comes about that auto suggestion ends in complete realization and that the Real is created by a Fiction.

There are two empires. Schopenhauer called them Will and Idea, Nietzsche personified them as Dionysus and Apollo, Jules de Gaultier has called them the Vital Instinct and the Instinct to Knowledge.

Instinct wills, creates, carries on the work of the species. The Intellect destroys, negatives, satirizes and ends in pure nihilism. Instinct creates life, endlessly, hurling forth profusely and blindly its clowns, acrobats, tragedians and comedians. Intellect remains the eternal spectator of the play. It participates at will, but never gives itself wholly to the fine sport. It fuses with Instinct, but never loses its identity. It is eternally on the watch, for the ruses of Instinct are uncountable. It lives to trap the Intellect that has broken the shackles and escaped from its dungeons. The Intellect freed from the trammels of the

personal will soars into the ether of perception, where Instinct follows it in a thousand disguises, seeking to draw it down to earth.

In this rise into the azure of pure perception, attainable only by a very few human beings, the spectacular sense is born. Life is no longer good or evil. It is a perpetual play of forces without beginning or end. The freed Intellect merges itself with the World-Will and partakes of its essence, which is not a moral essence, but an æsthetic essence. Life is good because it is sublime. The great evils of existence, from this supreme height, give to the Intellect, freed for the moment from the mere act of living, the same pleasure that the most unlettered person derives from the woes of Hamlet, Lear, Oedipus and Phædra. The grandeur of the tragedy of man is the justification for life. The cosmos is an atelier. Life is like a cinematograph performance where a hidden Operator throws on the screen of Time a moving-picture show that lasts for an eternity.

The Superman? He is the man who participates in life and watches his own antics with an indulgent irony. He is the man who is both actor and spectator at once. He is the man who commits all the follies of sentiency for the sake of the gesture and in order to analyze his sensations. He is the man who re-invents and reappraises himself each day; one who walks ahead of himself perpetually; one who dances with joy on the catafalque of yesterday; one who indulges every passion and is the supreme of culture.

He is Wagner rather than Napoleon. He is Goethe, Spinoza, Walt Whitman, Stendhal. He is also Jules de Gaultier.

THE LYRIC YEAR

CHARLES VALE

FOR all important purposes, humanity may be divided into three classes: those who write poetry; those who read poetry; and those who ignore poetry. The three classes cannot, of course, be defined rigidly; the first two tend to coalesce, while the boundaries of the third are elastic, and embrace large numbers who are not aware of their dedication. For many who merely think that they write poetry, and many who merely think that they read poetry, must be included, regretfully but firmly, in the last and lowest class, where they will meet the vast army of life's failures and derelicts. Obviously, the successes, or the partial successes, are always included in one of the first two classes: for no man, however rich he may be, is a complete failure, if he can appreciate *Cynara* or the *Ode to a Nightingale*.

When this view of the importance of poetry has been fully realized, it is possible to approach *The Lyric Year* in the right spirit. For *The Lyric Year* is not simply a book. It is an event, the significance of which gradually unfolds itself. Regard it as we may at first, with great or modest expectations, we cannot leave it without the conviction that here is a fine thing, well worth doing, and worthily done.

To be told that the book contains a hundred poems by a hundred poets, is not in itself enlightening. The monthly output of magazines will present a hundred poems—though not necessarily a hundred poets. But *The Lyric Year* is not merely a collection of poems. It is a thermometer—a Centigrade thermometer. By it, one may ascertain the temperature of our national life. For there is no clearer truism than the truism that the vitality of a nation is measured by its poetry; and though that poetry is not always expressed in rhythmic or rhymed lines,—though much of it is blank and more of it inarticulate,—there remains in the written word and the caged music a sufficient index. The wheatfields of the West, and the skyscrapers of East and West; lumber-camp, farm and factory; steel rails girdling a continent, and a

canal linking two oceans; Subway, and incredible, clanging Elevated; harbors and great ships—the American Flag too rare; tunnelled mountains and bridged rivers; mines and cattle ranches, fruit orchards and cotton plantations; electricity flaring from sea to sea, a spider's web of telephones, automobiles swarming like fireflies; the palaces of the rich, and the tenements and prisons of the poor; churches, cathedrals, stockyards, straphangers; life fluid in the melting pots of the great cities; the flux of politics, the flash of an ideal,—progress with feet in the mire and eyes to the stars; a nation in the making and in being, with a continent for a home and the future for a plaything:—here, surely, is stuff for poetry; and if it cannot be translated into hexameters, —for which omission we may be duly grateful,—it can assuredly be transformed, not into the light that never was on land or sea, —one may dispense with the vague and formless,—but into the light that lighteth the world, the light of sun or moon or stars, though their shining be seen in a vision; the light of the actual—yes, of Broadway, or the ferries at night, or the cottage with lamp or candle in the country; the light that shines through the mud of life and transfigures and justifies the universe.

And so one comes to *The Lyric Year* with a little curiosity and a larger hope. And since this is altogether a serious business,—no less, indeed, than a new discovery of America,—wayward mood asserts itself and prepares for a possible disappointment by a momentary assumption of levity, as of a soft shell capable of being hardened rapidly into cynicism. But the reading of the second page of the editor's prefatory note inspires confidence. The note has commendable brevity; and it has meaning. The concluding sentence must be reproduced:

“Ten thousand poems by nearly two thousand writers of verse have been personally examined by the editor for this competition.”

There, at once, tersely, inimitably, the scope of the undertaking is conveyed. From ten thousand poems, a hundred have been selected. From a hundred possible *Lyric Years*, there is one book. Nineteen hundred writers of verse have been excluded. A hundred remain—the first century of the new era of American poetry.

One passes from the prefatory note to the list of contents and contributors,—admirably arranged. Zoë Akins leads the alphabetical way, and a slow glance down the pages discovers Dorothy Landers Beall, whose first book of *Poems* revealed rare promise; Witter Bynner, apostle of condensation; Bliss Carman, Madison Cawein, Grace Hazard Conkling, Richard Le Gallienne, Edwin Markham, Josephine Preston Peabody, George Sterling, Ridgely Torrence, George Sylvester Viereck, George E. Woodberry, and many other well known names, with some—like Edna St. Vincent Millay—entirely unknown. And so one comes lingeringly to the opening poem, *Lethargy*.

“ I know nor hour from hour nor day from day;
I follow paths dead winds left in the sand,—
Content to travel nowhere, and to stand,
Deciding nothing, at some changing way.”

And now, I have read through the book, as every educated American will—or should—read through it, and many an Englishman in his own country, eager to know what has been done over-seas with the language of Shakespeare. It is possible to find some fault with what has been done—facile praise has little value; but it is impossible not to find also both promise and fulfilment of a high order; something to be proud of—almost arrogantly proud; something to be grateful for, as one is grateful for a Lincoln, or a Whitman, or any superb manifestation of the nation’s genius. I do not mean that the word “superb” would obviously be applied here; there will be a tendency, even amongst the most appreciative, to underrate, not to overrate, the actual achievement. Yet I know of no contribution to American literature during the last fifty years that is quite comparable with this, in its full significance. I cannot resist quoting from William Stanley Braithwaite’s excellent review in *The Boston Transcript*.

“ It is the fresh, vigorous, instinctively artistic expression of the American spirit. Our critics of fiction have been long awaiting and prophesying the arrival of the great composite American novel. It has never arrived, and never will in the pages of a single volume. In the meantime the art of poetry, hardly recognized by either the American people or the American critics as a living, vital, compelling force, has been quietly, steadily grow-

ing and developing, until suddenly in this volume it foreruns the adventitious accomplishment of fiction, and presents an expression of the composite American spirit in a triumphant burst of song. . . . The heroic, silent and consecrated efforts of our poets may be found not in the six or eight examples who have been fortunate enough to win a moderate appreciation, but in the obscure hundreds who have made the unwritten and unappreciated poetic history of America during the last quarter of a century. . . . There is no backward glance in these dreams and ideals and realities. The volume is a confident looking of to-morrow in the face in the expressed hopes and aspirations of individual and national existence, veined and tinted with sturdy moral principles, social obligations, industrial justice, ethical responsibilities and spiritual perceptions, which, forming themselves into a sort of artistic and substantive unity, are lighting new vistas in futurity. . . . ”

“Spiritual perceptions . . . lighting new vistas in futurity”—that, precisely, is what one hoped to find in *The Lyric Year*. The hope has been justified.

A few words with regard to the inception of the volume are desirable here. Some months ago, Mr. Ferdinand Earle, author of *Sonnets*, published last year, and of *Pilgrims of Eternity*, which appeared in THE FORUM for February, 1912, offered to provide \$1000 for prizes to be awarded for the best three poems submitted in a national lyrical competition. With the coöperation of the publisher, already so intimately identified with the encouragement of poetry in this country, the work was planned and carried to completion in its present form. Mr. Earle undertook the editorial responsibility and deserves unstinted recognition for the enthusiasm and patience that were indispensable. But an acknowledgment is also due to the contributors, who entered completely into the spirit of the undertaking, valuing their share in the making of a book that would adequately represent American poetry of to-day, far more than they would have valued their share of the cash prizes—though a poet and prosperity are proverbially not inseparable. In one thing, however, they unfortunately failed, as a whole; the lyrics in *The Lyric Year* are not numerous; there was a tendency—a natural

but regrettable tendency—to take full advantage of the limit of length assigned, and send in poems less brief than labored.

The first prize goes to Orrick Johns, for his *Second Avenue*; and no one will grudge the success of the young author of *The Sea-Lands*, Mr. Johns' first contribution to THE FORUM, in which *Second Avenue* also appeared originally. Yet the latter poem has distinct faults; it lacks clear thought; it is too rhetorical; it provokes criticism before it claims acceptance. But it has a vision and a message, though it is meditative, not constructive. It visualizes the present and prophesies for the future; but the prophecy is vague, apart from the resolute note of brotherhood.

"Beat on, ye thousand thousand feet,
 Beat on thro' unreturning ways;
Not mine to say whereto ye beat,
 Not mine to scorn you or to praise."

The diffidence of the third line is unnecessary. In the following verses the tendency to ornateness is evident:

"The gorgeous canvas of the morn,
 The sprinkled gaiety of grass,
The sunlight dripping from the corn,
 The stars that hold high-vestured mass,

The shattered grandeur of the hills,
 The little leaping lovely ways
Of children, or what beauty spills
 In summer greens and autumn grays."

But now that criticism has had its way, briefly, appreciation can be given, willingly. *Second Avenue* is greater than its faults. Read and considered in its completeness, it stands out as a strong, fine poem—an achievement, and an augury.

To a Thrush, by Thomas Augustine Daly, secures—and deserves—the second award.

"O Comforter, enough that from thy green,
 Hid tabernacle in the wood's recess
To those care-haunted lovers thou, unseen,
 Shouldst send thy flame-tipped song to cheer and bless.
 Enough for them to hear
 And feel thy presence near;

And yet when he, regardful of her ease,
 Had led her back by brightening hall and stair
 To her own chamber's quietude and peace,
 One maple-bowered window shook with rare,
 Sweet song—and thou wert there!

Hunter of souls! the loving chase so nigh
 Those spirits twain had never come before.
 They saw the sacred flame within thine eye;
 To them the maple's depths quick glory wore,
 As tho' God's hand had lit
 His altar fire in it,
 And made a fane, of virgin verdure pleached,
 Wherfrom thou mightst in numbers musical
 Expound the age-sweet words thy Francis preached
 To thee and thine, of God's benignant thrall
 That broodeth over all.

And they, athirst for comfort, sipped thy song,
 But drank not yet thy deeper homily.
 Not yet, but when parturient pangs grew strong,
 And from its cell the young soul struggled free—
 A new joy, trailing grief,
 A little crumpled leaf,
 Blighted before it bourgeoned from the stem—
 Thou wert, as fabled robin to the rood,
 A minister of charity to them;
 And from the shadows of sad parenthood
 They heard and understood.

Makes God one soul a lure for snaring three?
 Ah! surely; so this nursling of the nest,
 This teen-touched joy, ere birth anoint of thee,
 Yet bears thy chrismal music in her breast.
 Five Mays have come and sped
 Above her sunny head,
 And still the happy song abides in her.
 For tho' on maimèd limbs the body creeps,
 It doth a spirit house whose pinions stir
 Familiarly the far cerulean steeps
 Where God His mansion keeps.

So come, O throstle!
 Thou golden-tongued apostle

And little brown-frocked brother
 Of the loved Assisian!
 Sing courage to the mother,
 Sing strength into the man;
 That she who in another May
 Came out of heaven, trailing care,
 May never know that sometimes gray
 Earth's roof is and its cupboards bare.
 To them in whose sad May-time thou
 Sangst comfort from thy maple bough,
 To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,
 O prophet then, be prophet now
 And paraclete!"

This is only a fragment, but it explains the selection of the poem for the first award by one of the judges.

The third award—or, to speak more exactly, the second of the two equal minor prizes—goes to George Sterling for *An Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning*. This is a great commemorative poem, full of fine, though complicated, imagery; but it is undesirably rhetorical, and far too long. All should have been said in half the space. Then, perhaps, these two lines would have been eliminated:

“And I have seen thee as
 An eagle, strong to pass—”

But, at its best, the Ode sweeps high indeed, where cavilling cannot follow it easily.

“As unto lighter strains a boy might turn
 From where great altars burn
 And Music's grave archangels tread the night,
 So I, in seasons past,
 Loved not the bitter might
 And merciless control
 Of thy bleak trumpets calling to the soul.
 Their consummating blast
 Held inspirations of affright,
 As when a faun
 Hears mournful thunders roll
 On breathless, wide transparencies of dawn.
 Nor would I hear
 With thee, superb and clear

The indomitable laughter of the race;
 Nor would I face
 Clean truth, with her cold agates of the well,
 Nor with thee trace
 Her footprints passing upward to the snows,
 But sought a phantom rose
 And islands where the ghostly siren sings;
 Nor would I dwell
 Where star-forsaking wings
 On mortal thresholds hide their mystery,
 Nor watch with thee
 The light of heaven cast on common things.

* * *

And yet not thine for long
 The feignèd passion of the nightingale,
 Nor shards of haliotis, nor the song
 Of cymballed fountains hidden in the dale,
 Nor gardens where the feet of Fragrance steal:
 'Twas thine the laying-on to feel
 Of tragic hands imperious and cold,
 That, grasping, led thee from the dreams of old,
 Making thee voyager
 Of seas within the cosmic solitude,
 Whose moons the long-familiar stars occlude—
 Whose living sunsets stir
 With visions of the timelessness we crave.
 And thou didst ride a wave
 That gathered solemn music to its breast,
 And, breaking, shook our strand with thought's unrest,
 Till men far inland heard its mighty call
 Where the young mornings vault the world's blue wall.

* * *

O vision wide and keen!
 Which knew, untaught, that pains to joyance are
 As night unto the star
 That on the effacing dawn must burn unseen.
 And thou didst know what meat
 Was torn to give us milk,
 What countless worms made possible the silk
 That robes the mind, what plan
 Drew as a bubble from old infamies
 And fen-pools of the Past
 The shy and many-colored soul of man.
 Yea! thou has seen the lees

In that rich cup we lift against the day,
 Seen the man-child at his disastrous play—
 His shafts without a mark,
 His fountains flowing downward to the dark,
 His maiming and his bars,
 Then turned to see
 His vatic shadow cast athwart the stars,
 And his strange challenge to infinity.
 But who am I to speak,
 Far down the mountain, of its altar-peak,
 Or cross on feeble wings,
 Adventurous, the oceans in thy mind?
 We of a wider day's bewilderings
 For very light seem blind,
 And fearful of the gods our hands have formed.
 Some lift their eyes and seem
 To see at last the lofty human scheme
 Fading and toppling as a sunset stormed
 By wind and evening, with the stars in doubt.
 And some cry, *On to Brotherhood!* And some,
 (Their Dream's high music dumb)
Nay! let us hide in roses all our chains,
Tho' all the lamps go out!
Let us accept our lords!
Time's tensions move not save to subtler pains!
 And over all the Silence is as swords . . . ”

I will give a few scattered extracts, before passing to *Renaissance*, with which, since it conveys the freshest note of the book, one may most fittingly conclude. Florence Brooks, in *The Steel Age*, strikes the sombre note of pessimism:

“ The world is dry and cold and mechanized,
 The hearts of men are dead that are not sad,
 All the quick souls are beaten back to darkness,
 Song has no joy, love is no longer glad.

* * *

Go out, all men, and wander in the waste,
 Go trail your anguish over swamp and sand,
 Lay down your heads at dusk and cry aloud
 How live the stagnant souls in our great land!

O weary poet, imprisoned in foul walls,
 Let some new order spring from thine old woe,

Take thyself out and wander to the void,
In loneliness wherever thy feet go!"

Contrast this with the optimism of Donn Byrne, in *The Piper*:

"I will take my pipes and go now, and God go with you all,
And keep all sorrow from you, and the dark heart's load.
I will take my pipes and go now, for I hear the summer call,
And you'll hear the pipes a-singing as I pass along the road."

The full charm of Bliss Carman's poetry is not found in *The Mysterarchs*; there is just a little of the lecture in it. Yet it is a fine poem, with that note of aloofness from wrangling and superficiality, of intimate association with the ideal and the truth, found so clearly in his prose essays. He turns away, though not brusquely, from the shattered glass and corrosive acid of the Pankhurst gospel; yet it is a different creed from the oak and clinging ivy that he preaches.

"Mothers, unmilitant, lovely, moulding our manhood then,
Walked in their woman's glory, swaying the might of men.

* * *

The foolish may babble and riot, but the deep-eyed helpmates know
The power that settled the rooftree was more than the power of the
blow.

* * *

Come they into assembly, or keep they another door,
Our makers of life shall lighten the days as the years of yore."

Josephine Preston Peabody's remarkable *Woman-Song* does not surrender its complete message at the first reading. It gains its effects by losing clarity. Yet few of the poems in the book will be more widely discussed than this, with its lyric outburst at the end.

"Spin,—spin! Thou who wert made for spinning!
We are only the stars. Lo, thou art human.
Thou art the Spinner,—yea from the far beginning,
Thou who art Woman.

'Forth, come forth,—unto the uttermost borders;
Forth, where the old despairs and shames implore thee,—
Forth of thy small shut house,—where thy dominion
Widens before thee.

' Spin,—spin! Lift up thy radiant distaff!
 Spinner thou art,—yea, from the dim beginning,
 Life and the web of All Life, and the hosts and their glory;—
 Thine was the spinning.

' Spin,—spin! while that the Three were spinning,
 Thou, behind them, gavest their flax, O Mother;
 Thou, the spinner and spun, and the thread that was severed;—
 Thou, not another.

' Weave,—spin! Lift up thy heart with thy spinning;—
 Look and behold it, shading thine eyes from our laughter:—
 Life and the glory of Life and the hosts of the living,
 Here and hereafter!

' Warp,—weft, woven of flame and rapture;
 Out of the Moon, silence and white desire;
 Out of the Sun, wonder and will and vision,
 One with his fire.

' Fear not, fear not! Let not thy lowliness draw thee
 Back to thy small shut house, O thou too lowly!
 Lo, in thy shrining hands the web of thy glory,
 Blinding and holy.

' Never thine own;—not for thy poor possession,—
 Sitting in darkness, spent with a dim endeavor;—
 Life and the web of All Life, and the hosts of the living
 Now and forever.

' Rise, come, with the Sun to thy chorussing vineyards!
 We are but stars, and fading. Lo, thou art human.
 Put on thy beautiful garments, O thou Belovèd,
 Thou who art Woman.' "

There are many other poems that I should like to refer to in detail, especially Ridgely Torrence's beautiful *Ritual for a Funeral*—remote as it is from all conception of a lyric; Ludwig Lewisohn's tense *Saturnalia*; Willard Huntington Wright's *Selma* and Shaemas O Sheel's *He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed*; but I must draw this brief excursion through *The Lyric Year* to a somewhat abrupt close, reserving whatever space remains for Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Renascence*. This may not

be the finest poem in the book; but, to me, it is the most notable. It would be very easy to point out defects, both real and apparent; for Miss Millay's conception of her theme involves a certain superficial crudity, which is absorbed in the completeness and consistency of the poem. It is a remarkable production for a girl of twenty,—remarkable for its freshness, its spirituality, its renunciation of artifice, and its unmistakable power.

" All I could see from where I stood
 Was three long mountains and a wood;
 I turned and looked another way,
 And saw three islands in a bay.
 So with my eyes I traced the line
 Of the horizon, thin and fine,
 And all I saw from where I stood
 Was three long mountains and a wood.
 Over these things I could not see;
 These were the things that bounded me;
 And I could touch them with my hand,
 Almost, I thought, from where I stand.
 And all at once things seemed so small
 My breath came short, and scarce at all.
 But, sure, the sky is big, I said;
 Miles and miles above my head;
 So here upon my back I'll lie
 And look my fill into the sky.
 And so I looked, and, after all,
 The sky was not so very tall.
 The sky, I said, must somewhere stop,
 And—sure enough!—I see the top!
 The sky, I thought, is not so grand;
 I 'most could touch it with my hand!
 And, reaching up my hand to try,
 I screamed to feel it touch the sky.

I screamed, and—lo!—Infinity
 Came down and settled over me;
 Forced back my scream into my chest,
 Bent back my arm upon my breast,
 Held up before my eyes a glass
 Thro' which my shrinking sight did pass,
 Until it seemed I must behold
 Immensity made manifold;

Whispered to me a word whose sound
 Deafened the air for worlds around,
 And brought unmuffled to my ears
 The gossiping of friendly spheres,
 The creaking of the tented sky,
 The ticking of Eternity.
 I saw and heard, and knew at last
 The How and Why of all things, past,
 And present, and forevermore.
 The universe, cleft to the core,
 Lay open to my probing sense

* * *

For my omniscience paid I toll
 In infinite remorse of soul.
 All sin was of my sinning, all
 Atoning mine, and mine the gall
 Of all regret. Mine was the weight
 Of every brooded wrong, the hate
 That stood behind each envious thrust;
 Mine every greed, mine every lust.
 And all the while for every grief,
 Each suffering, I craved relief
 With individual desire,—
 Craved all in vain! And felt fierce fire
 About a thousand people crawl;
 Perished with each,—then mourned for all!
 A man was starving in Capri;
 He moved his eyes and looked at me;
 I felt his gaze, I heard his moan,
 And knew his hunger as my own.

I saw at sea a great fog-bank
 Between two ships that struck and sank;
 A thousand screams the heavens smote;
 And every scream tore thro' my throat.
 No hurt I did not feel, no death
 That was not mine; mine each last breath
 That, crying, met an answering cry
 From the compassion that was I.
 All suffering mine, and mine its rod;
 Mine, pity like the pity of God.
 Ah, awful weight! Infinity
 Pressed down upon the finite Me!
 My anguished spirit, like a bird,

Beating against my lips I heard;
 Yet lay the weight so close about
 There was no room for it without.
 And so beneath the Weight lay I
 And suffered death, but could not die.

Long had I lain thus, craving death,
 When quietly the earth beneath
 Gave way, and inch by inch, so great
 At last had grown the crushing weight,
 Into the earth I sank till I
 Full six feet underground did lie,
 And sank no more—there is no weight
 Can follow here, however great.

Deep in the earth I rested now;
 Cool is its hand upon the brow
 And soft its breast beneath the head
 Of one who is so gladly dead.
 And all at once, and over all
 The pitying rain began to fall;
 I lay and heard each pattering hoof
 Upon my lowly, thatched roof,
 And seemed to love the sound far more
 Than ever I had done before.
 For rain it hath a friendly sound
 To one who's six feet underground;
 And scarce the friendly voice or face:
 A grave is such a quiet place.

* * *

How can I bear it; buried here,
 While overhead the sky grows clear
 And blue again after the storm?
 O multi-colored, multiform,
 Belovèd beauty over me,
 That I shall never, never see
 Again! Spring-silver, autumn-gold,
 That I shall never more behold!
 Sleeping your myriad magics through,
 Close-sepulchred away from you!
 O God, I cried, give me new birth,
 And put me back upon the earth!
 Upset each cloud's gigantic gourd
 And let the heavy rain, down-poured

In one big torrent, set me free,
Washing my grave away from me!

* * *

I know not how such things can be,
I only know there came to me
A fragrance such as never clings
To aught save happy living things;
I felt the rain's cool finger-tips
Brushed tenderly across my lips,
Laid gently on my sealèd sight,
And all at once the heavy night
Fell from my eyes and I could see,—
A drenched and dripping apple-tree,
A last long line of silver rain,
A sky grown clear and blue again.
And as I looked a quickening gust
Of wind blew up to me and thrust
Into my face a miracle
Of orchard-breath, and with the smell,—
I know not how such things can be!—
I breathed my soul back into me.

* * *

I raised my quivering arms on high;
I laughed and laughed into the sky,
Till at my throat a strangling sob
Caught fiercely, and a great heart-throb
Sent instant tears into my eyes;
O God, I cried, no dark disguise
Can e'er hereafter hide from me
Thy radiant identity!
Thou canst not move across the grass
But my quick eyes will see Thee pass,
Nor speak, however silently,
But my hushed voice will answer Thee.
I know the path that tells Thy way
Thro' the cool eve of every day;
God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on Thy heart!

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.

The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine thro'.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

There have been some suspicions that the soul of America was becoming flat, but the sky will not cave in while there are such poets to uphold it, with the stars shining, as *The Lyric Year* reveals. Opinions will differ with regard to individual success or failure; and there will be no undue or unwise desire to overestimate the general accomplishment. Though the Time-spirit moves conspicuously through the volume, complete expression has not been given to it. But *The Lyric Year* has performed an invaluable service by bringing the nation's poetry and poets into clear focus. We can be well content with the achievement of the present; entirely confident for the future.

THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. EVERETT HARRÉ

VI

"As he looked upon the descending wraiths, Koolotah saw they had the spirit-semblance of gleaming faces, and that their eyes burned, through the enveloping cloud-veils, like fire . . . 'The dead—the dead . . . he said, 'we have come into a land of the dead. . . .'"

"Then the glacial mountainside to which he clung trembled . . . the silver-swimming world of white dust-driven fire became suddenly black—and the earth seemed removed from under him . . ."

Leaving the low-lying shore, Ootah's path led up through a narrow gorge between two great cliffs. Since he had returned from the mountains the path had been covered by many successive falls of snow. At places the path sloped abruptly downwards at a terrible angle, and the ice cracked and slid beneath the hardy hunters' feet. With the agility of cats, the dogs fastened their claws into the ice and climbed upwards.

Constantly the two men had to hold to the jagged rocks to their right, otherwise, time after time, they would have slipped into the perilous abyss below. Through the chasm the moon poured its liquid rays. At certain points towering crags shut off the light—then Ootah and his companion had to feel their way slowly upwards in the dark. Finally Ootah's dogs, with a loud chorus of barking, leaped ahead. Seizing an overhanging ledge of rock Ootah lifted himself to the top of the precipice. Koolotah's team followed.

For interminable miles a vast icy plateau stretched before them—a plain glistening with snow and reflecting like a burnished mirror the misty silveriness of the moon. Over the glacial expanse an eerily greenish phosphorescence, which palpitated and shifted at times with vivid splashes of opal and deeper tones of burning blue, hung low.

The upland was split with thousands of canyons that writhed over the white expanse like snakes in tortuous convulsions. From these bottomless abysses arose a luminous amethystine vapor. In the depths jutting icicles took fire and glowed through the lustrous mists like burning eyes. Where the chasms joined with others or widened, ominous shapes, swathed in wind-blown blackish-purple robes, with extended arms, took form. As Ootah and Koolotah dashed forward, great spaces of clear ice palpitated on all sides of them with interior opaline fires.

Neither spoke. Holding the rear framework of their sleds, they trusted to the instinct of their dogs. Mile after mile swept under their feet. Their road often lay along the very edges of purple-black abysses. The echo of their sharp gliding sleds cutting the ice, of the very patter of their dogs' feet, was magnified in volume in the clear air, and it seemed as though, in the hollow depths on every side, ghostly teams were following. Koolotah was white with fear. But Ootah encouraged him onward.

They paced off twenty miles. They reached an altitude of more than a thousand feet above the sea.

The great moon slowly circled about the sky; the scurrying clouds contorted like grotesque living things.

The two hunters made precipitous descents over unexpected frozen slopes—at times it seemed as though they were about to be hurled to instantaneous death. Yet Ootah steeled his heart. His teeth chattered but he gritted them firmly.

"Annadoah needeth food," he murmured, "and—"

His eyes shone, a new pity not unmixed with a taint of bitterness filled his heart. Annadoah must live; she must have food. For a strange thing, he observed, had come upon her. Her inexplicable moods, her brief moments of tenderness, her riotous griefs, and other prefigurations of maternity—these made her dearer to Ootah. So he vigorously cracked his whip and urged the dogs.

The chasms twisted with lifelike motion all around him. Behind, as in a dream, Ootah heard the whip of Koolotah, and the barking of Koolotah's dogs. For hours his feet moved swiftly and mechanically under him. Once his foot slipped. He swerved to the right. A vast black mouth yawned hungrily to receive him; then it closed behind him. The leaping team of dogs had pulled him forward. Luckily he maintained a tenacious hold to the rear upstander of his sled.

Narrow chasms constantly cut their trail. With sharp howls the dogs leaped over these, the sleds passed safely, and by instinct Ootah would bound forward. Narrower than a man's stride in width, Ootah knew these slits in the glacial ice were hundreds of feet in depth, that a slip of the foot might plunge him to immediate death. Now and then he lost his footing on the uneven ice; his heart leaped for fear, but he held grimly to the sledge and the lithe, lean but strong dog-bodies carried him to safety. These faithful animals bounded over the glimmering ice field with amazing speed. They snapped and barked with the joy of the race. In the white moonlight the vapor of their breathing enveloped them like a silvery cloud.

For hours the hunters continued the trail. Their mighty purpose fought off fatigue. The moon passed behind cumulous mountains of clouds along the horizon, and periods of darkness blotted the world from Ootah. Then they travelled in darkness. A warm dampness rising from the gaping abysses that sundered the ice field told them of their danger; then Ootah's heart chilled, his teeth were set chattering; but he thought of Annadoah and the grim need of food, and he gripped the upstander of his sled more determinedly. When the moon again unclosed its pearly sheen over the ice, the serpentine chasms moved their tortuous backs and writhed about them, the icy hummocks billowed, and the glittering ice-peaked horizon swam in a dizzy circle of diamonded light.

As their trail ascended higher the penetrating cold dampness somewhat moderated. In the taut air the sound of their whips was like that of splitting metal. Shuddering and sepulchral echoes answered the barking of their dogs. The faithful ghosts of the dogs of fallen hunters were following their departed masters in the amethystine mists of the canyons about them. Ootah and Koolotah trembled with the thought of the dreadful nearness of the dead. Believing other animals to be ahead, the dogs set up a wilder, shriller howling. Then the echoes came back with more startling and terrifying proximity. Ootah's flesh crept. Finally, with an explosive sound, Koolotah let his whip fall.

"Aulate—halt!" he called.

They came to a dead standstill.

"*Pst!*" he whispered. He hit the snapping whining dogs. "*Pst!*" They crouched to the ground and whined mournfully.

"Dost thou hear?" Koolotah asked in a hushed voice. In the moonlight Ootah saw that the lad's face was as white as the face of the dead, and that in his eyes was a wild fear. From the mountain ridges, which loomed beyond, came an ominous noise—resembling a low wind. Ootah bent his head and listened to the sobbing monotone, then whispered:

"The breathing of the spirits of the hills who sleep."

"Perchance we waken them," Koolotah ventured.

"That would be bad," Ootah replied.

"I have left my mother forever," Koolotah wailed.

"Be brave, lad; they need food; beseech the spirits of those who lived when men's sap was stronger, thy ancestors, for strength. Come!"

Koolotah raised his head—then uttered a low cry of alarm. He drew back, fearfully, pointing with a trembling arm to the mountain pass ahead.

Covered with glacial snow and ice the slopes of the first ridge of the interior mountains gleamed with frosted silver. Over the white expanse, formed by the countless gorges and indentations of the slope, cyclopean shadows took form, and like eldritch figures joining their hands in a wild dance, loomed terrifyingly before the two men. Their trail now ascended through a gorge which abruptly opened immediately before them. Into this rugged chasm the argent moonlight poured, and from unseen caverns in the pass glowered monstrous phosphorescent green and ruby eyes.

From the heights above fragments of clouds descended through the chasm. In the full moonlight they were transformed into tall aerial beings, of unearthly beauty. They were swathed in luminous robes that fluttered gently upon the air, and like the birds they soared, with tremulous wings resembling films of silver. They moved softly, with great majesty. As he looked upon the descending wraiths, Koolotah saw they had the spirit-semblance of gleaming faces, and that their eyes burned, through the enveloping cloud-veils, like fire. He drew back, afraid.

"The dead . . ." he murmured . . . "We have come unto the land of the dead."

Both stood in silence, reverent, awed, half-afraid.

Then Ootah snapped his whip. He called to the dogs.

"Let us go unto them . . . Let us show that men are not afraid. *Huk! Huk! Huk! Come!*"

The dogs howled, the traces tightened, the sleds sped forward. They entered the defile. The trail twisted up the side of the chasm, less than three feet wide for long stretches. The dogs had to slacken and pass upwards in line, one by one. Covered with new ice it was dangerously slippery, and in climbing the men had to hold to jutting icicles for support.

Ootah was ahead. At times sheer walls of ice confronted him. At certain places there had been drifts, at others glacial fragments had slipped from the mountain above. Before these almost insuperable walls Ootah would pause and with his axe hew steps in the hard ice.

They slowly toiled ahead for an hour. Then a blank sloping ice wall, twice the height of Ootah, blocked the path. He grasped his axe and began hewing a series of ascending steps. He breathed with difficulty; the air in the high altitude made respiration difficult. He was soon bathed

in perspiration. The moisture of his breath and beads of sweat froze about his face, covering him with an icy mask. His eyelashes froze together. He would have to pause to meet the quickly congealing tears. He suffered unendurably. Finally his axe split; the ice was harder than his steel. He uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Thy axe!" he called to Koolotah.

Koolotah swung his axe in the air and over the dog team separating them. Ootah leaped from his feet and caught the axe as it soared above him. In a half hour the step-like trail was cut, and he clambered over the wall. Digging their nails into the indentations, the dogs followed. Then Koolotah and his team scaled the obstruction.

Koolotah felt his heart choking him as it seemed to enlarge within; Ootah, in truth, was not entirely unafraid. Both knew that a slip of the foot would plunge them to instant death. As they ascended the trail, the gathering clouds surrounded them. They could no longer see their dogs. They could not even perceive the blackness of the chasm to their right. Above and below they were enveloped in a silver mist. Only the reflected glitter of the moonlight on jutting icicles on the opposite side indicated the chasm so perilously near. Through the mist Koolotah saw the green and crimson eyes of baleful creatures that might, at any moment, spring upon him.

When they reached the inland valley they were both spent in strength. In sheer relief from the agonized suspense of the journey they sank on their sledges and lay palpitating for an hour or more. But the cold froze their perspiring garments and they had to rise and exercise so as not to freeze to death. Ootah knew that no time could be lost. In the interior mountains the breathing of the hill spirits was becoming more uneasy. And Ootah noted with anxiety the increasing moderation of the atmosphere. That was not well. When the cold relented the hill spirits released the glaciers.

With frantic eagerness they explored the valley. The green grass whereon Ootah had seen the splendid animals grazing months before was covered with ice. There was no sign of the *ahmingmah*. Ootah's heart sank. He felt very much like weeping.

Suddenly the dogs began to sniff the air and bark hungrily.

"*Ahmingmah!*" Koolotah cried, joyfully.

Ootah released the team—the dogs made a misty black streak in their dash over the ice. The men followed.

In the shelter of a cave they found five musk oxen. They were huddled together and half numb with cold. They roared dully as the howling dogs assaulted them, and rushed lumberingly from the cave into the moonlight. Five great black hulks, with mighty manes of coarse hair, they ambled over the ice for a space of five hundred feet and then, surrounded by the dogs, assembled in a circle, their backs together, their heads facing the howling dogs. Thus they were prepared to protect themselves from attack.

The dogs, frantic with hunger, made fierce rushes at the animals. Now and then, as the dogs dashed forward, one of the great beasts would charge, its head lowered, and the dogs would leap backward into the air and scatter. Then turning, the animal would rush back to its companions as fast as its numbed legs could carry it.

Through the white vapor of their breath, which half hid their great

horned heads, Ootah could see the eyes of the musk-oxen—they were greenish and phosphorescent. Occasionally the creatures roared sullenly, but the fight was less exciting than it would have been had they been less torpid from hunger and cold.

Ootah called away the dogs, and raised his gun, one which he had got many years before from the white traders.

There was a yellow flash in the moonlight—a mighty roar went up. The dogs, with a cyclonic dash, swooped upon the fallen monster, snapping viciously at it as it roared in its death agony. Frightened, the other four scattered—one rushed into the shelter of the cave, the other three dispersing, soon became diminishing black specks in the moonlight. The dogs would have followed, but Ootah called them back. One animal was even more than they could manage.

With quick despatch they fell upon the animal with their knives. Neither spoke—they worked breathlessly. With marvellous skill they peeled off the heavy skin, and with amazing dexterity carved great masses of bleeding meat clean from the bones. When they had finished, only a great skeleton remained. Outside the cave, eager, whining, the starving dogs obediently crouched. When they had completed the task of dressing, Ootah lifted his hand and the canines, with howling avidity, fell upon the steaming mass of entrails.

Upon the two sledges the hunters loaded and lashed securely their treasure of meat. In the moonlight the hot steam rose from the tremulous masses and Ootah's nostrils dilated with eager, anticipatory delight. The blood dripped upon the snow and Ootah's stomach ached. He had not dared to think of eating until now. Their hands shaking with nervous hunger, the two fell upon the remaining meat. They feasted with that savage hungry joy known only to human creatures who have faced starvation. When they started on the return journey there was a new vibrant elasticity in their steps.

Ootah snapped his whip and sang.

And his heart sang, too, of Annadoah.

Looking at the clouds, as they drifted through the valley, Ootah imagined he saw Annadoah lying upon her couch asleep, and in the faint light of an oil lamp he saw upon her face a pleased smile.

"Of what doth Annadoah dream?" Ootah asked the winds.

"Of springtime when the flowers bloom," the winds replied.

"And Annadoah will move to a new skin tent with Ootah!" he said, joyously, exultantly. "Ootah will bring food unto Annadoah and she will reward him with her love."

"Foolish Ootah," moaned the wind, "love cannot be won with food, neither with *ahmingmah* meat nor walrus blubber." Ootah felt his heart sink; a vague and heavy misgiving filled him. Being very simple, he had always thought that by securing wealth, in dogs and food, in guns and ammunition, and by achieving preëminence on the hunt, he should win Annadoah's confidence and love. But now, upon the breath of the winds, by the voices of nature, doubt came into his heart. The mistake of many men the world over, and of many wiser than he, he could not understand just why this was—this thing the winds said, and which his own heart correspondingly whispered. With food he might possibly win Annadoah's consent to be his wife, yes, he knew that; but Annadoah's love—that was another thing. Surely, he now realized, as he strode along, that by simply giving her food he could not expect to stir in her heart a

response to that which throbbed in his. But why? Singularly he never thought of the bravery of his seeking food on this perilous adventure, an act which, had he known it, had indeed touched the heart of the beautiful maiden.

With the quick atmospheric change of the arctic—a phenomenon common to zones of extreme temperature—the wind steadily increased in velocity and warmth. The shallow moon-shot clouds on the ice thickened and swept softly under the two travellers' feet. Above their waists the air was clear—they saw each other distinctly in the moonlight. Yet their dogs, hidden in the low-lying vapor, were invisible. Great masses of clouds slowly piled along the horizon and the moon was often obscured. Then the two walked in a darkness so thick it seemed palpable.

"Hark!" Ootah called, during one of these spells. "What is that?" A shuddering sound split the air; the ice field on which they travelled vibrated with an ominous jar. The echoes of splitting ice came like distant explosions.

"Have we disturbed the spirits of the hills?" asked Koolotah, in a whisper.

"No, no," answered Ootah, anxiously. "*Huk! Huk!*" He snapped his whip and urged the dogs. They had not gone twenty paces when from the interior heights of Greenland came a series of muffled explosions. Undoubtedly the hill spirits had wakened, and, angry, were hurling their terrible weapons.

They reached, in due course, the top of a mountain ridge, down part of the glassy slopes of which they had to make their way to the entrance of the cleft in which lay the trail they had so laboriously hewn. The gorge yawned blackly some five hundred feet below. In anticipation of their return with loaded sledges, Ootah, on the last reach of their upland climb, had chopped on the smooth snows of the mountain side, a narrow path that ran backward and forward in the fashion of a gently inclining elongated spiral. The mountain sloped at an angle of eighty degrees, but by descending cautiously along this circuitous trail a safe descent was possible.

While Ootah and his companion stood on the peak, the moon passed behind a veil of clouds and Ootah felt two soft wraith-like hands pass over his face—cloud-hands which his simple soul felt were sentient things. His heart for the moment seemed to stop.

At that instant a stinging sound smote the air. The glacial side of the mountain trembled, and as the moon reappeared on the icy slopes Ootah saw narrow black cracks zigzagging in various directions. A cataclysmic rumbling sounded deep in the earth.

When the echoes died away he turned to Koolotah.

"Be brave of heart. Let us go—there is no time to lose."

"*Huk! Huk! Huk!*" They urged the dogs gently. Arranging themselves instinctively in single file, the traces slackening, the wonderful dogs, with feline caution, crept ahead. Lowering their bodies, each behind his sledge, Ootah and Koolotah began moving stealthily downward. With one hand each clung to the rough icy projections of the slope; with the other they held the rear upstander of their sleds to prevent them from sliding, with their precious loads of meat, down the mountain side.

Half way down, Ootah uttered a cry.

His quick ear detected a faint splitting noise, like the crack of young ice in forming, under his feet. In an instant he realized their danger.

At the time he had reached a hollow in the perilous slope. The dogs ahead, with quick instinct, retreated and crouched at his feet in the sheltering cradle.

Ootah saw Koolotah turn and look inquiringly upwards. The next moment, driven downwards by the wind, a mass of clouds, glittering with bleached moonfire, rolled over the slopes and hid Koolotah. Ootah only heard his voice.

Then the glacial mountain side to which he clung trembled. A terrific crash, like that of cannon, followed. The very mountain seemed to shake. For a brief awful spell everything was still—then, with an appalling thunder, the ice split in various directions. The moon reappeared. Ootah—in a tense moment—saw chasms widening about him on the glistening slope. He heard the deafening echoing explosions of splitting ice in the distance . . . With fierce ferocity he instinctively fastened one bleeding hand to an icy projection above him, with the other he held with grimly desperate determination to the sled . . . In the next dizzy instant he felt the icy floor beneath him lurch itself forward and downward . . . before his very eyes he saw Koolotah and his team—not twenty feet below—wiped from existence by the descending glacier to which he clung and in the hollow crevice of which he found security . . . In a second's space he caught a clear vision of tremendous masses of green and purple glaciers being ground to fine powder in their swift descent on all sides of him, . . . he saw the feathery ice fragments catch fire in the moonlight, . . . he heard the elemental roar and grinding crash of ice mountains sundering in a titanic convulsion . . . then he lost hearing . . . In that same sick bewildering moment of preternatural consciousness he thought wildly of Annadoah . . . he saw her appealing wan face amid the blur of white moonlight . . . he knew she needed food . . . and he felt an ache at his heart . . . he called upon the spirits of his ancestors. Then the silvery swimming world of white dust-driven fire became suddenly black—and the earth seemed removed from under him.

In the village the natives were awakened from their lethargic sleep by the far-away crash of the avalanche. Their faces blanched as they thought of the hunters. "The hill spirits have smitten! *Ioh! Ioh!*" they moaned. In her igloo Annadoah, who had waited with sleepless anxiety, wept alone. Of all in the village only the heart of one, Maisanguaq, was glad.

VII

"The utter tragedy of her devotion to the man who had deserted her, and the utter hopelessness of his own deep passion, blightingly, horribly forced itself upon him . . . Ootah asked himself all the questions men ask in such a crisis . . . and he demanded with wild weeping their answer from the dead rejoicing in the auroral Valhalla. But there was no answer—as perhaps there may be no answer; or, if there is, that God, fearing lest in attaining the Great Desire, men should cease to endeavor, to serve and to labor, has kept it locked where He and the dead live beyond the skies."

The moon dipped behind the horizon. For five sleeps naught had been heard from Ootah and his companion. Inetlia, the sister of

Koolotah, followed in turn by some of the other women, visited the igloo of Annadoah. Upon her couch of moss Annadoah lay, and over her a cover made by Ootah of the feathers of birds.

"Twas thou who sent Ootah to the mountains," one complained. "May the ravens peck thine eyes!" cried another. Annadoah shook her head sadly and wept.

"Twas thou who chose Olafaksoah, the robber from the south, that thou mightest be his wife; and 'twas thou, his wife, who beguiled the men and robbed thy tribe. Did we not give away our skins, and didst thou not make garments for Olafaksoah? And do we not now shudder from the cold? 'Twas thou who put the madness into the head of Ootah, the strongest of the tribe. Many are the maidens who are husbandless and yet Ootah pines for thee. Why didst thou not choose Ootah? Then he would have remained and prevented the thievery of the strangers, we should not have been robbed, and he would not have had to go far unto the mountains, where the spirits have struck him in their wrath. Nay, nay, thou didst make the men of our tribe sick with thoughts of thee. They have quarrelled among themselves. And before the white men came, did they not reproach us, their wives and their betrothed, with thy name and the vaunted skill of thee? Thou art as the woman with an iron tail, she who killed men when they came to her, their skins flushed with love. Thou destroyest men! Thou didst send Ootah and Koolotah to the mountains! And they have perished! *Ioh-h! Ioh-h!*"

Entering her igloo two or three at a time they reproachfully recited in chiding chants to Annadoah the story of her life; how her worthy and august parents had died, hoping she would choose a husband from the hunters, and how she had refused all who sought her; they told, with reiterant detail, how she had caused quarrels among the men, and sent many of the warriors in their competitive hunts to death; and how, finally, when Ootah, the bravest of the hunters, wanted to wed her, she had chosen a foreign man, who deserted her and left her a burden on the tribe.

To the native women the brutality and virility of the men from the south exerts a potent appeal; and the fact that Olafaksoah had chosen Annadoah many moons since still made their mouth taste bitter. This jealousy rankling within them, they now with angry exultation took occasion to mock and abuse her. The girl lay still and did not reply. Her heart indeed seemed like a bird lying dead in wintertime.

Then one of three women who stood by Annadoah's couch leaned forward and whispered a terrible thing. The others looked at the girl and fear, mingled with hatred, shone in their eyes.

"Thou sayest this thing," said one, "how dost thou know?"

And the second, pointing to the girl who lay before them, her face hidden in her arms, replied:

"The night my baby died . . . I heard her voice."

They stood in silence, rigid, implacable, bitter.

During the latter dark days a terrible calamity had made itself felt among the tribe. This was the death of many of the newly born. Outside the igloos during the past months, as the babies had come, the number of tiny mounds had increased, and when the aurora flooded the skies heart-broken mothers could be seen weeping over these graves of snow. It is not uncommon in this land for babies to die at birth or come prematurely; but the number of recent deaths and tragic accidents to ex-

pectant mothers was unprecedented. This was undoubtedly due to the depleted vitality of the starving mothers—but to the natives there was some other, some unaccountable, some sinister, cause. In their hearts they experienced, each time a new mound rose white in the moonlight, that tremulous terror of a people who instinctively fear extinction. The grief of a mother was for a personal loss; to the tribe each death meant an even greater, more significant loss, a thing of more than personal consequence.

And when, out of the dim regions of her brain, one of the women conjured the terrible thing which she whispered concerning Annadoah, it was little wonder the other two regarded the girl as a thing hateful and accursed.

"She stealeth souls!"

Nothing more frightful could have been said.

"Yea, the night my baby died I heard her voice," repeated Inetlia angrily.

And the other, among the superstitious voices in her memory, found it not difficult to recall a similar thing:

"Methinks I heard her sing the night my own little one came—too soon."

And the third whispered:

"She is as the hungry hill spirit who feasts upon the entrails of the dead. Yea, she carrieth off the souls of the children. Ioh! Ioh!"

Their voices rose in a maniacal cry of terror and denunciation.

Annadoah rose. Clasping her hands, she asked:

"Why . . . say ye this of me?"

And they shrieked:

"Thou stealest souls! By the angakoq shalt thou be accursed!"

"No, no! No, no!" the girl pleaded, falling on her knees and weeping.

Although they suddenly ceased their reviling, hearing outside the barking of dogs, the women thereafter in secret often assembled together; there were ominous whisperings; and each time a child died visits were paid to the angakoq, and the unseen powers were invoked to bring misfortune to Annadoah.

Outside the silenced women detected the barking of dogs approaching the village from the distance. They heard the excited calls of the tribesmen and the chatter of other women. One by one they crept from the igloo. A strange light in her eyes, Annadoah followed.

Over the mountains to the north a soft and wondrous light began to palpitate tremulously . . . While the men of the tribe rushed to meet the oncoming team of dogs in the distance, the women stood and gazed with awe upon the increasing wonder in the skies . . . The northern lights, seen nowhere else so splendidly in the world, had begun the weaving of their glorious and eerie imagery. A nebulous film of silvery light wavered with incredible swiftness over the heavens . . . The snow-blanketed land took instantaneous fire in the sudden flares . . . In the torridly tropic heaven of the virtuous dead an unknown god, so the tribes believe, makes fire—just as in the nether regions beneath the earth the Great Evil, who has revealed himself with a more terrible reality than the Great Benign, creates cold and forges ice. In that land of the happy dead, disclosed in the aurora, there is never any night, nor is it ever cold. So the souls there are always happy. Sometimes in their revels they troop earthward to cheer the mortals who suffer from *Perdlugssuaq's*

frigid breath as it comes during winter from hell . . . The women looked at one another. The augury was good.

"The spirits of the dead," one whispered, "are happy . . . They are playing ball."

Into their midst, surrounded by the glad cheering men of the tribe, Ootah staggered. His face was cut and covered with black clotted blood. His legs dragged with utter exhaustion. His features were gaunt and marked by lines of frightful suffering. His eyes were bright with the light of fever. When he saw Annadoah a faint but very glad smile passed over his countenance; he made an effort to forget the anguished throes of pain in his limbs and the intermittent shudderings of cold and flushes of intense fever. He tried to speak, but then shook his head sadly. Instead, he pointed to the dilapidated sledge. Three of his dogs had perished—five had been saved. The sled had been battered but was lashed together. Upon it, however, the precious load of meat was intact. The subtle aroma of it sent a wave of gladness through the crowd. They danced about Ootah, asking questions. Ootah staggered backward and sank helpless against the sledge. After a while he found voice.

"I am very weak," he managed to say.

Several of the women disappeared and soon returned with a bit of walrus blubber. This, having undergone a process of fermentation in the earth, possessed the intoxicating qualities of alcohol. It is used by the natives for purposes of stimulation in such cases and in their celebrations. Ootah with difficulty ate this.

He felt stronger, and rose.

"Thou art ill," said Annadoah, approaching him, and gently touching his wounded face. "Enter, Annadoah will care for thee."

Her face was perilously near him; it was very wan and beautiful in the auroral light—Ootah felt his heart beat wildly. But it was pity, not love, that shone softly from Annadoah's eyes.

"Thy igloo is cold, thy lamp unlighted," Annadoah insisted. "Come! The others will prepare thy couch and light thy lamps. Until then my bed is thine. It is warm within."

With difficulty Ootah bent low and followed Annadoah through the underground entrance of her igloo. His dogs, which the men had unhitched, and as many as could enter the small enclosure, followed. The stench of the oil lamp at first almost suffocated him. He sank to Annadoah's couch from sheer weakness, and his dogs, licking his face and hands, crept about him.

Meanwhile Annadoah began melting snow over her lamp. The others plied Ootah with questions. Did he go far into the mountains? Were there many *ahmingmah*? Did Koolotah perish? Was he in the mountains when the spirits struck? To all of this he could only move his head in response. While he sipped the warm water gratefully, Annadoah cut away his leather boots and bathed his injuries. His flesh was torn and one ankle was sprained—by a miracle not a bone had been broken in the fall. With unguents left years before by white men, Annadoah treated his many cuts and bruises and bound them securely with clean leather. After he lay back on the couch she bathed his face, and rubbed into the wounds salves which her father had given to her mother and which had been preciously preserved.

Ootah lay with his eyes closed; he seemed to float in the auroral skies without, in the very happy land of the dead. He forgot the pain in his

limbs, the furnace in his forehead. He felt only the soothing touch of Annadoah's dear hands, and her breath at times very near, fanning his face; he heard her voice murmuring to the onlooking natives. Not satisfied with these ministrations, in which they really had little faith, the others presently brought a young *angakoq*, one better loved than the dead Sipsu. For being young he had not prophesied many deaths.

All moved away as the magician began beating his membrane drum over Ootah's body. Working himself into frenzy, he called upon his familiar spirits. For, according to their belief, illness, and the suffering resultant from wounds, are actually caused by the spirits of the various members of the body falling out of harmony. Then the *angakoq* must persuade his friends in the other world to restore peace among the spirits of the human hand, feet, head, or whatever limbs may be affected. The soul, or great spirit, they say resides in one's shadow, and sometimes this falls out of agreement with the minor spirits of the body. Then one is in bad shape, indeed.

For half an hour the chant and dance continued. Meanwhile Ootah opened his eyes and often smiled at Annadoah. He was better, he told them, and motioned the *angakoq* to go. He bade Annadoah sit beside him. He felt unquestionably better.

"You have asked me whether I went far over the mountains? Yea, we travelled many sleeps, yet we scarcely rested. The world was white about us. The spirits carried us over dark places in the hills, wherein *Perdlugssuaq* makes his home. But he did not strike. We were borne over abysses. The spirits of one's ancestors are often kind. We went through the world of the fog, she who was the wife of that hill spirit who carried the dead from their graves and ate them. Yea, she passed beneath our feet. We came to the high mountains. We passed upwards where the eyes of strange beasts glared upon us. I was afraid. But I called upon my father. Then the spirits of the great dead came down upon us. They wore *kamiks* and *ahttees* of fire. Their eyes burned as the great light of the stars. They did not regard us. We came unto the *ahmingmah* . . . But upon our return the hill spirits who live in the caves wakened and struck with their great harpoons. They shook the mountains. Then the good ancestors carried me through *sila*—the world of the air—yea, my dogs, my sledge, and the *ahmingmah* meat. I had called upon those who went before me. I woke at the bottom of the mountain, three of my dogs were crushed, my sledge was broken . . . I lay there a while . . . I slept again . . . often . . . Then I lashed the sled, ate a little of the *ahmingmah* meat, and came . . . here . . . How . . . Ootah knows not . . . It was hard at times . . . I could hardly walk . . . the ice moved about me . . . always . . . so—" He described a circle with his hand. "But I bethought me of Annadoah—" he smiled—"and I said, I go to Annadoah . . . That is how I came . . . I said Annadoah is hungry—yea, as I said it when the eyes looked at me on the mountains, when the hill spirits made my heart grow cold, when Koolotah desired to return . . . Koolotah—he hath gone . . . Koolotah's dogs are gone . . . But I called upon my dead father, my dead grandfather, and the older ones—and I thought of Annadoah." He leaned toward her yearningly, his voice trembling. Fearfully the girl drew away. "It is she who brought the *ahmingmah* meat," he said. "It is she who led me to the *ahmingmah*. Yea, she brings you the *ahmingmah* meat. For the thought of her brings Ootah back after the spirits

strike . . . It is she, who lives in the heart of Ootah, who has done all this . . . But you are hungry. Come!"

He rose slowly and crept through the underground tunnel leading from the igloo. The others followed. Without, most of the tribe were waiting. At Ootah's command the men unlashed the sledge-load of meat, and the division began. To Annadoah Ootah gave one-eighth of the load, enough to last by frugal use for more than two moons, or months. Among the others, of whom there were about twenty-five, the remainder was proportionately divided. For himself Ootah reserved only as much as he gave the others.

Outside Annadoah's igloo all engaged in a joyous revel. Hungrily they feasted upon the raw meat. Then they beat drums and danced. Their voices rose in hilarious chants. Wild joy shook them. Ootah was acclaimed hero of the tribe. Although they have no chiefs, he was accorded the honor of being the bravest and strongest among them. And to the strongest and most heroic the last word in all things belongs.

Of all who were able to participate in the celebration, Maisanguaq alone retired. From the seclusion of his igloo entrance he watched the scene with rancor in his heart.

Over the northern skies the auroral lights played, lighting the scene of spontaneous rejoicing with magical glory. Great silver coronas—or rings of light—constantly arose in the north, passed to the zenith and melted as they descended to the south. Luminous curtain-like films closed and parted alternately like the veils of a Valhalla drawn back and forth before the warrior souls of the north. Tremendous fan-shaped shafts of opalescent fire shot toward the zenith and like searchlights moved to and fro across the sky. The clouds became illumined with an interior flame and glowed like diaphanous mists of gold half concealing the vague faces of the beauteous spirits of the dead. Their billowing edges palpitated with a tremor as of quicksilver. Within and through this empyreal web of light marvellous scenes were simultaneously woven. They lasted a moment's space and vanished. The natives, dancing unrestrainedly, saw heavenly mountain slopes covered with a grass of emerald fire and glittering with starry flowers. They saw the gigantic shadows of celestial *ahmingmah* passing behind the clouds . . . and here and there were the cyclopean adnumbrations of great caribou, and creatures for which they did not have a name. A tossing sea of rippling waves of light was presently unfolded, and over it they saw millions of birds, with wings of fire, soaring with bewildering rapidity from horizon to zenith . . . This faded . . . Monstrous and gorgeous flowers of living rainbow tints burst into bloom—fields of them momentarily covered the heaven. These the natives regarded with only half accustomed wonder, for they knew there were strange flowers in the land of the dead.

As they danced, the colored imageries steadily faded in the increasing intensity of the great banded coronas that rose from the north. A light of cold electric fire blazed over the heavens until a frigid silver day, brighter than any day of sunshine, reached its brief noon upon the earth.

Rocking their bodies and singing, the natives dispersed to their respective igloos. Sitting on his sledge by Annadoah, Ootah dimly heard their voices echoing into silence; he experienced terrible pains again in his limbs and the fever in his head. Everything became dizzy, and with a sick feeling of faintness he crept into Annadoah's igloo and fell upon her couch.

It was in his heart to ask her once again to be his, to repeat the protestation of his love; he felt that he had shown he deserved to win her. But his utter weakness, and the very entralling delight of her soft hands on his forehead, kept him still. He lay in a semi-delirium, suffering greatly, but at heart very happy. A new peace possessed him. Never had Annadoah caressed him before, never had he felt the tingling thrill of her tender hands, never had her breath so perilously warmed his face.

For an hour she sat by him, perfunctorily bathing his wounds with the white men's ointment and rubbing a yellow salve upon his face. And while she did this, often, very often, she closed her eyes. Sometimes her hands, as they passed over his forehead, absently wandered to the couch, sometimes they soothed only the air near the suffering man. Then she would recall herself. Gazing upon Ootah, pity would fill her; and then—well, then her mind would wander. She was faint herself, tired and half-asleep.

Once, as she touched Ootah's hand, he closed it impulsively over hers. Her heart gave a thud. Her eyelids quivered. A smile appeared on her face. Ootah pressed her hand more firmly—he did not realize how fiercely in his fever. His blood ran high; in a mingled delirium of pain and transport he drew her slowly toward him. Her one hand soothed his brow, softly, very gently. The smile on her face deepened. She gasped with a throe of the old memories.

"Olafaksoah," she breathed, rapturously.

Ootah felt a horrible pain grip his heart. He opened his eyes, stark conscious. He saw the eyes of Annadoah were closed. On her face he observed the fond, far-away smile; he knew her heart was in the south. And in that frightful moment his untutored mind by instinct realized why she had bandaged and soothed him so tenderly, realized, indeed, that in doing so, in his stead, her mind had conjured up the vision of Olafaksoah. His hands were strong, she had said, they hurt her. Ootah, with ferocity, gripped her little hand tighter.

"Olafaksoah," she murmured again, with delight—then, recalling herself, suddenly shrieked as she opened her eyes.

Ootah staggered to his feet. The utter tragedy of her devotion to the man who had deserted her, the utter hopelessness of his own deep passion blightingly, horribly forced itself upon him.

"Annadoah! Annadoah! Annadoah!" he wailed, his voice sobbing the beloved name.

The igloo was stifling; he felt that he was suffocating. Everything reeling about him, he crept painfully from the igloo into the night. He felt he must be alone.

Outside the aurora was paling with intermittent cascades of revolving lights. Over the snows glittering rosy fingers painted running rainbow traceries. It seemed as though the spirit revellers were pouring fiery jewels from the skies.

Ootah stood before that revealed and radiant land of the dead—the dead who danced and were happy—his hands clenched and upraised above him.

"Annadoah! Annadoah!" he sobbed the name again and again, and in his voice throbbed all the piteousness, all the bitterness of his utter heartbreak. There was no reproach in his shuddering sobs; only sorrow, only the desolation and eternal heart-ache of that which loves

mighty, unrequitedly, and realizes that all it desires can never, never be.

Ootah asked himself all the questions men ask in such a crisis; why, when he loved so indomitably, the heart of Annadoah should stir only with the thought of another; why the spirits that weave the fabric of men's fate had designed it thus; why the ultimate desire of the heart is forever ungranted and an intrinsically unselfish love too often finds itself defeated—these questions, in his way, he asked of his soul, and he demanded, with wild weeping, their answer from the dead rejoicing in the paling Valhalla. But there was no answer—as perhaps there may be no answer; or, if there is, that God, fearing lest in attaining the Great Desire men should cease to endeavor, to serve and to labor, has kept it locked where He and the dead live beyond the skies.

Ootah fell prostrate to the ground and his body throbbed on the ice in uncontrollable throes of grief. The aurora faded above him. Darkness closed upon the earth. Sitting in her igloo, startled, vaguely perplexed and half-afraid, Annadoah heard him sobbing throughout the night.

[*To be continued*]

EDITORIAL NOTES

Peace or War?

AT the moment of writing, clouds have again appeared in the Balkans, and what seemed to be a clearing sky is once more, and ominously, overcast. But the political weather at present is very changeable, and the threatened storm may pass, with such sunshine for Christmastide as may be found by those tens of thousands who have already paid their share of the reckoning of dead and wounded. It is a pity that modern war, which has so many earnest advocates as a regenerator of nations, cannot be adapted to drawing-room requirements, the game being played on a small scale, but with sufficient blood on the carpet to indicate the complete exhilarating exhibition. If nations can only be regenerated by sending the pick of their manhood to the shambles, the regeneration would seem scarcely worth while, and internationalism might be given a trial.

It is impossible to disguise the seriousness of the Austrian and Servian preparations for a winter campaign, particularly the appointment of General von Hoetendorf to succeed General Schemua as the Austrian Chief of Staff. Russia, of course, is mobilizing; and it would need only a small incident to precipitate a conflict of gigantic proportions. This, then, is the time for the apostles of the regenerative influence of slaughter to come forward and do their best to inflame national animosities. The rostrum is at present vacant. Will any militarist step forward—or perhaps Colonel Roosevelt would like to encourage at least a rehearsal of Armageddon?

The Terms of Peace

THE terms of peace proposed by Bulgaria would have staggered the world before the recent successes transformed exaggeration into moderation. The suggested frontier of Turkey in Europe will run from Enos, a port east of Dedeagatch, to Midia, on the Black Sea. The lower reaches of the Maritza and the line of the Ergene would provide natural boundaries.

This would still leave Turkey a considerable portion of Thrace,—a regrettable contingency. The work that has been almost done might well have been completed. Turkey as an Asiatic empire would have a chance of justifying herself; as a European excrescence she presents merely a problem for future surgery.

The disposition of the conquered territory will be decided by the Allies, subject to the approval or bickering of the Powers. The question of Servia's "little window" on the sea should not prove insoluble. Unfortunately, however, a powder magazine in which anyone is liable to drop a match is not the most suitable place in which to discuss differences of opinion.

In the meantime, Greece is quietly picking up unconsidered trifles, and in the end she will probably retain Crete and all the islands she has conquered, together with part of Epirus as well as Thessaly. Bulgaria will try to assimilate all of Thrace that is not allotted as a consolation prize to the Sultan, and as she will have to adjust frontiers with Roumania, she will probably seek additional compensation. Servia's share will depend on whether her outlet to the sea is to be between Albania and Montenegro on the Adriatic, or on the Ægean. Albania, no doubt, will be converted into a principality, perhaps on a federal basis and under the guarantee of the Powers.

These are the probabilities—apart from the distractions of diplomacy and the threatening attitude of Austria-Hungary. It would be amusing—as amusement is taken in diplomatic circles—if Europe were to be plunged into a general war for the sake of thirty miles of rocky coast-line coveted by Servia.

An Emperor of Byzantium

THE idea of an Emperor of Byzantium reigning over a new Christian Empire extending from the Bosphorus to the Danube, and from the Ægean almost to the frontier of Hungary, however fascinating both to the mediævalist and the modernist, seems destined to pass unrealized. A Balkan Federation stretching from Crete to Belgrade, and from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, would naturally be the seventh Great Power—but

it would also be the eighth Wonder of the World. There are too many jealousies to be placated, and Europe has become accustomed to the possession of the City of Constantine by an Asiatic race. Every effort will be made at the Peace Conference at London to leave the Sultan as large a strip of territory as possible on the European side of the straits. It is undesirable to revive religious animosities; but the century which witnessed the fall of Constantinople would be astonished at the attitude of the diplomatists of to-day, bolstering up a decayed power and an outmoded régime because of their inability to agree as to the disposition of the spoils.

A Trial of Strength

WE shall all watch with interest—and we shall probably be watching for a considerable time—the progress of the different proceedings that have been instituted, or will be instituted, to postpone and if possible avert the penalty to which Becker and the convicted gun-men have been sentenced. We hold no brief for capital punishment. It is unpleasant, as murder is unpleasant. It is tragic, as murder is tragic. The system that produces Beckers, and the slums, saloons, dives, and administrative incompetence that produce gun-men, are more vicious than their individual products. A really civilized community would devote its rigorous attention to the conditions that foster criminality, and provide remedial rather than punitive measures for the victims. But the Rosenthal case must be taken as it stands, in relation to existing conditions. A supreme principle is involved—whether the commercialization of vice is to be permitted or exterminated. Mr. Whitman has done fine work, in the face of extraordinary obstacles. That work cannot be nullified. Whatever remains to be done must be done quickly. The law must not become the tool of the underworld that flouts it habitually, but makes the fullest use of legal technicalities and evasions when the flow of "easy money" for graft and murder has been cut off, and the police bully and the slum bully are in the toils at last. This is a test case—a clear trial of strength between decency and intolerable indecency. Every effort has been made

to belittle or confuse the issue—but the underworld is not under any misapprehensions. It is fighting for the immunity that corrupt or incompetent administrations have tried to establish as the special privilege of organized criminality. If the underworld succeeds in this instance, decency may prepare for a long hibernation—for which it will deserve little sympathy.

The English Insurgents

THE civil war in England has been dwarfed by the Balkan situation, but the latest advices from London show that the campaign is being assiduously carried on. Several letter boxes occupying strategic positions were captured by the insurgents, and their contents destroyed, though the Government forces by a flank movement subsequently regained possession, which may prove only temporary. The country is in a critical condition in consequence of so many women having been withdrawn from their peaceful avocations; the marriage rate is falling; coal is dearer; the plate glass insurance companies are charging prohibitive premiums; and it is confidently expected that the whole trade of the kingdom will be paralyzed and its prosperity permanently destroyed. In spite, however, of the uncompromising attitude of some of the insurgent leaders, there will probably be an interval for refreshments at Christmastide; but hostilities will be renewed on Boxing Day, and some intercepted despatches from headquarters indicate that the next point of attack will be the candy stores, sufficient vitriol having been secured to destroy all the candy in stock. By thus bringing pressure to bear upon the children, deprived of their customary consolation, it is hoped that the justice of the insurgent cause and the moderation with which it has been prosecuted will be made indisputably clear to public opinion.

Criminal Outrages

AT the conference of governors at Richmond, Virginia, Governor Cole L. Blease of South Carolina declared publicly and emphatically that he approved of lynching in cases of criminal assault by negroes on white women.

For two things, and for two things only, in this connection, Governor Blease may be commended: he has the courage to make his position quite clear, instead of resorting to evasion; and he has the intelligence to perceive that constitutions are not rigid cages, within which nations and individuals must be content to grow as best they can, even though they may be unable either to stand upright or to lie down at full length. When he exclaimed "To hell with the constitution!" he was expressing, if somewhat impolitely, a profound principle, which we should do well to consider more attentively. Though the wisdom of the Fathers may have been remarkable, the wisdom of the sons need not be petrified. Certain guarantees of order and stability we must have; but the parrot cry that what has been done once has been done forever, that the eighteenth century must mould and dominate all its successors, is merely an irritating nuisance. Society has too long been devoted to its straitjacket. We need more elasticity, in political, industrial and social life. The men who can transcend tradition, defy convention, discard routine, and bring initiative and new force to the solution of new problems, are the natural leaders of a nation. The letter of a law can never be more sacred than the spirit, all the pharisees, ancient and modern, notwithstanding. The Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath—though the sabbath was proclaimed in Genesis and hedged with all the sanctities of the centuries.

So much for digression. With regard to the open advocacy of mob violence, there must be complete condemnation. The subject of the "black peril" is a painful one, not easily discussed, and certainly not easily settled. It is not a problem for America alone; in certain districts of South Africa white women have learnt to carry and to use revolvers. One cannot consider the question in an academic spirit, or deny full comprehension of the attitude of those who face an ever-present menace. There are some issues of life and death that cannot be brought within the limits of any code of normal conduct; there are conditions under which any man living would throw theory to the winds and carry all the statutes of all the nations in one clenched hand. But no man may be allowed to stand up and say that as the responsible Executive of a State he will support and encourage

the substitution of mob violence, with its constant possibilities of mistakes that can never be remedied, for the proper and effective processes of law. If a man has to die, and the law cannot kill him swiftly or painfully enough, alter the law; blazon it out that there is boiling oil, or whatever may be chosen, for the negro, and a careful trial for the white man. But let us, here as in other cases, have done with hypocrisy: the hypocrisy that proclaims equal citizenship and equal rights—subject to the impartial discrimination of lynch law.

A House of Mystery

THE world and his wife are notoriously attracted by a mystery, whether in a story, a woman, a man or a house. The mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask—so ingeniously used by Dumas père; of Glamis Castle, with its gloomy secret revealed to each heir as he comes of age, but tenaciously withheld from the public; of the little Dauphin whose memorial is a formal numeral between the sixteenth Louis and the eighteenth; of Napoleon's strange and fateful indispositions; of the treasures of the Incas and the lost ransom of Montezuma; of the Letters of Junius; of Fiona Macleod; of the Wandering Jew; and, in later fiction, of a Hansom Cab and the Yellow Room;—solved or unsolved, these and their thousands of parallels have provided fitting food for curiosity.

One more mystery, with the sap extracted, has now been added to the list of those that have surrendered to Time their power to baffle and perplex. The house of Dr. Phené, the recluse of Chelsea, has been explored and its contents put up for auction. A man of great learning and the owner of a good deal of property, Dr. Phené lived for many years in a fantastic and unfinished house in Oakley Street, Chelsea, London. The house had extensive grounds, and at the further end of these was another building, long left deserted. Legend ran that the houses were stored with amazing treasures. They were decorated outside with stucco statues of all kinds of deities, and people peeping over the walls could see vast masses of stonework and odd collections of statuary in the grounds. There were

many speculations as to what would be found when Dr. Phené died, an event which occurred last March. And last week prospective buyers were admitted to the houses to examine the collection of—rubbish. The grounds were heaped up—so that it was scarcely possible to find pathways through—with stonework, broken statues, innumerable stucco casts, chipped and battered figures taken from old churches, blocks of unhewn marble, piles of tiles of hideous designs—everything in hopeless disorder. The rooms themselves were full of broken furniture, broken statues, piles of engravings—and dirt everywhere.

So one more illusion is shattered—and no one is much the wiser.

Single Terms

MR. TAFT's advocacy, at the Lotos Club, of the six-year Presidential term, without re-election, brings again into momentary prominence a proposal that may well be dropped. The existing four years is already too long for a President who has proved that his election was a mistake, while it would be wrong to deprive the country by a rigid rule of the services of a President to whom a second term would be gladly conceded. There is neither danger nor disadvantage in a single re-election, unless the President is able to use the leverage of his position to remain in office against the general desire of the public. It is contended that the last election disposed finally of this argument; but it would be unwise to try to draw conclusions from an election conducted under unprecedented conditions, with one of the great parties disorganized and demoralized. The remedy for abuses of power lies, not in the single term restriction, but in placing the nomination and election of the President in more suitable hands than those of State bosses and machine-voted delegates to disorderly conventions.

Procurers and the Lash

A BILL dealing with the "white slave" traffic has passed through all its stages in the British House of Commons, and through its second reading, without a division, in the House of Lords. Flogging is provided for procurers and—at the second

conviction—for men who live upon the immoral earnings of women. A first conviction should be quite sufficient to earn the reward of the lash. Lord Willoughby de Broke referred to the commercialization of vice. The real thing at the bottom of the question, he said, was the love of money. During one single year the profits from the trade of the procurer in Chicago amounted to something like \$15,000,000.

Yet Chicago has had a police force for some time.

Legal Lunacy

IN his article *Prison Bars* in this issue of THE FORUM, Mr. Donald Lowrie draws attention to some startling contrasts in the administration of the law in California.

"I know," he states, "a professional 'crook,' a man thoroughly familiar with court procedure, who was sent back to San Quentin for his tenth offence with a sentence of one year. He had served nine previous terms for felony. I know another man who came back the seventh time with a sentence of two years. I know five youths, all under 21 years of age, who were sentenced to serve 50 years each for their first offence. A particularly atrocious robbery had occurred in the community, and they, the subsequent and minor offenders, were used as 'examples.' "

"Do you wonder," Mr. Lowrie adds, "that I advocate the indeterminate sentence?"

Scarcely.

But we may wonder how long it will be before a judge who could sentence a boy to fifty years for his first offence will be certified as legally insane and provided with his proper environment in a criminal asylum.

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OUR PRIMITIVE KNOWLEDGE

GEORGE BOURNE

THE interest we are wont to take in the sight of work being done is itself an interesting thing: for by what mysterious attraction is it that we are drawn, say, to go out of our way and look at a hole in the street with a man at work in it? Sheer animal curiosity no doubt will account for some of the fascination. When the wayfarer has satisfied himself that there is nothing newer to be observed than a leakage in the gas main or a fault in somebody's sewer he can go on again, having satisfied nothing more than an inquisitive instinct, like that of dogs and cats, who must inquire into every fresh thing. But often enough a residuum of spectators will remain long, watching the man in the hole, to see what he does there and how he does it.

This behavior, it will be said, marks especially the born idler. But the born idler—the fellow who will rather starve at the street corner than work himself, and is certainly the chief patron of these gratuitous exhibitions of labor—the born idler, I fancy, has frequently something of the artist in his composition. At any rate quite a respectable body of artists and philosophers shares with him this aloof interest in work they cannot do themselves. It is an artist's peculiarity, and something worthier in him than a fad, to require in the utensils and ornaments of his house some trace of human hands making them. Pottery, to please him, will not be so finished that all evidence of the wheel is removed from it. He likes his door-latch to show the dintings of the smith's hammer; he prefers an indifferent wood-cut to a good photograph; and in sculpture he is not friendly to

the file that obliterates chisel-marks. In fine, he wishes to be reminded always of the craftsman. This fact, I know, does not explain why craftsmanship draws our attention so irresistibly, but it disposes of a laughing suggestion somebody made to me, that our own idleness has the greater relish from being contrasted with some other man's toil. It's not so with the artist, and I will not believe that it is so with the mere idler. We look at the man in the hole, not gloating over his sweat, but as connoisseurs of his cleverness. In fact, the man scarcely concerns us, so absorbed are we in observing what happens to the materials, yielding gradually to his dexterity. The cause may be obscure, but the effect is certain: that sense of irritation with which we see another stirring the fire when we could do it so much better ourselves is exchanged for a deep contentment in the presence of a good workman. There is no wish to take the tool from his hands; he is already doing very much to our mind—as well as we ourselves would do in his place; and a subtle pleasure steals through our veins as we watch him.

To say that the element which appeals to us is "skill" is only to give a name, and that not a very exact one, to the object of our interest: it does not at all discover why skill is attractive. Besides, in the majority of cases the skill is so recondite, so elusive, as to pass undetected. The real cunning of the muscular movement escapes us, we are only gladdened by its effects. Nor is it much more enlightening to argue that the craftsman's interest in his job communicates itself to our own sympathies; for in point of fact he is quite often weary of the work, and yet the onlooker's pleasure is undiminished. A likelier hypothesis, which seems at first too far-fetched to be seriously put forward, is that a deep-seated instinct is affected, is stimulated, by anything suggestive of man's victory in the everlasting conflict with nature. It is because every well-wiped joint in plumbing, every good hammer-stroke, every brick truly laid, makes ultimately for civilization, that our spirits as it were congratulate themselves when these things are being effected in our sight.

The argument as it stands does not convince, but merits attention. It is down in that hole in the street, for one important place, or high up where the crane is swinging bricks on to the

scaffolding, for another, that the quarrel with nature (nature in the shape, now of metals, now of gases, now of forces of gravitation) is really being fought out. Practical activity is what wins. The conceit of book-learning makes much of study and science; but while these would be nothing to the purpose without the laborer, the laborer is much to the purpose without science and study. In quarry and lime-kiln, on railway sidings, in the smithy and the manhole and the boiler-maker's shop, in forests and on windy uplands and out at sea; watching the substance of materials as it changes under the hammer or gives passage to the chisel-edge; wrestling with each wave that heaves up; providing its fit rejoinder to every flaw of wind; untaught men give their lives to the pursuit of a lore which, primitive though it is, or perhaps because it is primitive, holds civilization in its place, but of which scarce an echo has found its way into schools and lecture rooms. One may profitably ask, who first learnt those technicalities which now we talk so much about teaching to the working people? for the answer is, the working people. Hearing the uproar over technical education, a newcomer to this planet might easily suppose that until now men were strangers to effective work. Yet the Romans had some acquaintance with it, though, curiously enough, they must have had more Latin than science. When their empire declined and fell, ours was already preparing, but still by uneducated men. Certainly we should hardly have got far—not so far as Kent—if Hengist and Horsa or some such fellows had waited for technical education lectures to show them the principles of invasion. Our civilization began with their ship-building, or earlier: it was pushed on by Wessex farming: and by struggles in field and forest and mine ever since it has been brought to the stage we see. If at last, as some forebode, ours in its turn is doomed, and for want of scientific learning, another civilization that may surpass all is growing up, yet still without that aid, across the Atlantic. On the wheat-fields of the Far West and North-West they ask not for school-certificates, but for men willing to go and solve on the spot the first problems of progress. In short if the world does well, as of course it does, to prize the immense utility of scientific learning, on the other hand it does ill to condemn, as we do

condemn, the primitive rule-of-thumb knowledge of the average wage-earner. For the one cannot supplant the other. We are not to be absolved from knowing how to split kindling wood, and what wood to choose for it, because we understand the science of combustion; and if we must choose, the former is the worthier piece of knowledge, and concerns us the more intimately. At wood-splitting, at road-mending, or wherever a laborer is about his daily task, there civilization is going on. We watch it "in being," we look upon its fierce organic life, whenever we pause to observe a man at work.

Will these reflections serve, though—that is still the question—to explain our constant relish for such an observing? Unfortunately, no. Speaking for myself at least I am sure that such an idea has not once entered my head in all the times when I have stood gazing at workmen. It is a conception one elaborates afterwards, dreaming by the fire-side. The cunning bit of bricklaying or shovelling or horse-driving does not wait for a man to think all this before it pleases him; but it finds out some susceptible place in his sentiments and makes its appeal to that, direct. When I saw, the other day, a man with climbing-irons swarming up a telegraph post to adjust the wires, it did not occur to me to reason, "There is civilization in progress and therefore I like it"; I simply stared and was pleased. As yet, therefore, we are without an explanation of this kind of enjoyment; we do not know what element in the spectacle contributes to it.

I think, however, that we are not far off now from what is probably the true answer to the puzzle. One word in fact gives the clue; and to lay hold of it at once—it is misleading to talk of man's "quarrel" with nature, where effective work is going on. The stage of quarrel is then past, and the good workman, by dint of mastering them, is friends with his natural conditions. No more relentless antagonist confronts man than snow and ice; and it is a mark of the uncivilized state of some races, like the Patagonians, to be more or less at the mercy of these enemies, still "quarrelling," unable to get the upper hand. For contrast, I quote the following from a friend's letter. Writing in December from a Canadian lumber camp, he remarks, "The unseason-

able weather makes bush-work slow. There's little snow—hardly enough for sleighing with a big load, and the temperature daily goes above freezing point. . . . The sooner we get down to zero for good, the better for the country." In the lumber camp, that is to say, men are no longer uncivilized toward wintry weather, but they and the snow are friends. And such is the situation implied in all efficient labor. Though in other respects he may be a savage, in respect to lead and solder—those small parts of "nature"—the plumber down in the hole in the street is the most civilized man present. In that one instance he is on good terms, on perfect terms, with his environment; and as his task is pushed toward its accomplishment, as man and nature gradually fit together like the parts of a jig-saw puzzle locking into their ordained unity, it is (and unawares we feel it) upon a piece of perfect adaptation that our eyes rest.

So then we make out at last what sentiment it is in us that the sight of work so pleasantly awakens. The insatiable passion for fitness, for beauty, is greedy of manifestations such as these, because though they rarely break out into visible beauty the bottom conditions that make for beauty are invariably present in them.

To go into the matter more narrowly: in the hole in the street not only dexterity or skill is alive, but knowledge also, and this of a peculiar kind. It is the primitive knowledge, which enables man to deal with nature; and it should not be confused with the elementary knowledge he ought to have as a social being. A moment's reflection will disclose the great difference between the two. Unlike the primitive kind, elementary knowledge recognizes no sections in the community, but must be the common possession of the nation at large. Thus, since there is one printed language for us all, we must all learn to read it: since the same coinage circulates, and the same system of counting it is in vogue, through all the grades of society, the study of these things must be insisted upon in every grade. They are elements of inter-social communication. In other words, elementary learning is social in its application, and general in its scope, so that every individual of the whole nation ought to possess it. But how different from this is the primitive knowledge involved

in any ordinary job of work! More indispensable though it is than the other, yet that all should know it is neither necessary nor possible. If those have the knowledge who need to use it, that is enough; and only by its being subdivided (not shared) can all its numberless adaptations be secured and the community at large be enabled to rest at peace. In sum it consists of this: the proved answers to all the last wriggling shifts and baffling contradictions that nature opposes to our victory over her. It is the persuasion by which she is brought to consent to our policy; and the laborer is our diplomat. To the Polynesian, whose requirements are few, she propounds but few riddles; but he must know the answers, learning them in no class-room but on lagoon and beach where they have to be given. With a people like the English, on the contrary, the primitive riddles of nature and the perfect replies to them are numerous beyond all computation. It were in vain did one seek to generalize them; some indeed of the more comprehensive solutions have been systematized in laboratory and study and can be passed on through schools; but the bulk of this knowledge will not generalize, is not required by the generality, and is only to be learnt there where it is wanted. It is known in detail only and to seek acquaintance with it all would be about as hopeful as seeking individual acquaintance with all the people of London.

One can only suggest by examples the minuteness of its details and how innumerable they are, and how they interweave. I watched a bricklayer and a laborer who were pulling up the cobblestones of an old pavement, to replace them with paving bricks. When the space was at last ready for laying the bricks true, with admirable certainty the bricklayer at once secured his line in the exact place where their upper surface must come—two inches above the ground, four feet three inches away from a wall, and with a slant of four and a half inches in eighteen feet. With much time, and after many errors, I too could have fixed a line in the same place; but this man made no errors. He stretched the cord over one brick, tightened it with another, tested it with level and rule, and forthwith was spreading mortar and laying his pavement; he being a man who knew the best tricks for mastering a length of cord. In other matters he was

dependent on the experience of generations of other workmen. His level was a thing of ingenuity to stagger the imagination: his cord was ravelled by knowledge as ancient as the stone age; and it was wound up on two delicate iron wedges whose form had been determined by men acquainted with the shape most easily to be inserted into a brick wall.

The trowel impressed me, as I have since found that it did Thoreau. In his words, "I was struck by the peculiar toughness of the steel which bore so many violent blows without being worn out"; and presently therefore I asked the bricklayer how long a trowel ought to be expected to last? He had had this one that he was using for about fifteen months, he said; whereupon the laborer remarked, "That must be a nice bit o' work, temperin' the steel like that." The bricklayer added that, before this one, he had bought a trowel which had "flown," or cracked, right across the middle on the first day of use. Taking it back to the shop, he was offered in exchange this "extra big one. Thirteen inches, *he* was. Mostly they only uses 'em twelve inches." Why the trowel-maker should ever depart from the twelve-inch standard I did not inquire; but I am prepared to learn that, for some special and uncommon kinds of work, the longer tool is recognized as more suitable.

It happened that the bricklayer discarded a brick he had picked up, and chose another; and upon my asking why he had done that, he showed me the two, placed together. The first was a quarter of an inch narrower than the other. "But," I queried, "I thought they were all made in one mould?" "Yes," he said, "so they be. But it's after they're made, they goes in the burnin', if the clay is too strong. They wire-cut bricks is the worst. I've knowed them go as much as three-eighths of an inch. Sometimes 'tis because they gets too much heat under 'em at first start: then the stuff gives."

Other things about bricks, worth knowing by those who handle them, were mentioned by the laborer. It was when pulling up the rough stones that he remarked, "Anybody not used to it 'd find half a day o' this job make their hands sore." My comment was a question again: it must surely be a still more painful job, must it not?—that of unloading bricks from a cart,

where one man tosses them to another, four at a time. The laborer vouchsafed no direct reply, but said, "There's a wonderful difference, though, in the way men'll chuck the bricks. Some'll sort o' *dig* 'em into ye—it tears yer hands all to pieces: and some'll seem to lift 'em into yer hands so that they seems as light again." So, even here, is skill. "These stock bricks hurts most," the man continued; "they got such rough edges. All manner o' clinkers and cinders and old broken glass ground up into 'em—they *be* rough to handle. 'Twas all red bricks when I fust knowed it: they couldn't grind up the stuff for the stock. Or else stock be the best bricks for keepin' out the weather." He digressed then, to talk of flint walls, and of pavements made of "they cobble stones, like you sees down in Sussex," while I stood agape to hear more, not stopping then to wonder what unknown worthy first observed that "stock" bricks keep out the weather better than the red kind.

Much, and perhaps the most important part, of this homely learning is so strictly localized in its application that a general acquaintance with it is out of the question. A little while ago a ridge of hill was pointed out to me as "the best bit o' land for maltin' barley for a wonderful sight o' miles round." And in this detailed way all England is known—not to all Englishmen, but to the English. Gilbert White, describing the parish of Selborne, enumerates the general characteristics of its soil, as known to his illiterate neighbors. And though he does not particularize as they could have done, pointing to the best spots in every field, it is truly marvellous how many details he has recorded. On the "free-stone," he says, the beeches, "thrive as well as on the chalks." The wells "run to about sixty-three feet," and "produce a fine limpid water, soft to the taste but which does not lather well with soap." "To the south-west is a rank clay, that requires the labor of years to render it mellow." "The houses are divided from the hill by a vein of stiff clay (good wheat land)." "To the north-east is a kind of white land, neither chalk nor clay, neither fit for pasture nor for the plough, yet kindly for hops, which root deep into the free-stone, and have their poles and wood for charcoal growing just at hand. This white soil

produces the brightest hops." "At the juncture of the clays and sand, the soil becomes a wet, sandy loam, remarkable for timber, and infamous for roads. The oaks of Temple and Blackmoor stand high in the estimation of purveyors, and have furnished much naval timber; while the trees on the free-stone grow large, but are what workmen call *shakey*, and so brittle as often to fall to pieces in sawing."

Thus to learn their country, field by field, has been one among the many studies of the English for fourteen hundred years; and they have not yet abandoned it. While our elementary school-masters, well-meaning and ardent, troop off during their summer holidays to some Agricultural College or other for a fortnight's course in "Agriculture," illiterate farm-men on the land, fitting their labor close to the soil and the crop, are renewing the real agricultural knowledge of England. A farmer (who mentions casually that of course different breeds of cattle thrive best on different soils) tells of a farm in Hampshire which was newly taken by a Scotsman. One day a neighbor saw the Scot lying up in a hedge. "Hullo! What ye got at, layin' down there? Gone to sleep?" "I'm learning," said the Scotsman. "Learnin' to sleep?" "Learning to farm, I'm watching them over there," and he pointed to men at work in another farmer's field. "Where I came from we had different ways of doing *everything*, and different times and seasons; and I want to find out the way that suits this part of the country."

Apparently then it is not the well-informed and those eager to teach, who know the primitive necessary lore of civilization; it is the illiterate. In California, Louis Stevenson found men studying the quality of vines grown on different pockets of earth, just as the peasants of Burgundy and the Rhine have done for ages. And even so the English generations have watched the produce of their varying soils. When or how was it learnt—was it at Oxford or at Cambridge?—that the apples of Devonshire are so especially fit for cider? Or how is it that hops are growing—some of them planted before living memory—all along that strip of green-sand which encircles the Weald—that curious strip to which text-books at last point triumphantly as being singularly adapted for hops? Until it got into the books, this

piece of knowledge was not thought of as learning; it had merely been acted upon, during some centuries. But such knowledge exists, boundless, in whatever direction one follows it; the knowledge of fitting means to ends: excellent rule-of-thumb knowledge, as good as the chemist uses for analyzing water. When the peculiar values of a plot of land have been established, as for instance that it is a clay "too strong" for bricks, then further forms of localized knowledge are brought to supplement this, until at last the bricks are made. Next, they must be removed from the field; and immediately new problems arise. The old farm-cart, designed for roots or manure, has not the most suitable shape for brick-carting. Probably too its wide wheels, which were intended for the softness of ploughed land, are needlessly clumsy for the hard road. Soon therefore the local wheelwright begins to lighten his spokes and felloes, and to make the wheels a trifle less "dished"; while his blacksmith binds them in a narrower but thicker tire, to which he gives a shade more tightness. For the wheelwright learns from the carter—that ignorant fellow—the answer to the new problems set by a load of bricks. A good carter, for his part, is able to adjust his labor to his locality. A part of his duty consists in knowing what constitutes a fair load for his horse, in the district where he is working. So many hundred stock bricks, so many more or fewer of the red or wire-cut, such and such a quantity of sand or timber or straw or coal or drain pipes or slates according to their kinds and sizes, will make as much as an average horse can draw in this neighborhood; but in London the loads are bigger and the vehicles heavier; while in more hilly parts (as you may see any day in the West Country) two horses are put before a cart and load which the London carter would deem hardly too much for a costermonger's donkey.

So it goes throughout civilization: there is not an industry but produces its own special knowledge relating to unclassified details of adjustment. A householder giving orders for the fixing of a curtain rod over a window was advised to have it placed a certain number of inches—thirteen, I think—below the ceiling; because, the house-decorator reasoned, "when you have the walls re-papered, most likely you will have a paper with a

frieze, and all the friezes are made thirteen inches deep." How trivial a thing it seems to know! and yet how convenient that some one should know it! Among the thousand other things besides wall-papers that have standard dimensions, may be mentioned ropes, screws, deal boards, lead pipes, scythes, turfs for a lawn, all of which are in sizes perfectly known to the men who handle them, and doubtless for good reasons, though an outsider may not always guess what the reasons are. Another series of details is connected with times and seasons. The timber merchant knows that oak bark will only "run" in early spring, and that beech should be felled and opened before Christmas, whereas elm may lie two years before the sawyer touches it. Long months beforehand the shepherd finds out when Easter is to fall, so that he may be able to supply the butcher with plentiful "Easter Lamb." Of mere tricks—to return once more to them—like the bricklayer's for fixing his line, the number is legion. The sawyer sets the teeth of his saw to take a wider cut for green timber than for dry: the timber-carter loads his trees with the butt ends toward the horses; the farmer, having harrowed up the weeds on to the surface of his land, prefers that the women who rake them into heaps for burning should follow, not cross, the marks left by the harrow tines. A whole group of such tricks makes up the butcher's art of cutting up a carcass.

In such ways the nice adaptations we so love to watch are prepared for, by a kind of knowledge not to be picked up in schools. At everyone's disposal, no one person ever knew a thousandth part of it; but, quietly passed on from man to man, it comes flowing down the generations, so that to-day's civilization is saturated with it and softened, as the south-west wind by moisture of the waters over which it has travelled. But after all it is only a preparation. Skill cannot act upon knowledge, nor the adaptation be made, nor its struggling beauty begin to appear and fascinate us, until the owner of this knowledge adds judgment to it, and in the very contact with nature fitness comes to life. It is by judgment—that product of personal experience; that skill of the intelligence; that incommunicable knowledge which every workman must acquire afresh for himself because none can impart it to him—that the final adjustments are per-

fected. The pottery master may know the exact weight of clay that goes to the making of a plate; and yet, unless for office-work, in him it is an idle learning. The active form of it is supplied by the women in his workshops. In his novel *Anna of the Five Towns*, Mr. Arnold Bennett takes the heroine to view a pottery, where, besides at other wonders, she marvelled, we are told, at "the careless accuracy with which they (the women) fed the batting machine with lumps precisely calculated to form a plate of a given diameter." Naturally she marvelled. She was looking at a piece of exact fitting between the human organism and a part of nature; and the crude beginnings of a beauty beyond all the beauty of crockery were visibly living before her eyes.

By knowledge of this kind; by a power of discrimination laboriously attained during years of watchfulness at bench or forge or furnace, or on buildings or in the fields; thousands and thousands of men are able to tell, often at a single glance, the worth of the materials given to them to use. Whether this oak plank or that is the harder; whether one piece of leather or the next will make the best boot soles; if the plaster works properly under the flatting tool, or the varnish under the brush; if the axe comes to its due edge upon the grindstone, if the coal will give a clear flame, or the iron weld, or the manure-heap ferment: all such things the expert workman knows, as no one else can, so that there is no deceiving him. Yet the tokens are so subtle that none may explain them to another. They are not, for instance, such as can be made known to the officers and gentlemen who, coming from Sandhurst rather than from shops, pretend to inspect the stores supplied to our army, but fail to keep out the bayonets that buckle, the hay that goes musty, the boots that wear to a pulp. Scientific tests are not workable and break down: the only safeguard against the cleverness of fraud is the still greater cleverness of the primitive knowledge called judgment.

A form of judgment perhaps the most important of all remains to be mentioned. It consists in knowing what is happening; in recognizing, instantly upon its arrival, the moment for a given operation. The blacksmith stares into his fire at the glow-

ing iron: he watches it turn white from red: now the flaming sparkles begin to rush upward; and the solitary moment is at hand when the iron may be properly welded. A second earlier the heat would have been too little: a second later the metal would begin to "burn" and be damaged. Knowledge of the appointed time marks perhaps the highest accomplishment of the smith; it is at least rarer than the power of deft hammerwork. In hop-drying there are occasional minutes during which inattention may bring to naught the cares of the whole year. With some operations the essential point is to know when to leave off; one turn of the wrench tightens the nut; another, and something snaps. It is by consummate judgment exercised before the wheels have made another revolution that the motor road-hog avoids daily manslaughter. But indeed the workings of judgment lead back naturally to the starting point of this paper, approaching it, however, now from the other side. No longer need we ask, What is it about the sight of work that is so agreeable? but we may say, This act of labor is a piece of living beauty: is it not agreeable to see? Wherever judgment is engaged upon producing exactness, there with delight one sees the fine contours arising, the boundary being traced out and growing visible, between the too much and the too little. The most hostile pedestrian, therefore, may hardly refuse admiration—however alloyed with wrath—to the sinuous swift progress of the motor car darting fish-like and exact between all obstacles; but to "cut it too fine," as the metaphor goes, is ugly as well as dangerous. A similar instance of beauty unintentionally brought into being as the work proceeds is that of the slowly slackening approach of a steamer to a pier. A better still—the best of all, perhaps—arises from a carter's knowledge in managing a team with a long load, when many different elements of fitness interweave into a spectacle of commanding interest. I once saw three horses, in front of a timber-carriage bearing a thirty foot tree, taken round a sharp corner in a narrow street, where it seemed inevitable that the end of the tree must go through a window across the street and then overturn a lamp-post. But the carter knew to an inch how far to lead his horses and where to turn them. To the disappointment of many spectators the lamp-post was cleared and no

windows were broken; and others saw how the whole complex movement of striving man, straining horses, rigid tree, and cumbersome wheel-work of timber carriage, ran together into curves in whose bewildering beauty the eye lost itself.

Of course the idle onlooker does not insist that every work in its doing shall be thus charming to the sense of sight. Appreciation is not limited to the vision: if only we may believe that it is well performed, the kneading of bread or the stoking of an engine will give pleasure to our artistic instincts. Seen, felt, heard, or only surmised, the suggestion of an adjustment between man and material will always gratify. Some tasks please us by their sound: the long-drawn rip of the pit-saw, the soft flap of the shovel in mixing mortar, are good to hear, so long as faith holds that these sounds are the accompaniment of a true adaptation: indeed the faith itself is enough, though neither sound nor sight contribute to its support. In fine, we—the idle onlookers—do not ask, we do not even care, that the workman should be scientific; but it is essential to our pleasure to believe his work inspired by our own artistic liking for fitness, and informed with enough primitive knowledge to secure it.

THE TABOO IN POLITICS

WALTER LIPPmann

OUR government has certainly not measured up to expectations. Even chronic admirers of the "balance" and "symmetry" of the constitution admit either by word or deed that it did not foresee the whole history of the American people. Poor bewildered statesmen, unused to any notion of change, have seen the national life grow to a monstrous confusion and sprout monstrous evils by the way. Men and women clamored for remedies, vowed, shouted and insisted that their "official servants" do something—something statesmanlike—to abate so much evident wrong. But their representatives had very little more than a frock coat and a slogan as equipment for the task. Trained to interpret the constitution instead of life, these statesmen faced with historic helplessness the vociferations of ministers, muckrakers, labor leaders, women's clubs, granges and reformers' leagues. Out of a tumultuous medley appeared the common theme of public opinion—that the leaders should lead, that the governors should govern.

The trusts had appeared, labor was restless, vice seemed to be corrupting the vitality of the nation. Statesmen had to do something. Their training was legal and therefore utterly inadequate, but it was all they had. They became panicky and reverted to an ancient superstition. They forbade the existence of evil by law. They made it anathema. They pronounced it damnable. They threatened to club it. They issued a legislative curse, and called upon the district attorney to do the rest. They started out to abolish human instincts, check economic tendencies and repress social changes by laws prohibiting them. They turned to this sanctified ignorance which is rampant in almost any nursery, which presides at family councils, flourishes among "reformers"; which from time immemorial has haunted legislatures and courts. Under the spell of it men try to stop drunkenness by closing the saloons; when poolrooms shock them they call a policeman; if Haywood becomes annoying, they pro-

cure an injunction. They meet the evils of dance halls by barricading them; they go forth to battle against vice by raiding brothels and fining prostitutes. For trusts there is a Sherman Act. In spite of all experience they cling desperately to these superstitions.

It is the method of the taboo, as naïve as barbarism, as ancient as human failure.

There is a law against suicide. It is illegal for a man to kill himself. What it means in practice, of course, is that there is punishment waiting for a man who doesn't succeed in killing himself. We say to the man who is tired of life, that if he bungles we propose to make this world still less attractive by clapping him into jail. I know an economist who has a scheme for keeping down the population by refusing very poor people a marriage license. He used to teach Sunday school and deplore promiscuity. In the annual report of the president of a distilling company, I once saw the statement that business had increased in the "dry" States. In a prohibition town where I lived you could drink all you wanted by belonging to a "club" or winking at the druggist. And in another city where Sunday closing was strictly enforced, a minister told me with pained surprise that the Monday police blotter showed less "drunks" and more wife-beaters.

We pass a law against race-track gambling and add to the profits from faro. We raid the faro joints, and drive gambling into the home where poker and bridge whist are taught to children who follow their parents' example. We deprive anarchists of free speech by the heavy hand of a police magistrate, and furnish them with a practical instead of a theoretical argument against government. We answer strikes with bayonets and make treason one of the rights of men.

Everybody knows that when you close the dance halls, you fill the parks. Men who in their youth took part in "crusades" against the Tenderloin now admit in a crestfallen way that they succeeded merely in sprinkling the Tenderloin through the whole city. Over twenty years ago we formulated a sweeping taboo against trusts. Those same twenty years mark the centralization of industry.

The routineer in a panic turns to the taboo. Whatever does

not fit into his rigid little scheme of things must have its head chopped off. Now human nature and the changing social forces it generates are the very material which fit least well into most little schemes of things. A man cannot sleep in his cradle: whatever is useful must in the nature of life become useless. We employ our instruments and abandon them. But nothing so simply true as that prevails in politics. When a government routine conflicts with the nation's purposes—the statesman actually makes a virtue of his loyalty to the routine. His practice is to ignore human character and pay no attention to social forces. The shallow presumption is that undomesticated impulses can be obliterated; that world-wide economic inventions can be stamped out by jailing millionaires, and acting like Mr. Chesterton's man Fipps, "who went mad and ran about the country with an axe, hacking branches off the trees whenever there were not the same number on both sides." The routineer is, of course, the first to decry every radical proposal as "against human nature." But the stand-pat mind has forfeited all right to speak for human nature. It has devoted the centuries to torturing men's instincts, stamping on them, passing laws against them, lifting its eyebrows at the thought of them—doing everything but trying to understand them. The same people who with daily insistence say that innovators ignore facts are in the absurd predicament of trying to still human wants with petty taboos. Social systems like ours which do not even feed and house men and women, which deny pleasure, cramp play, ban adventure, propose celibacy and grind out monotony, are a clear confession of sterility in statesmanship. And politics, however pretentiously rhetorical about ideals, is irrelevant if the only method it knows is to ostracize the desires it cannot manage.

Suppose that statesmen transferred their reverence from the precedents and mistakes of their ancestors to the human material which they have set out to govern. Suppose they looked mankind in the face and asked themselves what was the result of answering evil with a prohibition. Such an exercise would, I fear, involve a considerable strain on what reformers call their moral sensibilities. For human nature is a rather shocking affair if you come to it with ordinary romantic optimism. Cer-

tainly the human nature that figures in most political thinking is a wraith that never was—not even in the souls of politicians. "Idealism" creates an abstraction and then shudders at a reality which does not answer to it. Now statesmen who have set out to deal with actual life must deal with actual people. They cannot afford an inclusive pessimism about mankind. Let them have the consistency and good sense to cease bothering about men if men's desires seem intrinsically evil. Moral judgment about the ultimate quality of character is dangerous to a politician. He is too constantly tempted to call a policeman when he disapproves.

We must study our failures. Gambling and drink, for example, produce much misery. But what reformers have to learn is that men don't gamble just for the sake of violating the law. They do so because something within them is satisfied by betting or drinking. To erect a ban doesn't stop the want. It merely prevents its satisfaction. And since this desire for stimulants or taking a chance at a prize is older and far more deeply rooted in the nature of men than love of the Prohibition party or reverence for laws made at Albany, people will contrive to drink and gamble in spite of the acts of a legislature.

A man may take liquor for a variety of reasons: he may be thirsty; or depressed; or unusually happy; he may want the companionship of a saloon, or he may hope to forget a scolding wife. Perhaps he needs a "bracer" in a weary hunt for a job. Perhaps he has a terrible craving for alcohol. He does not take a drink so that he may become an habitual drunkard, or be locked up in jail, or get into a brawl, or lose his job, or go insane. These are what he might call the unfortunate by-products of his desire. If once he could find something which would do for him what liquor does, without hurting him as liquor does, there would be no problem of drink. Bernard Shaw says he has found that substitute in going to church when there's no service. Goethe wrote *The Sorrows of Werther* in order to get rid of his own. Many an unhappy lover has found peace by expressing his misery in sonnet-form. The problem is to find something for the common man who is not interested in contemporary churches and who can't write sonnets.

When the socialists in Milwaukee began to experiment with

municipal dances they were greeted with indignant protests from the "anti-vice" element and with amused contempt by the newspaper paragraphers. The dances were discontinued, and so the belief in their failure is complete. I think, though, that Mayor Seidel's defence would by itself make this experiment memorable. He admitted freely the worst that can be said against the ordinary dance hall. So far he was with the petty reformers. Then he pointed out with considerable vehemence that dance halls were an urgent social necessity. At that point he had transcended the mind of the petty reformer completely. "We propose," said Seidel, "to go into competition with the devil."

Nothing deeper has come from an American mayor in a long, long time. It is the point that Jane Addams makes in the opening pages of that wisely sweet book, *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets*. She calls attention to the fact that the modern State has failed to provide for pleasure. "This stupid experiment," she writes, "of organizing work and failing to organize play has, of course, brought about a fine revenge. The love of pleasure will not be denied, and when it has turned into all sorts of malignant and vicious appetites, then we, the middle-aged, grow quite distracted and resort to all sorts of restrictive measures."

For human nature seems to have wants that must be filled. If nobody else supplies them, the devil will. The demand for pleasure, adventure, romance has been left to the devil's catering for so long a time that most people think he inspires the demand. He doesn't. Our neglect is the devil's opportunity. What we should use, we let him abuse, and the corruption of the best things, as Hume re-emphasized, produces the worst. Pleasure in our cities has become tied to lobster palaces, adventure to exalted murderers, romance to silly, mooning novels. Like the flower girl in Galsworthy's play, we have made a very considerable confusion of the life of joy and the joy of life. The first impulse is to abolish all lobster palaces, melodramas, yellow newspapers, and sentimentally erotic novels. Why not abolish all the devil's works? the reformer wonders. The answer is in history. It can't be done that way. It is impossible to abolish

either with a law or an axe the desires of men. It is dangerous, explosively dangerous, to thwart them for any length of time. The Puritans tried to choke the craving for pleasure in early New England. They had no theatres, no dances, no festivals. They burned witches instead.

We rail a good deal against Tammany Hall. Reform tickets make periodic sallies against it, crying economy, efficiency, and a business administration. And we all pretend to be enormously surprised when the "ignorant foreign vote" prefers a corrupt political ring to a party of well-dressed, grammatical, and high-minded gentlemen. Some of us are even rather downcast about democracy because the Bowery doesn't take to heart the admonitions of *The Evening Post*.

We forget completely the important wants supplied by Tammany Hall. We forget that this is a lonely country for an immigrant and that the Statue of Liberty doesn't shed her light with too much warmth. Possessing nothing but a statistical, inhuman conception of government, the average municipal reformer looks down contemptuously upon a man like Tim Sullivan with his clambakes and his dances; his warm and friendly saloons, his handshaking and funeral-going and baby-christening; his readiness to get coal for the family, and a job for the husband. But a Tim Sullivan is closer to the heart of statesmanship than five City Clubs full of people who want low taxes and orderly bookkeeping. He does things which have to be done. He humanizes a strange country; he is a friend at court; he represents the legitimate kindliness of government, standing between the poor and the impersonal, uninviting majesty of the law. Let no man wonder that Lorimer's people do not prefer an efficiency expert, that Tim Sullivan has power, or that men are loyal to Hinky Dink. The cry raised against these men by the average reformer is a piece of cold, unreal, preposterous idealism compared to the solid warm facts of kindliness, clothes, food and fun.

You cannot beat the bosses with the reformer's taboo. You will not get far on the Bowery with the cost unit system and low taxes. And I don't blame the Bowery. You can beat Tammany Hall permanently in one way—by making the government

of a city as human, as kindly, as jolly as Tammany Hall. I am aware of the contract-grafts, the franchise-steals, the dirty streets, the bribing and the blackmail, the vice-and-crime partnerships, the Big Business alliances of Tammany Hall. And yet it seems to me that Tammany has a better perception of human need, and comes nearer to being what a government should be, than any scheme yet proposed by a group of "uptown good government" enthusiasts. Tammany is not a satanic instrument of deception, cleverly devised to thwart "the will of the people." It is a crude and largely unconscious answer to certain immediate needs, and without those needs its power would crumble. It is a poor weed compared to what government might be. But it is a real government that has power and serves a want, and not a frame imposed upon men from on top.

The taboo—the merely negative law—is the emptiest of all the impositions from on top. In its long record of failure, in the comparative success of Tammany, those who are aiming at social changes can see a profound lesson: the impulses, cravings and wants of men must be employed; you can employ them well or ill, but you must employ them. A group of reformers lounging at a club cannot, dare not, decide to close up another man's club because it is called a saloon. Unless the reformer can invent something which substitutes attractive virtues for attractive vices, he will fail. He will fail because human nature abhors the vacuum created by the taboo.

An incident in the international peace propaganda illuminates this point. Not long ago a meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, to forward peace among nations, broke up in great disorder. Thousands of people who hate the waste and futility of war as much as any of the orators of that evening were filled with an unholy glee. They chuckled with delight at the idea of a riot in a peace meeting. Though it would have seemed perverse to the ordinary pacifist, this sentiment sprang from a respectable source. It had the same ground as the instinctive feeling of nine men in ten that Roosevelt has more right to talk about peace than William Howard Taft. James made it articulate in his essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War." James was a great advocate of peace, but he understood Theodore Roosevelt, and

he spoke for the military man when he wrote of war that: "Its 'horrors' are a cheap price to pay for rescue from the only alternative supposed, of a world of clerks and teachers, of co-education and zoöphily, of 'consumers' leagues' and 'associated charities,' of industrialism unlimited, and feminism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valor any more! Fie upon such a cattle-yard of a planet!"

And he added: "So far as the central essence of this feeling goes, no healthy minded person, it seems to me, can help to some degree partaking of it. Militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life with no use for hardihood would be contemptible. Without risks or prizes for the darer, history would be insipid indeed; and there is a type of military character which everyone feels that the race should never cease to breed, for everyone is sensitive to its superiority."

So William James proposed not the abolition of war, but a moral equivalent for it. He dreamed of "a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *Nature*. . . . The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fibre of the people; no one would remain blind, as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently sour and hard foundations of his higher life." Now we are not concerned here over the question of this particular proposal. The telling point in my opinion is this: that when a wise man, a student of human nature, and a reformer met in the same person, the taboo was abandoned. James has given us an enduring phrase when he speaks of the "moral equivalent" of evil. We can use it, I believe, as a guide post to statesmanship. Rightly understood, the idea behind the words contains all that is valuable in conservatism, and, for the first time, gives a reputable meaning to that tortured epithet "constructive."

"The military feelings," says James, "are too deeply grounded to abdicate their place among our ideals until better substitutes are offered. . . . Such a conscription, with the state of public opinion that would have required it, and the many

moral fruits it would bear, would preserve in the midst of a pacific civilization the manly virtues which the military party is so afraid of seeing disappear in peace. . . . So far, war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and until an equivalent discipline is organized, I believe that war must have its way. But I have no serious doubt that the ordinary prides and shames of social man, once developed to a certain intensity, are capable of organizing such a moral equivalent as I have sketched, or some other just as effective for preserving manliness of type. It is but a question of time, of skilful propagandism, and of opinion-making men seizing historic opportunities. The martial type of character can be bred without war."

To find for evil its moral equivalent is to be conservative about values and radical about forms, to turn to the establishment of positively good things instead of trying simply to check bad ones, to emphasize the additions to life, instead of the restrictions upon it, to substitute, if you like, the love of heaven for the fear of hell. Such a programme means the dignified utilization of the whole nature of man. It will recognize as the first test of all political systems and moral codes whether or not they are "against human nature." It will insist that they be cut to fit the whole man, not merely a part of him. For there are utopian proposals made every day which cover about as much of a human being as a beautiful hat does.

Instead of tabooing our impulses, we must redirect them. Instead of trying to crush badness we must turn the power behind it to good account. The assumption is that every lust is capable of some civilized expression.

We say, in effect, that evil is a way by which desire expresses itself. The older moralists, the taboo philosophers believed that the desires themselves were inherently evil. To us they are the energies of the soul, neither good nor bad in themselves. Like dynamite, they are capable of all sorts of uses, and it is the business of civilization, through the family and the school, religion, art, science, and all institutions, to transmute these energies into fine values. Behind evil there is power, and it is folly,—wasting and disappointing folly,—to ignore this power

because it has found an evil issue. All that is dynamic in human character is in these rooted lusts. The great error of the taboo has been just this: that it believed each desire had only one expression, that if that expression was evil, the desire itself was evil. We know a little better to-day. We know that it is possible to harness desire to many interests, that evil is one form of a desire, and not the nature of it.

This supplies us with a standard for judging reforms, and so makes clear what "constructive" action really is. When it was discovered recently that the boys' gang was not an unmitigated nuisance to be chased by a policeman, but a force that could be made valuable to civilization through the Boy Scouts, a really constructive reform was given to the world. The effervescence of boys on the street, wasted and perverted through neglect or persecution, was drained and applied to fine uses. When Percy MacKaye pleads for pageants in which the people themselves participate, he offers an opportunity for expressing some of the lusts of the city in the form of an art. The Freudian school of psychologists call this "sublimation." They have brought forward a wealth of material which gives us every reason to believe that the theory of "moral equivalents" is soundly based, that much the same energies produce crime and civilization, art, vice, insanity, love, lust, and religion. In each individual the original differences are small. Training and opportunity decide in the main how men's lusts shall emerge. Left to themselves, or ignorantly tabooed, they break forth in some barbaric or morbid form. Only by supplying our passions with civilized interests can we escape their destructive force.

I have put it negatively, as a counsel of prudence. But he who has the courage of existence will put it triumphantly, crying "yea" as Nietzsche did, and recognizing that all the passions of men are the motive powers of a fine life.

For the roads that lead to heaven and hell are one until they part.

EMPTY CHURCHES

A Phase of the Religious Question in England

COSMO HAMILTON

FRANCE has no religion, but full churches. England has an established religion, but empty churches.

Why? Is it because in England the people have grown so arrogant and vain that they no longer need the solace and the inspiration of religion, that they have become so undisciplined and mentally slipshod as to neglect and disregard all that makes a call upon their time and requires that they shall subject themselves to two hours a week of passive irritability? (Oh, that dull sermon!) Is the once strong Englishman now so much a bundle of nerves that he cannot face intoning voices and the academic manner; so unruly that he will not put himself to the trouble of donning respectable clothes on the seventh day, having worn them with a sense of irksomeness all the other six? Or is he collectively a free-thinker, an agnostic? Has he done with the discipline, the law, the yoke, the indissoluble engagement that is Religion?

The fact is indisputable that our churches in England, except those of the big towns that are freakish and sensational, are empty, and the reason lies not with the people but with the clergymen.

It is true that there is a spreading and deep-seated spirit of revolt abroad against discipline, law and order, and the subjection of self. It is true that there are strong and poisonous elements at work to undermine the old belief and to put anarchy in its place. It is true, too, that what began among parents and teachers as an easy tolerance has in the new generation developed into an apparently ineradicable lack of responsibility. Religion is, however, a fire which example keeps alive and which goes out if not communicated. It is communicated, but I hold that it is not humanly and inspiringly communicated and that our clergymen are alone responsible for their empty churches.

I do not suggest or believe that as a body the clergymen of the

Established Church are not good and honorable men, deeply imbued with religious feeling, leading noble and self-sacrificing lives, struggling daily and hourly to instil belief into the inattentive people of their ever-growing parishes. Far from it. There are no more intellectual, earnest and excellent men in all the land than those who devote their lives to the service of the Church. What I hold is that they are not for the most part gifted with that peculiar power of leadership, that unexplainable touch of magnetism, that delightful and all-conquering bonhomie, fellowship, brotherliness and unselfconscious humanity that win hearts and open doors and attract magnet-wise all who come into their atmosphere. In other words, they are men intellectually capable, but temperamentally incapable, of filling their churches.

They are, in fact, not selected. Something more, far more, is required of a clergyman than intellectual ability, the successful passing of necessary examinations. Something more is required even than vocation. But there is, it is obvious, no selection. Bishops ordain men who desire to take holy orders. They do not turn them back if they are in doubt as to their temperamental gifts. They cannot, because there are so many clergymen who are fitted only to be book-worms and students and whose knowledge of all things except humanity is wide. Examination in theology comes before examination into the ability to lead. The one is as necessary as the other. Religion lies more in walk than in talk.

No boy can enter into his preparation for the navy who is not passed by the board of selection. He stands, a lisping youngster, before a row of admirals who judge whether he is not only physically but mentally fitted for the life of the sea. He may be a splendid little fellow, bright, honest, fearless, brave, but he is put back if there are not detected in him, so far as it is possible, just those peculiar qualities which are held to be necessary in the lad who is to become a naval officer. With the men who are to carry on a grander, a more useful, and a far less well-rewarded life than that of the sailor there is no such careful and important a judgment. Bishops are so anxious to supply the Church with servants that they forget the very needs of the Church herself,—or else they do not know.

Religion is not a dogma, nor an emotion, but a service. Men do not stand in need of dogma, nor can they be fired by an emotion which finds no echoing words. No man can serve God who does not understand how to serve man. And man is a peculiar creature and to-day he lives in peculiar times. You cannot force religion into him any more than you can force a horse to drink. He has to be won. He will not be driven or argued. He will nearly always meet half way, for deep down in the souls of most men with eyes and hearts there is the desire, however latent, to worship. But he asks for common-sense. He needs the human, brotherly touch. He requires simplicity, the direct appeal. He will follow a man into church where he will not even be led to the gate by a brain.

To-day there is too much brain, and there are too few men. There is, indeed, so much brain that even the man who conforms but who happens to enter a parish other than his own may find himself puzzled as to what he believes. The lack of selection is so wide in its effect that not only are men admitted into holy orders who are physically and temperamentally unfitted but whose very dogma is not that of the Church herself! I ask what sort of selection it is that can permit of a dozen interpretations of one truth? It is now not only possible to go into ten parish churches and find the established religion served in ten different ways, but it is impossible not to do so. There is therefore not only no selection of the man, but no government of the Church. No wonder that churches are empty.

One has only to go through the country with an open eye to see the ineptitude, the inanity into which the Church has fallen. Everywhere there are churches, old and new. Everywhere there are clergymen, old and young. The former are neglected, the latter without influence. The religion is different, the men are different, and there is no master. There is no man of fixed belief, of overwhelming moral strength, who stands at the head of all clergymen, to select, to govern, to inspire. How can a religion be established that is half a dozen religions? How can a Church influence that has a dozen masters of different dogmas? How can the country be won by men who do not understand men?

It is indeed pitiful to see the vain struggles of clergymen all over the country to make an entry into the homes and hearts of their parishioners. It is pathetic to find noble and earnest but wholly unsuitable men holding services in a church the only two worshippers in which are a wife and a maid-servant. In their villages and parishes there are clergymen who are of no more account than the stranger at the inn or the foreigner at the hotel. The little father of the wilderness,—where is he? The Kingsley of the slums, of the cricket field, of the sing songs, of the harvest dinner, of the death-bed,—where is he? He is not. In his place there are shy, conventional, nervous, excellent men without one ounce of the flare, the boyishness, the breeze and cheeriness, the great gift of comradeship, the splendid unconventionality that makes the leader. There are men of learning and theory who instead of being employed as the executive of the Church or her organs, where they would be of inestimable use, are wasting their lives in active work, achieving nothing, and never once blowing up the spark that is latent in the hearts of men and women. The churches are cold, cold as ice.

And all the while there are men at both the leading universities and elsewhere who, if caught up and captured by a Jowett, or a Manning, or a Wesley, or an Arnold, would go forth throughout the land of empty churches and fill them with glad creatures who are waiting listlessly to be enthused and to grasp a warm, strong, simple, honest and human hand, to look up to the parson as the friend, the brother, who brings optimism in his constant presence and the love of God in his smile.

Religion, poetry is not dead; it will never die. Its dwelling and birthplace is in the soul of men and it is eternal as the being of man. In any point of space, in any section of time, let there be a living man and there is an infinitude above him and an eternity encompasses him on this hand and that, and tones of sphere-music and tidings from loftier worlds will float around him if he can but listen, and visit him with holy influence even in the thickest press of trivialities or the din of busiest life.

THE GIRL WHO WENT TO AILEY

ARTHUR STRINGER

I MIND the day she went wid him,
 Wid all her big and frightened eyes,
The day wid all the tears and bells
 And all the laughin' and good-byes.

I mind how white and shmall she stood,
 Beside that glowerin', towerin' man,
Wid all his Ailey twists av tongue
 And furrin-lookin' coat av tan.

But faith, he took her off wid him
 Beyont his leagues av brine and rack;
And wid her seemed to go the sun;
 And niver word nor sign came back.

(Och, such a wishtful eye she had,
 And such a slow and meltin' shmile,
Ye'd carry off the thought av her
 To lighten up your longest mile!)

But tales they told av how she pined
 To see the hills av home again,
To see the bogland and the whin,
 The Arran wathers soft wid rain.

And me it was they pressed to go,
 Aye, me, av all the whisperin' glen,
To seek her out and send some word
 From that gray isle av glowerin' men.

(Still mindin' that, in other days,
 The two av us had passed a word
When I was bold as any blade
 And she was light as any bird!)

So off I set betimes, to where
 The windy Isles av Ailey lay,
 The worn and bitther Ailey rocks
 That seemed a weary world away.

And white she went when face to face
 I met her where the kelp-smoke curled
 Along those wind-swept Ailey reefs
 That stood in truth another world.

And fair destroyed I was to think
 Av her who loved a laughin' face,
 And laughin' hearts, and laughin' ways,
 In such a lone and ghastly place!

And och, the wishtful eyes av her
 Across the sea-mist as she spoke,
 And like a white ghost questioned me
 Av home and all the Arran folk!

“I’ll ne’er win back—I’ll ne’er win back!”
 Sez she without a shmile or tear.
 “Me husband is an Ailey man,
 And Ailey men,” sez she, “is queer!”

“But does he treat ye good?” sez I,
 And faith, her face was like a mask.
 “He treats me just,” she slowly said;
 “He gives me all that wan could ask!”

And pale she was and proud she was;
 “And must I tell thim that?” sez I.
 “O, back in Arran tell thim that,
 And speak me kindly!” was her cry.

Then out to me her white hands went,
 And on me breast, before I knew
 Or saw at all, she sobbed and cried:
 “Me heart, me heart, ‘tis broke in two!”

And when she, faith, could weep no more,
She kissed me wid no shame nor fear.
"O, how this heart av mine," sez she,
"Has ached for you and Arran here!"

*"And this, me Thru Love, now I tell,
For back to Arran ye must go
And speak me proud—but O, me Love,
'Tis only us shall iver know!"*

COPPER MOUNTAIN

[*Alaska*]

EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

I HEARD in the years that are gone, when the land was a silent thing,

A voice on the plains far off and a step in the streams,
And my pulse was the pulse of a girl that is still with a questioning,

“Can it be? Hath he come? Is it he?” And my heart was a builder of dreams.

And I watched with a hope long long for the skies to divide in the South,

And my fear went out to the rivers that whisper the sea.
For I was an hungered, my lord, for the kiss of thy mouth,
And weary of watching and waiting the ages for thee.

I had peered down the track of the Spring till the winds of the North had whipped round.

I had hearkened the desolate woods till my heart was an ache.
Not the gleam of a face, not the dip of an oar, not a step, not a sound

Save the whir of a wing from the crag or the crackle of beast in the brake.

Crush me close, O master of mountains! Give me life! Lay me low!

Drink deep with the passionate mouth of the furnace my wine.

Loose the virginal robe of my trees, unclasp my girdle of snow.
I am lorn for the laughter of children, O lover of mine.

String me out o'er the tundras in threads. Let me thrill with the song of the world.

Bid the lightning to trellis in lamps over valleys a-ring.
Let the roar be around me, the splash of the steamer, the car that is whirled.

Roll up as a blanket my silence. Embrace me, O King!

SEA-CHILD

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THERE'S a music comes to me by night
When the wind goes walking in the trees
Stirs the unforgotten, old delight,
Sets my pulse to vanished harmonies:—
Fade these mighty mountains like a mist,
Melting mirage-like, and surging far,
Spreads the gray-green ocean in its glory,
Moving wide from star to solemn star.

Once again I venture in star-shine
On that trackless pathway of the waves,
On my lips a savor sharp as brine,
In my ears an echo from sea-caves.
O, once more I am the great sea's lover,
Wrapped in singing splendor of her life,
Song myself, and mad with the old passion,
Strife within the rapture of her strife!

Then again the mountains tower and loom,
Hushed in dim communion with the sky.
Shrouds me close the cañon's silent gloom,
Round me rocks like couchant monsters lie.
The dark spruces cease to stir and whisper
At the restless turning of the breeze;—
But, as I, the stillness listens, yearning
With a ghostly memory of lost seas.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY

CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

SHE is not meant for thee, thou canst but love her;
And thou canst starve for want of her and take
Thy pleasure in slight service for her sake.
Tho' she be far from thee as heavens above her,
Still thou canst love her.

Thou hast this life to live thy perfect bliss;
One little time to serve thy soul's desire.
Still—tho' thy thoughts be flames, thy heart a fire,
Thou canst not shape another way than this
Nor know forgetfulness.

Thou canst not linger always; better so;
Thy ways are cast a thousand worlds apart.
Were all the tears in all these worlds thy heart,
And all their cumulative woe thy woe,
She would not know.

Thou shalt live out all sudden, swift dismays,
And all old days and dreams shall come to be
As a song sung over an evening sea,
Sung as of winds breathed out and gone their ways
Softly, these many days.

And all thy waking thoughts shall be of her,
And thou shalt welcome sleep and dread each morn
And rise and wander heart-sick and forlorn;
Thy ways as vague and vain as heavens above her.
Still thou canst love her.

THE MAN-MADE WOMAN OF JAPAN

MARIAN COX

IT has become the fashion to look upon Japan as the great land of promise in the East. She is expected to furnish the link of civilization and understanding between the East and the West. She is a self-elected world's crucible. Her most radical admirers assert that in this land of the Rising Sun is to be created the new religion for which the world waits, a sort of re-orientalized Christianity uniting the best from the oriental and occidental mind and heart, japanned by modern science; and her detractors can only say that she has stolen her arts from China, her learning from Korea, her constitution from Germany, her naval system from Britain, her Code Napoléon from France, her industrialism from America—and so is a kind of mental pickpocket amid the family of nations.

The Chinese have given the Japanese a contemptuous name—Lie Europeans; the English call them the Yankees of Asia, since encountering the new enterprise and competition of the Japanese in the far eastern trade; and altogether we find these little men of Dai Nippon presenting to the world the astounding phenomenon of being the first oriental people who have ever opened their minds to alien civilizations with an appetite for assimilation.

To what will it lead? Illimitable vistas of world's change open at the surmise. Three-quarters or more of the earth's population consists of the yellow races. And if our modern democratic principles have the might of right in them and the rule of the majority must prevail in the future, the realization is inevitable that the nature and ideas of these people are of more consequence than our own. The source of every race is in its mothers. Man, like water, never rises higher than his source. For the enlightened westerner the great interest in Japan to-day is its women.

The easiest way to arrive at a conception of the Japanese woman is to think of every quality directly contrary to the qualities of the typical American woman and to see her as the em-

bodiment of these. She is as docile as the American woman is aggressive, as demure as the American is flamboyant, as modest as the American is impudent, as humble as the American is snobbish, as conservative as the American is faddish, as reticent as the American is effusive. In fact, in the Japanese we find the commonly expressed masculine ideal of woman more wholly realized than anywhere else in the world. To the truth of this every male author and globe-trotter has testified with intemperate eulogies.

The Japanese woman is a superlative realization of what man, even the occidental, professes to admire; and in this day when the threat of woman-suffrage has made men threaten women with the loss of their admiration, of chivalry and the much-vaunted privileges of the sex, it becomes worth while to study what the antithesis of the suffragette, the embodiment of man-made femininity, has been accorded in admiration, chivalry and privileges from the megaphone sex.

The woman of Japan is as much the product of the man as is its art. In her, as in Japanese art, we see the beauty of a simplicity that does not issue from truth, but from irregularity. She is a paradox of naïveté and artificiality. In her is consummated that complex craft whose final effect is artlessness. A Japanese artist will spend a lifetime learning to paint a paper kakemono with a half-dozen strokes of his brush. Keinen, perhaps the greatest living artist in Japan to-day, will take seven years to fulfil the order for a picture that takes but a day to paint. Thus these people have won for their art the description —great in little things and little in great things. They are in love with the grandiose, but depict it as the microscopic. The Japanese is a nature worshipper like the ancient Greek, but like him also he ends in anti-nature. The trees of his country mean so much to the Japanese that he has their changes and progress daily recorded in his newspapers under the heading, News of the Trees; thefts of trees sometimes occur; and the people will travel immense distances to see the cherry trees and the iris fields in bloom; yet the Japanese as a gardener cares only to develop dwarfs, fantasies and freaks of horticulture. Another instance of his perversity of taste is that the favorite subject of

the Japanese artist is tigers. Everywhere one finds them depicted—from the shoji of the Nijo Palace to the little curio-shops on the Benton-Dori. I inquired of a picture dealer in Yokohama the why and wherefore of this artist's favorite and was told it was "because there are no tigers in Japan." In other characteristics besides his love for the impossible, the Japanese resembles the Greek. He has at once the soft wickedness of a highly cultivated æstheticism and the Spartan's austerity, great power of endurance and self-discipline. Like the Greeks, too, the Japanese teach their wives only virtues without accomplishments, and leave them to their own and their children's society, while the chosen companionship of the men is among the women to whom they teach the accomplishments without the virtues.

From this we can gather some hint of the masculine psychology which has created the Japanese woman as she is.

She is an epitome of her nation's virtues. From the highest to the lowest, from the Empress to the yujo of the Yoshiwara, we find some unparalleled virtue in the Japanese woman. In the Dowager-Empress we find the extreme of the conjugal virtues; did she not mother all the illegitimate children of her royal spouse, Mutsuhito, and smile complaisance upon his concubines? And in the unfortunate of the Yoshiwara we find the extreme of that filial piety, the great virtue of Japan, which makes her willing to become a lotos in the mud—as the famous writer and beautiful oiran Murasaki named her—for the benefit of her parents.

Almost everything we see in Japan can be more or less traced to some carefully inculcated trait of its women. The impressionability and obsequiousness of its men doubtless issue from the supineness of its women; their subtle streak of treachery which makes them so unreliable as merchants and servants in other lands, may issue from the sex-servility of their mothers, for the enslaved mind ever subtilizes and revenges itself in two-facedness; their blood-thirstiness which so horrified the world in their treatment of the Chinese at Port Arthur, might have its root in that deep frenzy of the elemental which clots itself within the baffled woman-nature, but which seems to have no manifestation in the winsome meek woman of Japan until per-

chance she becomes a mother-in-law. But we must remember that the Tokugawa period was famed for its women warriors; the museums are filled with the swords, longer and heavier than those of the men-soldiers, which were borne by them; and the women of the Samurai carried out its ferocious code of heroics as sternly as the men.

The millennium is expected to come when the meek inherit the earth. The Japanese people have adopted the appearance of meekness as one of their distinctions. According to their social canons, a man must disclaim all merit in himself or his, must eschew all ostentation, must be eager to die for his emperor—and even has no personal pronouns or swear words in his language; and yet we find that this too obvious humility really covers such an intolerant arrogance and vanity that even the school children are taught that "to be laughed at" is the most fearful thing that can happen to them. In the days of the Samurai when a nobleman wished to guarantee the payment of a borrowed sum, he affixed to his note the permission to be laughed at in public in case he failed to pay. Behind the man's meekness we thus find an exaggerated egotism and sensitiveness to criticism. And behind the woman's meekness, what do we find?

The mystery of woman's meekness is the mystery of mysteries in Japan. It is true her lot far transcends what it is in all other oriental nations, and her chief injury at man's hands seems to be simply that he has succeeded in making her so good that she is powerless to influence him to any good—not even into inventing a Japanese word to describe gallantry or chivalry to woman. She has been made to accept the doctrine of her perpetual obedience: obedience to father as a daughter, obedience to husband as a wife, obedience to eldest son as a widow. For two hundred years her conduct has been founded upon the teachings of the sage, Kaibara, who laid down the law for her in the *Onna Daigaku*. In this venerated document the virtues befitting woman are defined as—obedience, first and foremost, chastity, mercy, quietness and self-sacrifice; and her worst vice—jealousy: a natural choice of the qualities for woman in a country where a man limits the number of his wives only by the limits of his purse. It makes duty her sole honor, and self-extinction her

supreme glory. Her *raison d'être* and mission in life are explained as—enlivening her husband's life, bearing children for him, and in waiting upon her husband's mother and relations. And lest she might bear the palling demeanor of the martyr, the most annoying of all demeanors to men, she has been disciplined to conceal every emotion that might be displeasing to others and is taught from her babyhood the heroism of smiles and the noble ingratiation of pretty bows. The Bushido code tells her also "do not sadden others by intruding your personal grief upon them." It has happened, therefore, that the Japanese woman has fully developed the trait most charming to men in women: reticence; reticence to the very obliteration of her personal woes and desires. To insure this accommodating principle in woman still further, he made talkativeness one of the causes for divorce from her. After such a triumphant creation of goodness for his womankind, it does seem ungallant of him to have made all the goddesses in Japan of an evil countenance and disposition.

We can read the character and domestic history of the Japanese in their divorce laws. Before the New Civil Code (adopted in 1893) divorce was only granted to the husband. The seven causes for which a man could divorce his wife were: disobedience, barrenness, disease, jealousy, lewdness, stealing and talking too much; in other words, simply if he wanted to be rid of her. As under the Mosaic law divorce was invented for the benefit of the man, neither law nor public opinion in Japan allowed to the wife even the right to desire a divorce. Besides she was taught from infancy the popular precepts of her country that "all women shall think their husbands to be heaven" and "woman has no home in the three worlds—past, present and future";—so she was grateful to her honorable master when he gave her the shelter of his little paper house, and when he bade her leave it to make room for a new occupant, she blamed only herself for failure to please him. The Japanese are accustomed to saying that gratitude is one of the strongest traits of their race. In order to divorce his wife all the husband need do was to write her a letter notifying her of the fact—the Mikoudarihan, literally three lines and a half—and the thing

was *ipso facto* done. The children were always his exclusive property; and he did not have to make any provision for the poor little divorcee. One wonders what became of her in a country where only the lower class woman can be self-supporting and the families are so eager to be rid of the expense of their daughters and loath to take back one whom divorce has marked undesirable. But some one has written that she always remarried, "presumably because some friend of her husband's has noticed that she was not so black as her mother-in-law painted her."

The Japanese claim with pride that the new Civil Code has placed their women upon an equality with men—as in western nations—by at last granting the right of divorce to the wife. Their idea of equality is illuminating.

The wife can now get a divorce for various causes and by mutual consent (which would be denied in America as "collusion"), but she cannot get a divorce for the adultery of her husband, which is the chief and often the only cause in western civilizations. But in Japanese law a married man commits adultery only when his paramour is married also, thus considering only the injury to the other man, but the wife is guilty of adultery whether or not her paramour is married: the same law that exists in other civilizations. The framers of the New Code also laid down that "a person who is judicially divorced or punished because of adultery cannot contract a marriage with the other party to the adultery." Since the husband cannot be divorced for adultery, this applies solely to the wife and constitutes both a modern punishment for her and a protection for the other man. In former days the law of Japan punished the adultery of the wife by crucifixion or by decapitation and exposure of the head; or else, for the sake of independence and variety, her husband might take her to a place similar to one shown to tourists at Kyoto, a precipice near the Kiomidzu temple where it was the manly old custom of husbands to give their wives the benefit of the doubt by hurling them to the rocky depths below as a test of their possible innocence: if the wife survived the fall, she was vindicated; if not, her guilt was avenged. But the Samurai class substituted for the barbarous physical punishment the more re-

fined and up-to-date torture of a moral one. When a woman of noble birth erred she was sent to the Yoshiwara for a term of three to five years; which was considered an exemplary vindication of the family honor. There are many stories also of Samurai women who have voluntarily sold away their liberty to the same penal colony in order to give their husbands or fathers the means to purchase weapons or armor in times of warfare.

The Japanese women have not shown much disposition to avail themselves of their modern right of divorce, and for several good reasons; chiefly because the children still belong to the father, unless given her by the State with his consent. And children have ever been the weighty anchorage of woman. In Japan a woman possesses no legal right to her child, but the husband has the right to repudiate even his legal child. A son is not legally recognized unless he is registered by his father, while also his illegitimate child is recognized as a true son if he is so registered. "There is always a tacit recognition of a father's right to decline the gift which Heaven has bestowed on him, and a new-born babe is still formally presented to his father for acceptance. In old days unless the new-born child was laid at his father's feet, the father could refuse to take it, and the child was then exposed to die in a bamboo grove, as the proverb says."

There is one divorce to every three marriages in Japan and only one per cent. of the divorces have been sought by the wives. Another reason for this is that public opinion still penalizes the woman who will not submit to everything from her husband. When a Japanese woman is the plaintiff in a divorce suit, she loses social position or respectability; but if she is the defendant she loses nothing but a bad husband and retains a good chance of getting another one. So love for her children and the social ban of sex are serving to keep the Japanese woman as effectually bound to-day as she was formerly bound by the Confucian social and official order.

In America at present we are hearing much against the facility of divorce in our country, and the opponents of "woman's rights" attribute our domestic disasters to the emancipated ideas of the American women. But here in Japan, we see a land

of subject women—" *fille, on nous supprime; femme, on nous opprime*"—and yet divorces are far more common and easier to be had here than in America. This should be a sufficient answer to those tiraders who make woman responsible for every wrong on earth at the same time that they deny her every right to be or act as herself.

There are a half million less women than men in Japan, but the minority has not enhanced the value of woman nor opened to her any of the advantages it is supposed to have procured for the sex in some of the western States of America. Marriage is still the sole business of a woman's life in Japan. If she is not married before she is twenty, she is disgraced socially. She is given no chance to develop ambition, and is rarely allowed to finish her school course before she is married by her parents, who are eager to get her married as early as possible. That she might develop some of the ambition of her brother if given the chance, seems possible, when we learn from Miss Bacon, an authority on Japanese girls and women, that "in some cases the breaking down of a girl's health may be traced to threats on the part of her parents that if she does not take a certain rank in her studies, she will be taken from school and married off." The husband is selected for her by her parents and she is given no dowry, but is given as complete a trousseau as her family can afford. The trousseau of the bride is supposed to last her all her life, or at least to comprise all those clothes and household articles which she will need during the next two or three years, in order that she will not have to ask her husband for money. When the wife's stealing is one of the causes for her divorce, doubtless this little spouse never dares go through the pockets of her lordly husband's hikama while he lies oblivious upon his *futon* on the ground; and one wonders where she finds the *yen* and *sen* to spend for the mysterious contents of the little dressing case which every Japanese woman carries hidden in her big pagoda sleeve.

Marriage is a civil contract and merely requires registration; but certain time-honored rites are observed in a properly conducted wedding. The bride must be dressed in white, the color of death-garments, to signify that she is dead to her family; and

purification fires are lit at her parents' home upon her departure. She is lifted over a fire at the threshold of her home and the momentary nearness of the little bride to the flames of destruction makes one glad that the etiquette of her country allows her to escape them, unlike her neighbor the Indian woman for whom man invented the finishing etiquette of suttee. After this the bride is taken to her husband's home where she changes her dress for one of a livelier hue and drinks with him three times three little cups of saké, which concludes the marriage ceremonies. Until the Empress Haruko refused to submit to the fashion, a woman blackened her teeth when she became a wife and shaved her eyebrows at the birth of her first child. Whoever has seen a little Japanese thus disfigured (and there are many provincial and middle-aged women who still adhere to the old fashion) can no longer blame the husbands for their habit of divorce. Yet it all originated in the desire to please him; thus sacrificing the wife's attractiveness upon the connubial altar in order to exorcise forevermore the green-eyed monster from his soul.

Delivered over to her honorable master, what an extraordinary little wife the slit-eyed, doll-like, little mousmé becomes! No wonder Sir Edwin Arnold, Lafcadio Hearn, Pierre Loti, and so many lesser lights have sought their feminine ideal in a Madame Chrysanthème among them. The life of a Japanese wife is all incense, flowers, prayers and smiles offered up to the god—man. But it is the Japanese *lady* who makes the ideal wife. The woman of the lower classes is often quite exceptional in her deviations from domestic rule. She often seeks a divorce —like a man—because she can earn her own living, and so is ceded the tacit right to a choice in the man she may support with her earnings, and also because she does not have to fear that *bête noire*, social position, which the lady must lose if she is the petitioner for divorce. It is well known that the working woman in Japan receives far more consideration than the woman of the upper classes. And really it is not the woman who coals the vessels in the harbor of Nagasaki who deserves the foreigner's sympathy (so generously and ignorantly lavished upon her) for she is the freest woman in Japan; but it is the undowered lady and wife, and the little beflowered maiko and geisha who ceases

to paint and rice powder her face and calls herself old at twenty, and the poor little slave of the Yoshiwara who sits in her cage, disgraced, with her obi tied in front, sold by parents and master:—the toy women, the subject women, the women earning their living through sex, whether as prostitute or as wife and mother, these are the women whose lot is to be pitied in Japan.

Nevertheless the Japanese woman is a merry little creature who seems to hold forever inviolate in her memory the treasure of her happy, sexless childhood. Something of the dainty creatures with which she played as a child—butterflies, fireflies, dragon flies—seem to have left their spirit within her own, for it is full of their harmonious consent to the lights and darks in her wee garden of life, and her winged ignorance is never troubled to query as to the shape of the earth nor saddened by knowing that men once gave up their lives to prove that it was round. Discontented woman seems to be chiefly the product of America where she is treated more like an individual and human being than anywhere else in the world. In Japan, she has uttered no complaints; she has never dreamed of politics or of interfering in man's star-chamber methods of laying down the law for her, and the blue-stockings here have even organized societies “to resist the invasion of Christian institutions that would relieve them from oppression,” very much as some of our advanced club-women have organized anti-suffrage parties in America.

She is so charming, this little Nipponese wife, who has dolls strapped to her back when she is a baby in order that she grow used to her future burdens in the jolliest way—and wears her jet hair in the oddest top-knot, as a proof to all men when she is married—and when dressed in her best is tied in at the knees so that she may not seem to walk in unwomanly freedom—and walks in pattering clogs with her toes turned in as far as possible, the fashionable walk in Japan, since men said it showed “modesty” in women and so started the fashion—and wears her sleeves so long—“long to dry her tears with,” as a poet once said—and lays her head in the air at night and her neck on a guillotine-like pillow, and knows the allegorical meaning of flowers and the solemn tea-ceremony and how to smoke from a

tiny pipe that holds but three whiffs, and a répertoire of kow-towing and salutations, and can play on the samisen and count sums on the abacus, and has glances and hisses like a little cat, and can do all the cute, sweet, quaintly silly, childish and affected things which appeal to men except one, the most popular feminine accomplishment in the west—to kiss. This the Japanese man has never taught her, nor had any impulse to do himself; so they never miss it in their home; and she makes for him such a perfect little home according to all his standards, that it becomes incomprehensible why the Japanese husband is said to be a born club-man; and like the French, not even to have the word for home in his vocabulary. Surely he has everything exactly as he wishes at home; why then does he constantly desert home for club and tea-house, and his good little wife for that “dainty iniquity,” the geisha, as Kipling calls her, or for worse—the secreted “hell-woman”?

It is unknown to the Japanese wife to fail in her duties. She would have too many stones cast at her if she did and a paper house forms no more protection than a glass one. Her life is all arranged for her with a wonderful ingenuity in destroying the leisure that a house built like a Japanese paper lantern, without furniture, and with one “dust-hole” in the centre where all the misplaced matter can be dumped in an instant and hidden by a clean mat, and the fact of her lifelong trousseau—would seem to warrant. But custom has made it the particular honor of the wife (even with servants) to perform the menial services for the family, and they have been multiplied for her, sagaciously. She must be the first to get up in the mornings and open the house and greet everyone with a cheery “O-Hayo”; then she goes out in the diminutive garden and gathers a branch of blossoms or maple or azalea twig and arranges them in a vase in the honorable tokonoma; she makes and takes up the honorable tea to her honorable lord and his honorable mother; she brushes her husband’s clothes, fetches and carries for him, and hunts for whatever odd jobs she can perform for him and all his elderly relations, until she, with all the servants, sees him off in the mornings at the doorstep. With smiles and bows and respectful rubbings of her knees, and perhaps a hiss or two but never a kiss,

she bids him "sayonara," the pretty Japanese word for good-bye which means literally "if it must be so."

She must be at that same doorstep when he returns in the late afternoon, to show her honorable impatience to fuss around him with attentions, to conduct him to the bath she prepares for him, to help him shed the European garments he wears outside his home, and assist him into the luxurious kimono, and to serve him with his tea or supper. At meals she is not allowed to eat with her husband or sons and must not even sit down in her husband's presence. (The lower-class wife can eat with her husband—providing she sits at a respectful distance from him.) She must not speak unless she is spoken to, and even then is supposed to utter the exclusive monosyllable, yes. She must slide back the shutters for him when he leaves the room and must pick up anything he happens to drop. When they appear in public together, she must walk a few paces behind him, a relic of the days, some one has explained, when a man must be protected from a stab in the back. But they rarely do appear in public together, the husband taking good care that his wife is kept busy in her proper sphere, home. Upon her wedding day her master has re-read to her the sage's commandments for women to obey, and her relations-in-law never permit her to forget them. One is: "Women shall always keep to their duty, rise early and work till late at night. They must not sleep during the day, must study economy, and must not neglect their weaving, sewing, and spinning, and must not drink too much tea or wine. They shall not hear or see any such lascivious thing as a theatre or drama; before reaching the age of forty, women shall not go to those places, or to where many people collect, such as a temple or a shrine." So her day is amply filled with duties as house-maid, nurse, cook, seamstress, valet, and general factotum of the household, so that she doubtless does not have time even to dream of the good time she is going to have after she is too old to want it. The flower-festivals and picnics, the wrestling matches, the temples and theatres—all these wonderful things which no respectable woman can attend while she is young and pretty, are given her when a hoary *mater familias*. The only dissipation allowed a young wife is an occasional debauch in tea

with two or three mousmees or matrons, in the solemn tea-ceremony, the Cha-no-yu, which takes hours to perform and is the most ingenious device ever created by man for an elaborate pre-occupation over airy trifles and harmless nothings.

Naturally the Japanese woman does not conceal her age. In fact she is more apt to say she is older than she is; for the Japanese have a queer way of reckoning age, by which a child at birth is called a year old. This may have started with the girl babies for whom the indulgent parents desired to hasten the golden age. Age is a favorite topic of conversation among ladies, and when introduced to a Japanese lady one is supposed to put her in a good humor by asking her how old she is. The Japanese translations of Molière's works were suppressed by public consent because they ridiculed old age. The Japanese generously desire to leave the illusions of old age for the comfort of their women. In this they are certainly more fortunate than the western woman. The latter in all her emancipation has not yet emancipated herself from her most-feared and pitiless master—Age. The American woman is a coquette only until she is a grandmother; but a Japanese woman is allowed to become a coquette when she is a grandmother; and how much more a woman knows of coquetry then than at twenty. The tragedy of most women's lives is that they do not discover how to live until the mirror tells them it is time for them to die; but the little Japanese can snap her fingers at this reflection, and see in every wrinkle a springing hope of wild oats to be sown. The world must concede that in making his women yearn for old age, the Japanese has achieved the triumph of man over matter.

Many men in Japan are opposing the education of their women on the ground that it will create a servant problem which hitherto their country has been free from. The abasement of the wife (into the general servant of the household) has served to elevate domestic service and the social status of servants. The servant is ranked above the tradesman, the farmer and the artisan. Although servants are bound by rigid laws of etiquette and have "no rights" at all, to our western eyes they seem to be treated like the members of the family. In old-fashioned homes the servants commingle with the family after working

hours and can help to entertain guests and take part in the conversation and laughter. Servants are frequently university students.

It was Prince Ito who inaugurated European dress for his people. "So long as we dress differently from the rest of the world, they will regard us as freaks," he told them, cleverly appealing to their sensitiveness to ridicule. Then the Empress ordained foreign dress for the court ladies, and for a while it seemed as if the death knell had been sounded for the picturesque national costume. When Japan was lifted to the dizzy height of the world's recognition as a first class power, unlike all other peoples, success did not give her the intolerance of diversity, but gave her the apishness of admiration for all foreign things. The men accepted the foreign as their official dress and many made their wives do the same—as a sort of signalia of modern progress and revolutionary change in Japan. But the imported costume has restricted itself to the imperial and bureaucratic circles, and is doubtless worn only in public by them as a sort of play-up to the civilizations of the west with which Japan is so eager to be identified. The Japanese are the best bluffers in the world. And they would not be so quick at adaptation of the extraneous were they not arrantly superficial. At least we know that in the privacy of home, the foreign costume is immediately shed for the more comfortable hikama and kimono. But of late years there has been a reaction in favor of holding to the native costume; perhaps because they are discovering that foreign dress makes them appear more odd and ridiculous than in their own becoming garments.

Strange to say, while the Japanese men have shown such zeal for the revolution in dress, the women have shown themselves most loath to adopt it; in this again marking themselves the conservative sex. Excepting when her husband's ambitions have demanded it of her (and even then it is discarded at home when no foreigners are present) she dons it only to have her photograph taken. The Japanese adore having their photographs taken, à la European, and the stiffer and more unnatural the pose, the more satisfied they are with it. This aversion of the Japanese women to European dress becomes extraordinary and

baffling when we understand what this dress signifies and procures for her in her country. Upon the day of the declaration of the new constitution the Empress Haruko wore European dress and hat and for the first time in public rode side by side in the same carriage with the Emperor, and that night at the state dinner was offered his arm and seated beside him—which ushered in the new era of public courtesy to women, on state occasions at least. Since then every woman in European attire is treated with the appearance of a respect and consideration, never accorded her when in kimono, obi and getas. The wife dressed as a European can walk beside her husband instead of behind him; and have him slide back the screens for her and assist her into the jinrikisha, and can eat her meals with him and receive visitors and appear at the host's entertainments and mingle in companies of both sexes before she is senile. In fact this dress is a sort of uniform of progress and compulsory change in Japan which grants to woman privileges, immemorially denied. It represents for her emancipation from past contempt and public humiliation; and yet only the ultra-fashionable ladies have adopted it (from motives of policy) and even they are professing more distaste for it every day. Woman, hugging her chains, is indeed a mystery.

While I was in Japan, in all the big cities from Nikko to Nagasaki, I did not see one Japanese woman in European dress, but saw the majority of men wearing it, or portions of it combined with their own costume which gave them an incongruous appearance. Nevertheless there is one touch of foreign influence evident upon the women which seems to be gaining considerable popularity, and this is a new mode of hair-dressing. One sees many women dressed in kimono and obi and shuffling pattens, but with their hair dressed in the new mode of a simple imitation of the western style. Without camellia oil or loops or that funny little pin which holds it out in the back as if to show it is impossible to lay that unctuous head upon a pillow, the hair in this new mode is simply pompadoured over an imported "rat" that encircles the head and is pinned upon the crown in a flat knot with side combs. In this trifle, of hair-dressing, there is concealed immensity.

Until this modern era in Japan, convention decreed that woman should wear her hair in specified ways which announce certain personal facts about her, interesting to men: her age, and whether she is maid, wife or widow; if the latter, whether or not she is willing to be married again; even her respectability or its lack must be publicly declared by these particular modes of top-knots, loops and pins. Hence for the present generation to adopt the non-committal hairdressing of the west, may be the augury of an eventful revolution in her condition and status. The first glance will no longer satisfy man's curiosity about a woman. He will be put to guessing her age, her amorous experience, her willingness or unwillingness for the marital yoke. What a new element in the life of the Japanese this will introduce! Woman—an enigma. Woman ending so unexpectedly into an enigma, after man's centuries and centuries of effort to make her as defined and confined and as uninteresting as possible. And what a successful sphinx she will become, this little Japanese, with her half-opened kitten eyes and her watchword "silence," and her uncanny refinements and Buddha-like little poses—if only she is given a chance at the blunted imaginations of her men.

Missionaries attribute the degradation of Japanese women to the teaching of Buddhism and Confucianism, in whose dogmas the sex-antagonized ecclesiastical mind has surpassed itself in calling her names: "a temptation, a snare, an unclean thing, a scapegoat, an obstacle to peace and holiness." But since the Christian fathers also excelled in similar compliments to the accursed sex, we must not attribute her position to the animadversions of holy scripture but to the pathology of over-sexed man.

A nation, of course, is founded upon its homes; and in Japan the home is founded upon a separation of the sexes mentally, morally and socially. In the Daigaku one reads that "it was the custom of the ancients on the birth of a female child to let it lie on the floor for the space of three days. Even in this way may be seen the likening of the man to Heaven and of the woman to Earth." Nevertheless, the heavenly qualities are expected only of the woman. It would be laughable, if the results had

not been so tragic, to see how valiantly man has striven to safeguard the human race by the exclusive goodness of women, and then has taken all the credit to himself wherever and whenever humanity has proved itself immune to the consequences of his own license to sin.

In Japan the human-duality begins early. After six or seven years of age, the sexes are separated in play and study. The girl is taught that she was created to serve the will of man, that for this only her body is of value and her brain nothing; and the boy is taught his importance in the future of his country, in the arts, sciences, politics, and has the inferiority of the feminine drilled into him as a necessary part of his education. Thus from childhood all social intercourse, sympathy and understanding between the sexes is rendered impossible. Man's intellectual life is shut out from home and wife; and the best substitute the Japanese man can find for woman's companionship is at the tea-houses among the geishas, who are said to be "the best educated women in Japan" with their poor little *hetairai* accomplishments.

But woman is on the road to discover a way to stir the imagination of the Japanese man; and that is one element the Japanese has never yet brought to bear upon the sex-relation—imagination. Sex has been rigidly kept in the realm of appetite. Not yet has the Japanese evolved the imagination to clothe it with the fancy, the poetry, the humanity, and the divinity the western imagination has bestowed upon it. There is no romance between the sexes in Japan. The relation is either crude and business-like as in marriage, or unmentionable and bestial, out of marriage. No wonder there is no word in the Japanese language which can be translated as "love" in our language. The only love that can be spoken or written of in Japan is the filial; and the word usually translated as love, "horeru," when applied to man and woman, means something base and shameful. In the text-book for woman's training, even in woman's complete library called *Onna Yushoku Mibae Bunko*, the word love does not occur. The little mousmé of Japan is given, therefore, no sweet dreams and roseate illusions of love—that thrilling Glory of the western maiden—as she is raised and rounded for the minotaur marriage. There are no words of endearment for

lovers, nor for husband and wife. Marriage is without courtship, courtship without kisses, caresses or pet names. No Japanese knight has ever performed a deed of valor for love of a woman. No Japanese poet has ever written a poem of "love" that could be read to a pure woman. These people have put all their refinement into their etiquette of life and so have had none left for the elemental facts of life; they have put all their imagination in a hair-splitting epicureanism and so have had none left with which they might dignify humanity's greatest passion. When the Japanese nation evolves the kiss of man and woman she may cease to be a mimicker and become a moulder of civilization. A kiss is the acme of imagination. It represents the triumph of sex in ideality.

In reading of the loveless, kissless, woman-denouncing Japanese, one might believe him austere chaste, puritanical, the true ascetic, and to those unversed in the duality of human nature it comes with a shock of surprise to learn that, on the contrary, his ruthless immorality and licentiousness are notorious and the scandal of Japan.

There is one feature of this so unique and so illustrative of the vicious outgrowths of man's lop-sided civilizations, that it has a claim upon the interest of every student of Japan or of human nature: the institution of the Yoshiwara.

Classified with our "white slave traffic" and the sordid evils that nightly stalk Broadway, Piccadilly and the Parisian Boulevards, it yet differs from them all in certain elements which make it the most sickening and tragic exhibition the world affords of the inhuman injustice and shame accorded woman in civilizations made strictly of the men, for the men, by the men.

At a temple in Nikko, there is a famous picture of three monkeys, one with his hands covering his eyes, which means see no evil, another with hands covering ears, which means hear no evil, the other with hands covering mouth, which means speak no evil. This is evidently the Buddhistic formula for peace on earth, good will to men; but thanks to the men who have not observed it, humanity has evolved from some of its barbarities, and most of the barbarities that exist to-day endure because women have been too long and thoroughly trained by men—to see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.

So upon the silence of society and the deaf, dumb and blind ignorance of women and the double-ledgering of men (double-standards, double-lives, one set of figures for woman to read, another hidden one for man) such institutions as the Yoshiwara have reared themselves.

No one can understand the Japanese people until he has seen the menagerie-like spectacle of that portion of its womankind whom they place outside of human rights in a hideous travesty of human dignity. In the dusk of every evening, just as the temple bells of Iriya are pealing forth their summons to the strange gods of Nippon, this spectacle begins: women, girls—the majority mere children in appearance—file into cages which open onto the streets, exactly like the cages in a zoo, and sit for hours behind those wooden bars like merchandise for sale, with an aureole of tortoise shell combs around their heads and decked in garish splendor of attire. The spectacle arouses disgust and scorn until one learns the hidden springs behind this system of woman-sale and then there comes only pity.

The Government has placed its sanction upon this institution; “thus sayeth the law” is more powerful in Japan than in any other civilized country; so the idea has been perpetuated among the people that parents have a moral (because legal) right to dispose of their daughters to their own advantage, and the inmates of the Yoshiwara are sold by their parents or adopted parents when too young and ignorant to understand the nature of the transaction or the ghastly future it will bring. But even if she knew, the Japanese daughter is as powerless to resist the parental will as her brother the soldier would be to resist the will of his Emperor. As we know, she is taught filial devotion as her religion. It is not true, as has been so frequently stated, that unchastity does not dishonor a woman in Japan. Even these slaves of the Yoshiwara, involuntary victims, are treated as below human kind. Until a few years ago, they had no chance of escape from what even the Japanese call “the bitter sea of misery.” When there were runaways, the law authorized their capture, punishment and return to their keepers. That there were many runaways we can believe when we learn that the average number of suicides among these girls throughout the land was forty and fifty a month.

In 1900 the right of "free cessation" was won for them through the courageous efforts of a foreign clergyman, and during the following two months the suicides ceased and the exodus of girls made it seem as if "the Nightless City" were at last to become a deserted city. And then a strange thing happened: the law still exacted that a girl's debt to her keeper must be paid (the original price paid her parents for her and which she is supposed to pay off to regain her freedom, something the keeper does not permit to occur unless he wishes to be rid of her) and when she thus seized the opportunity to escape through the first right ever given her, the law authorized the attachment and forfeit of her parent's property. As soon as the girls discovered this, their desertion of the Yoshiwara ceased. The girl is now held there by the moral obligation to pay her debt as powerfully as she was previously held by her official helplessness. Nowadays those engaged in rescue work are first asked by the girls who desire to escape from their life: "But what shall I do about my debt?" One writes: "This idea has been instilled in the minds of the women until they feel that they are committing an immoral act in leaving while they leave debts due the keeper." Need one add more to show how even the immorality of a woman's life in Japan has been brought about by man's trafficking in her moral nature and superior sense of responsibility? These elements are what lift the pitiful victims of the Yoshiwara—the legalized sacrifice of womanhood to the male—from the realm of the sordid and negligible into the impressiveness and demand of monstrous tragedy.

During the past four years there has been a lively agitation in Japan for a complete change in its social and moral system. The leaders of public opinion proclaim that something is radically wrong, but do not seem to know what it is that must be changed, nor just what new laws to enact; for more laws is the masculine solution of every difficulty. Concubinage has increased to such an extent that the Government recently endeavored to strike it a blow by enacting a law that hereafter no child of a concubine could inherit a titled name. It is said that nearly a third of the titled names in Japan are at present borne by the offspring of concubinage. All the children of the late Emperor

are thus illegitimate. And the geisha and kindred classes are increasing to such a degree that it forms a constant topic for discussion in the press and for wonder and alarm in good society. Many predict the dissolution of family life; others harangue the women for lack of wifely devotion and so forth. Fukuzawa, said to be the greatest man in Japan to-day, and sometimes called "The Great Commoner," says that "the first step in the reform of the family and the establishment of monogamy is to develop public sentiment against prostitution and plural or illegal marriage; and the way to do this is first to make evil practices secret. This is more important than to give women a higher education."

From which we gather that woman's education has been proposed in Japan by some foolhardy reformers as a possible factor for the improvement of family life and the morals of her country. But the great Fukuzawa and kindred potentates who have studied the west, declare simply and solely for an imitation of its institution—Monogamy; and in creating the new standards and new family life the Japanese men will do exactly as the western men have done: sit alone in the councils of State and Church and Academy and arrange it all in a stupendous new system of Marriage, Divorce and Morality, with the nature and the value and the soul of its chief factor entirely left out: Woman.

Until Japan learns this, her ambition will lead only to the futilities and never to the triumphs of the west. With her degraded womanhood, Japan will always remain an ethnologic, geologic, ethical and artistic freak, which has birds without song, flowers without odor, fruit trees without fruit, music without melody, theatres without actresses, soldiers without pensions, women without kisses, marriages without love, and at last, perhaps, humanity's culture without humanity's civilization, which will be to her much as if she had gained the whole world and had lost her own soul.

THE DIFFERENCE

JAMES HOPPER

WHEN last I met Randall at the Club, I noticed in him right away an illusive yet sensible change. Also, he wore a band of crêpe on his sleeve. I asked him what had happened.

"The other day," he said, "my uncle died."

"This death has made a difference in me. Others have moved me more; with horror, with pity, with solitude, and with sorrow. One—ah, one especially! But the death of my uncle, in some way, without awakening much compassion or much pain, has worked a transformation within me at once delicate and definite.

"My uncle was a gentle, conventional and serviceable being. His personality was vapory and gray. When he was in a room with other persons, he did not seem to be there; he disappeared within the wall, as it were. And so in Life: his presence there was hardly noticeable—even of my aunt, his wife, or of my two cousins, his daughters. He was a habit rather than an individual. In his whole existence, he had done no one any harm; neither, probably, had he ever stepped across the street to do good. But he was very obliging, and since his retirement from his small business, had given his hours to the small affairs of others. He escorted his daughters, he gave his neutral advice on hats, he carried packages, he searched for flats, he stood witness at births and demises, and sponsor of applicants to the Bridge Club.

"His dying proved in fine consistence with his living. It would seem that to the end he had sought to escape troubling anyone. He detested fuss. It was Sunday morning. He had been ailing a bit, without complaining, for several weeks; but this dawn had found him with a return of his calm and unassertive health. He had bathed; he had shaved carefully, had trimmed his beard and moustache, and even, with some effort, had cut a few locks of hair which strayed a bit irregularly down his neck. He had brushed and cleaned all his garments, and had folded

and hung in his wardrobe those he had not on. So that, afterward, there was little to do. Then, as was his Sunday morning custom, he had gone down to a near news-stand to get his paper.

"He returned, and, my aunt and cousins being busy in their rooms, established himself alone in the parlor. All nice and clean and satisfied, he was reading the newspaper before the fire, when the Thing came. It was some sort of heart trouble. I've asked the doctor about it since. He said that its interesting characteristic is the peculiar anguish which accompanies it—a strange, acute anguish, less of the body than of the soul. My uncle did not cry out. He said nothing. He left his chair, crawled across the hall, and threw himself upon his bed.

"It was there they found him some time after—first one of his daughters, who called her mother, who called the other daughter. They could see something had happened; they asked him what it was; but he would not tell them. They asked him if he would have some tea, but he did not want any, did not want to trouble them. They made the tea, but he could not drink it. They plied him again with questions; he turned his head from side to side in gentle evasion. Finally, to please my aunt, who was particularly insistent, he whispered: 'I don't know—but—I thought—I thought I was going!'

"At this point he seemed to listen intently, as to the sound of some puzzling approach. Then his head went back, his eyes reared in their sockets—and he was gone. Truly gone!

"I don't know—I was not present—but I suppose there was then a moment of terrible disorder, questioning, revolt. Doctors sent for that were not in; efforts at hopeless reanimations; against closed ears the reiterated and abominable murmurings of the truth; then the entrance of the physician, grave man of science, and the final word. And acceptance.

"When I arrived, everything was quiet again. There was a little paper spiked on the bell asking not to ring. The elder daughter opened to my knock, and broke out weeping. A little farther down the hall, I kissed the second daughter, and she broke out weeping. Already, both were in black. But my aunt, in the dining-room, was elbow-high in notes and dispatch-blanks. She rose as I came in. She was trembling, but not weep-

ing. And she looked terribly worn and frail. They had lived together for thirty-nine years. It is horrid what unseemly thoughts will press on one at such minutes. But at the sight of her, so febrile, so fragile and so old, the thought coming to me was that it was of her I had been fearing what had occurred. Him I had counted good for another ten years.

"There was little to do. As I have explained, he had done everything—he was clean and shaven, his clothes all orderly in the wardrobe. There had been no need even of carrying him to his bed; he had placed himself upon it. All there had been to do was to pull back the clean white sheet from under him, and then re-spread it over him. And place upon it a cross.

"I went in for an instant. The woman of all work who came every day to help them sat watching in a low chair by the window. She was a rough and homely old drudge. But at the crisis she had proved cool, kind, thoughtful and devoted, and it was she who had closed his eyes. He lay on the bed, with the large white sheet drawn high; and his head, upon the pillow, was beautiful. I remembered that it had been so years before; and realized that between the two periods he must have been ailing vaguely, and suffering silently, to have lost for that time this beauty. But now it had returned to him. A clean, carven, alabaster beauty. And how he slept! The position of his chin upon his chest rounded its outline into a slight stubbornness; his nostrils were a bit distended as with an avidity. And he slept thus with an expression of concentration and of thirst.

"There was not much to do. They were writing notes and telegrams. The proper authorities had been notified. The daughters, with the aid of the woman of all work, wished to do vigil that night. I decided to give him the second night, when they would be weary; and went away to be fresh for what there would be next day.

"Up to this time, you observe, the effect which the death of my uncle has had on me had not yet begun. As you can readily see from what I relate, I had been very little moved. Death in itself is not fearful to me. And here was a quick, merciful death coming as the perfect termination of a long, placid and untroubled existence. There was nothing about it I could sincerely

deplore. And my uncle had effaced himself so carefully through life that now this last and absolute effacement came without surprise, with little feeling of anything amiss, without that profound disturbance in established habits which is to most of us a catastrophe.

“ It was the next day that it began.

“ I was, that afternoon, in the dining-room with my aunt and one of my cousins (the other was watching) when there entered a young man in a frock-coat. He had a pale and noble brow, and the corners of his mouth were fixed, as if they had been ironed, into two drooping lines of decent condolence. He represented the house charged with the burial, and came to get documents necessary for the legal observances. There was a search among old cardboards, at the bottom of drawers, and my aunt spread upon the table several yellow papers. One of these was a birth-certificate. I read it out for them, and noted, reading, that my uncle had been born in 1845.

“ Suddenly, in my mind there sprang another numeral. 1875—the date of my own birth. It arranged itself by the first one, and the two stood hyphened before me:—1845-1875, birth of my uncle, birth of myself. They invited a subtraction, which immediately was made. And then I had the number 30.

“ All this time I was busy, perusing parchments, reading portions of them to the young man, who was taking notes. So that of the meaning of the number 30 I had no precise idea. Yet it remained there before me, hung up like a sign, rotund three and fat-flanked zero, and caused in me a vague distress.

“ The young man of the noble brow went away. We remained, making small arrangements. At regular intervals the number 30 returned before me, and each time caused that vague distress.

“ It was in the night that its meaning came to me, clear.

“ That night I watched over my uncle.

“ His room was the smallest of the apartment, and its window was on the court. When they had moved here twenty years ago, he had chosen it for his own. At first sight, it seemed little and shabby; but after a while you noticed that the paper of the wall was soberly fine, and you drew from the meagre furnishings

a sensation of simple harmony. Above the bed, over his head, hung, sole ornament, an English lithograph. He used to get one every Christmas from a sister he had in London. This one was all pink and blue. It represented a little girl, rosy-cheeked and golden-headed, sitting mournfully with hands clasped and eyes cast down. Really, she was mourning over a little bird that lay stiff in her lap; but her lowered eyes seemed fixed upon the bed, and she seemed to mourn over my uncle. To mourn gently, with that slight insufficiency in woe which, somehow, was all that even from the dearest his modest person drew.

"He lay beneath the compassion of the child, unaware of it, unaware of anything but of his thirst for rest. Covering the bed, there spread largely a very white sheet, and upon the sheet was a cross. There were no flowers; but much more beautiful than flowers was this wide white sheet, and upon it the black cross. Near the bed, at the height of the pillow, was a small table, also spread with white, and upon it were placed a glass of holy water, a sprig of box, and a candle. This was the sole light—the taper's slender wisp of vapory flame. And, the rest being in shadow, this was all there was in the room—the gleaming bed with its sombre crucifix; the little table, its glass, its sprig, and its candle; and above, the sorrowing child.

"He lay there with the whiteness of the sheet drawn high, as though himself had done it so. His head, as I have said, had regained its beauty—a clean, carved beauty. 'A beautiful head with nothing in it,' my aunt had said often, only half jokingly, when, with the passing of the years, she had found the worry of decisions, the care of responsibilities hers alone more and more. Poor aunt; she would not like to have that saying recalled to her now. If we thought of Death, how tip-toe careful we should be! But now, how he slept. He slept and he slept and he slept. Several times, seeing him thus, I rose from the low chair at the foot of the bed with an impulse to whisper to him, to shake him a bit, to ask him not to sleep like that. But always I was arrested by something in his features which demanded to be let alone. In his chin, from its droop upon the chest, there was a slight stubbornness; out of the shadow of his lashes, out of the corners of his eyes, an indifference oozed, a disdain of ambient

turbulences; and in the set of his motionless nostrils, there was a desire, a thirst of sleep. And he slept; slept fast, fast, fast, with resolution, with avidity, as though he had rest to make up, as though he could never catch up the lost hours of rest. In his face was a satisfaction, at once childish and profound, of one savoring; a touching and innocent greediness, as if the taste of sleep lay there upon his tongue and he could never get enough.

"All this time there swung through my thoughts a resonant pendulum which said: 'Thirty years! Thirty years! Thirty years!' But as yet I did not understand what it meant.

"The hours passed, and it was now a new phenomenon which made me rise at intervals, to stand by him and gaze. From my low chair at the foot of the bed, my vigil glance went horizontally to his visage; and at certain moments, by a trick of the candle's wavering light, with an abruptness that gave me the fancy of a click of machinery, his head changed to the head of another man. To a gross, scowling and triangular head of sword-rattling mercenary, heavily moustachioed. I would look long, trying to see him aright, with the nightmare effort of one who, having lost in the wilderness his sense of direction, strives to revolve around him the horizon till again north is north. But finally I would have to give it up and go to him before I saw once more the gentle face with its naïve gluttony of sleep.

"It was as I was thus restoring to myself his reality that suddenly I recalled him as I had seen him a long time ago.

"I must have been very little, then. I was standing on the banks of a river, and through the leaves of low-hanging boughs, I watched him swimming in the current.

"His swimming was at that time my envy, my admiration and my delight. He could float on his back. When he floated on his back, his smooth forehead and his two smooth knees alone emerged. They formed the lustrous apexes of a triangle. This triangle used to fascinate me.

"Remembering him thus, right away I reflected that I myself have learned since to swim, that now it is I who swim as he did then. *I* float on my back as he did then to my enthusiasm and my joy.

"When I swim in the green current, there is a little boy who

peers admiringly through the low leaves of the drooping boughs.

"This little boy is what I was then, when through the leaves I saw my uncle swim in the green current.

"And I am now what my uncle was then, when, swimming, he saw me peer through the leaves of the low-hanging boughs.

"And now, he is here, sleeping.

"I began to understand the meaning of the refrain, 'thirty years, thirty years.'

"Thirty years ago, my uncle was what I am now.

"Thirty years hence, I shall be what my uncle is now.

"And he is here—sleeping.

"Thirty years hence, I should be sleeping in a room, like this.

"And my wife would be in the next room, with letters and telegrams.

"That is what hurt me most in the thought. That, then, my little wife, so soft and young, should be as my aunt now; old and feverish and frail. So old and feverish and frail. And so ugly—that is the word—so ugly. Poor, dear old woman; so ugly!

"You understand what had happened to me.

"For the first time I saw clearly stretched before me a life.

"A whole life. That is why other deaths had not affected me in this way. They were endings of fragments. But here was a whole life. I had known him young and strong, an athlete full of the zest of living, in love with the water, with the air, with the glow of his veins. And now I saw him here; here through no catastrophe, no accident, no slip of the hag's clippers; but here by right, by law, in obedience to the natural and pre-ordained order of things. A life had passed before me. I had seen its full bloom and its ending.

"For the first time I had seen this; and I had now a standard, a yard-stick carefully notched, to be ever before my eyes.

"I had the measure of my own existence.

"That future, which hitherto had stretched before me so fluid, charmingly uncertain and boundless, was barred solidly by a stone wall suddenly dropped from the sky.

"Thirty years ago, he was what I am now.

"Thirty years hence, I shall be what he is now.

"And he is here, sleeping.

"After this, a strange translation took place. As I looked at my uncle, lying there, he was no longer my uncle. He became myself at the end of the measure. He was I, thirty years from now.

"I watched over him again the next night. He had been placed in his bier.

"He had been placed in his bier, but I did not see the bier. To me, it was of glass. And I continued to see him there, sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, with the wilful expression in his chin.

"In the morning, many persons came. They whispered about him—how kind he had been, and especially how obliging. The whispers came to me in the room where I watched, but I could see him sleeping, deaf, with the disdain in the shadow of his eyes.

"There was a service at the church; music passed sonorously over him; incense caressed him. And still I saw him through the bier which was but a transparency, sleeping with the avidity of a child.

"And when upon him the stone was sealed, the stone was glass, and I saw him still sleeping thus.

"But all this time, at night, before the people came, later, when the people whispered, still later, at the church, and when the stone had been sealed, it was really not he whom I saw. It was I, thirty years hence; I, hungrily asleep.

"Do you know, I have a foolish little habit—I have had it for years.

"It is to gaze, when I pass a shop-window, at my mirrored self going by.

"I like to see myself go by. It is a habit that came in adolescence. Because then I felt my muscles supple and strong, my step springy, my blood bubbling and warm, I liked to see myself go by. I saw with pleasure, and each time with a little surprise, my trim, adroit, hurrying silhouette.

"And when I look thus, unconsciously I emphasize the vigor,

the elasticity, the buoyancy of my gait. I tilt my hat a bit to one side, I leap from my toe at the end of each step, I swing my shoulders from side to side, and thus, passing from the reflection, bear away with me a picture of youth imperishable and gay.

"I had that habit before there happened to me what I have told you; I have that habit still. Still, passing the shop-windows, unconsciously I look up with a friendly interest, and, feeling still supple, warm and strong, exaggerate the decision of my manner, the swagger of my gait.

"But doing so, now I am no longer dupe. Ah, no longer dupe at all of the length of my stride, the swing of my shoulders, and the tilt of my hat!

"That is the difference the death of my uncle has made in me."

THE NEGRO PROBLEM AS A SOUTHERNER SEES IT

E. E. MILLER

OTHER questions arise and are answered, other problems present themselves and are solved; but always to the white man of the South there remains the question: "What about the negro?"

It is one of those questions which admits of no definite, positive answer, because it is not a matter to be settled by the adoption of any fixed policy. The relationships of white men and black are things of everyday life, requiring fresh adjustments and new methods of handling with each new day. It is not strange that to so complex a problem answers should be numerous and widely different.

The great mass of American citizens, both white and black, would hesitate, I am convinced, to say just what the exact status of the negro should be; but there are not wanting those prepared to answer the question with much positiveness.

On the one hand, we have in the South a large minority—in some sections, I fear, a majority—believing that the thing to do is "to keep the negro in his place"—that is, to make of him a hewer of wood and drawer of water, the economic if not the legal chattel of the white man, and to deny him, as far as possible, any participation in the government of the country.

On the other hand there is another minority, confined to the North, firmly convinced that the negro is oppressed and denied his natural rights because he is not admitted to all the privileges which white people enjoy—is not allowed to vote, to ride in the same cars with white men, to sit in the same theatres, to lodge in the same hotels.

Between these two extreme views there is naturally constant conflict, and, as is usually the case, these extremists have more to say—certainly attract more attention by what they say—than do all the rest of us who believe that it is suicidal, on the one hand, for the white man to try to keep the negro down or refuse to help him to rise; and, on the other hand, that it is sheer folly

to imagine that the negro is the equal of the white man or that it is any injustice to make as strong as possible the barriers which keep the two races separate.

Let me present the contentions of these two classes of extremists in regard to certain definite points, and then try to state what I conceive to be the opinion of the most thoughtful and unselfish white men of the South on these points.

The Negro and the Ballot

Take first of all the ballot. The negro is practically disfranchised in most Southern States. In some of these he has been disfranchised frankly by the "grandfather clause"; in others skilfully worded provisions designed to let the ignorant white man vote, while shutting out the ignorant negro, have been put into the State constitutions, which yet preserve an air of impartiality. In Mississippi, for instance, there is a long list of crimes common among negroes, which deprive a man of his right to vote. Along with those more serious are bribery, theft, obtaining money or goods under false pretences, etc., crimes which the Attorney-General of the State says "are indigenous to the negro's nature." The ability to read and write, the payment of taxes, the ownership of property, are all qualifications which decrease the number of black voters, but they apply to both races alike, except when modified by the grandfather clause, or some statute conferring upon election officers the right to decide whether or not the would-be elector understands what he reads or what is read to him. It must be remembered, however, that the grandfather clause has ceased to be operative in most of the States and that the same qualifications are now required of the new voter whether white or black.

These are the conditions. Are they justifiable?

For answer we are told that this is a white man's Republic, that the negro is incapable of self-government, and that it is necessary for the safety of the South that he be kept out of politics. We are also told that all laws which discriminate against the negro are unjust, un-American and indefensible.

I agree partly with both contentions, wholly with neither.

The Southern negro is incapable of self-government, and, as a voter, is a menace to the stability of government and the welfare of the State. Against all theories of "the right to be free" and all cries of "injustice to a weaker race," I place the history of Reconstruction days and the eight million negroes of to-day as they are. Except in an hour of passion the franchise would never have been conferred upon the liberated slaves, and I cannot believe that even the passions excited by the war would have done it, if the men responsible for it had really known what it meant.

The franchise in a free government can safely be extended only to men of intelligence and stability. Dr. Chas. W. Dabney was right when he said that the enfranchisement of the negro was "one of the greatest crimes ever committed against free government."

It was necessary for the South to disfranchise the negro. I do not argue this point; few people will be found to take issue with my statement. The question is: Was it just and wise to deprive the ignorant negro of the ballot and leave it to the ignorant white man?

For my own part, I doubt if it was. It would have been better, I am inclined to think, if both races had fared alike—if the educational test laws had been for the future only and no partiality had been shown.

Yet there is much to be said for the other side. The percentages of illiteracy for the two races give no fair idea of their comparative intelligence. The uneducated white man is better fitted to exercise the rights of citizenship than the uneducated negro. As Governor Aycock said of the North Carolina amendment:

"The amendment makes a distinction between a white man and a negro, but it does it on the ground that the white man has a knowledge by inheritance which the negro has not. Has the white man such superior knowledge? Will any man deny it?"

Hardy indeed, or else ignorant of the negro, would be the man who would even question it.

But these are largely things of the past. The question of

to-day is not so much as to the justice and wisdom of past legislation as to the justice and wisdom of future politics. And here I am equally firm in my conviction that it is sheer injustice for any State to refuse the full right of suffrage to the negro who prepares himself for it. The idea that there can be in a Republic like ours a subject caste—a body of men permanently denied the right to participate to the fullest extent in the control of the government, even if they have prepared themselves for such participation—is an idea absolutely alien from any real conception of democracy. When Senator Vardaman said that he was as much opposed to giving the right to vote to Booker T. Washington as to the "cocoanut-headed darky who blacked his boots," he showed how utterly our Southern extremists fail to understand the basic principles of the democracy they often proclaim so loudly. If it be right to deny to any man, to any race, the fullest chance to grow and develop and then to enjoy the privileges which growth and development bring, then the doctrine of democracy is a lie, and our whole theory of government rests upon the crumbling base of a false ideal.

I regard as specially dangerous any legal provision which makes it possible for men with a little brief authority to discriminate against men of another race.

In brief, it was necessary for the South to disfranchise the negro. It was a crime to give him the ballot before he was prepared for it; but it is equally a crime to deny it to him when he prepares himself to vote intelligently. What has been done by others is of small concern to us of the South to-day; but what we are doing now may hold for us the issues of life and death.

Education and the Negro

This brings us to another fundamental question: Is the South giving the negro a fair chance to rise; is he getting a fair chance to educate his children?

Here again the discord. "No," says one side; "in the South \$10.23 per year is spent to educate each white child, while only \$2.82 is spent for each black child."

"Yes, and more," says the other side. "There is no reason

why we white people of the South, ruined by the ravages of war and struggling as no other men in America have had to struggle to educate our own children, should pay for the education of the negroes. Give the negroes the part of the school fund they pay in, and no more—that will be fair."

It needs little thought to show the fallacy of the latter statement, and if those who take the other stand mean to imply that it would require an equal per capita division of the school funds between the two races to make a just distribution, their plea is equally unsound. The negro pupil is less advanced, as a rule, than the white child; his training is necessarily more elementary; his teacher costs less and is worth less. To attempt an equal per capita division between the two races would deprive the white child of more than it would give the black child, and, to be plain, the black child does not at present need the same training the white child does.

The present difference is, however, too great for me to attempt to justify it. In some instances substantial justice is done in the division of the funds between the races, in others the injustice is evident. Dr. Washington says that in one Alabama county the white child gets \$15 for education, the black child 33 cents. No amount of sophistry or special pleading can justify such a division as this.

On the whole, it seems to me that the South has done well by the education of the negro, all things considered; but it will be to our lasting discredit if we do not do "better than well." We insist that the negro must show himself capable of citizenship; we must help, not hinder him in the effort he makes. Strong men who exert their strength to hold others down are not men to be admired; and, to put the matter on a purely selfish basis, the black man of the South cannot be kept down—cannot be allowed to remain ignorant and poor and thriftless and careless of the law—without becoming a clog to the white man in his effort to ascend.

I might refer just here to some figures given out by Professor Coon, of North Carolina, which seem to show that the negro in that State is actually getting less out of the school fund than he pays into it. This would be a terrible indictment of North Caro-

lina if the charge were justified; but his figures will not stand investigation. The negro race does not pay its proportionate share of the indirect and miscellaneous taxes.

For one neglect, however, all Southern States are greatly to be blamed. Not one of them has made adequate provision for the training of negro teachers; and this is the foundation of the whole system of negro education. The negro must be taught to work, to save what he earns, to respect the laws, and to tell the truth as well as to read and write.

The Courts and the Mob

I can consider but briefly two charges often brought against the South, to which most of us seldom make reply—because we cannot.

These are, that there is, in practice if not in theory, one law for the white man and another for the black, and that, even then, racial prejudice is not satisfied but breaks out in savage mobs and ghastly lynchings.

There is racial prejudice in the South, as there is wherever two races meet. Our jails and chain gangs contain many more negroes than whites; it is usually easier to convict a negro than a white man. But for the last two facts I do not believe the first is wholly responsible. It is easier anywhere to convict an ignorant, a poor, or an uninfluential man than one with learning, money and friends. The accused negro is usually defended by a cheap lawyer, and unless he be a professional criminal, is likely to be a poor defender of his own case. Simple justice is too much bundled up with red tape and dusty ermine in all our courts, and racial feeling cannot but have its influences. Still, I believe that most white juries try to be just to the negroes they try. Negro jurymen to try offenders of their own race have been suggested, but I have heard of an instance or so in which the black prisoner preferred to have his case tried by white men.

I should consider myself an unworthy son of the South if I had one word of defence or palliation for the men who permit their anger at some perverted brute to drag them down to the level of the savage and make them members of a murderous

mob. We can only be thankful that lynchings are decreasing and hopeful that as both white and black gain more of self-restraint and strength the causes which provoke them may be fewer, and the temptation to mad revenge which certain hideous crimes stir in the bosoms of all white men may be more manfully withstood.

The Lines of Social Cleavage

On the points I have discussed, Southern sentiment is much divided, but it is practically unanimous in its support of laws forbidding intermarriage of the races, forbidding the two races to attend the same schools, to sit together in places of amusement, or to ride in the same street and railway cars. That all these laws are wise and wholesome we firmly contend, and the great body of white people in other sections has given them at least tacit approval. There are those, however, who insist that all of them—except possibly the first—are unjust and that they are in disregard of some natural or acquired right of the negro.

Even so sound a thinker as Ray Stannard Baker seemed inclined some years ago to place the "Jim Crow law" in the same class with the disfranchisement laws. The truth is, the two have nothing in common. One strikes at the very fundamentals of citizenship, the other is merely a wise and just social regulation.

The colored man is denied no right when he is assigned to a certain section of the theatres, or to a certain car on the train. He is entitled to receive as much for his money as the white man receives for the same amount, and there his legal and his moral rights end.

"But," we are told, "he cannot ride in the Pullman cars; he has to go to inferior hotels; he has to see the play from the gallery—if he wants the best there is and is able to pay for it, why shouldn't he have it?"

There are two answers to this, either of them sufficient.

One is, that whenever enough negroes want these things to make it profitable for some one to furnish them, they will get them. That is the way white men secured them—by evidencing an ability and a willingness to pay for them. When enough

negroes wish to ride in Pullman cars, there will be Pullmans for them; when enough of them can pay for good seats in high-class theatres, such theatres will be built for them. We must not forget that all these are mere matters of personal desire, and that the wishes of the numerous white people who would be offended by the presence of a negro among them are just as much to be considered as the wishes of the one negro who has an unwholesome longing to identify himself as far as possible with another race.

The other answer is, that it is sloppy sentiment rather than solid reason which would insist that any race is entitled to all the advantages of a civilization which is the work of others. I would say nothing unkind of the black race, I have faith in its future and a desire to see it progress and develop; but I know, as every other man knows, that our civilization was not of the negro's making, that he does not maintain it, that he is not yet capable of preserving it, if it were entrusted to his keeping.

The civilization the white man of America has is the result of generations of struggle and effort on the part of his ancestors, and this heritage he must keep for himself. The civilization the American negro has was superimposed upon him, largely against his will, and he expects the white man to see that it is perpetuated. It is folly for any race to expect to reap where it has not sown.

The negro must be given a chance to develop to his utmost capacity; justice to him requires that he have the help of his white neighbor in every worthy effort; but the lines of social cleavage must be sharply drawn.

When the negro race begins to take pride in its own achievements and to rejoice in working out its own destiny, instead of trying to imitate and to associate with the white race, it will have made progress indeed. When the average negro does not envy the far-off Northern negro with a white wife, and the average negress is not proud to have a child by a white man, it will be time to discuss the wisdom of this policy of the strictest possible segregation of the races. The negro needs racial pride as much as any other one thing—much more than he needs to be allowed to associate more intimately with the white men.

This is not saying, however, that the negro always gets justice along these lines. If he must have his own colleges, he is entitled to a fair share of the State's contribution to collegiate education, and this he has not had. If he must stay in his own car, he is entitled to decent service, and this he often fails to get. If he is expected to live in his own section of the city,—and I think he should be,—he is entitled to more consideration as a citizen and a taxpayer than he commonly receives.

The views I have presented are mine only. I claim to speak for no one else. Still, I believe that they are substantially those of the more conservative and thoughtful citizens of the South. I believe, too, that they are slowly gaining ground against the ideas of those who think that the negro's only purpose in the world is to be useful to white men, as well as of those who believe that the negro is the equal in every respect of the white man and should be met as such by the white man of the South.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF KARL MARX

L. L. BERNARD

FOR more than half a decade we have had almost constantly called to our attention two rather remarkable facts about socialism. One of these is its rapid growth and the other is the marked change which is taking place inside the movement. These facts are true of socialism in other countries as well as in this, and in some European countries tendencies toward growth and revisionism are older than in the United States. If we consider this country only, we need go back merely to the national elections of 1904 to find the total Socialist vote jumping from less than one hundred thousand in 1900 to more than four hundred thousand four years later. True, there was but a slight increase in the total Socialist vote of the 1908 elections, but this rest period may perhaps be explained quite reasonably by the fact that the national Administration had established popular confidence for its policies in the preceding four years, and these policies were professedly to be carried out in the next Administration. The complete breakdown of the Taft Administration, the recent invasion of the national House of Representatives and the capture of a large block of city administrations, in whole or in part, to say nothing of the poll of nearly one million Socialist votes in the recent national election, would seem to mark a decided rise in the party's political fortunes. The one spectre which arises to cast gloom over socialist hopes is the marked tendency toward progressivism in the old parties, which in one has nominated and elected a progressive candidate for the Presidency and in the other has broken the restraining shackles of party regularity and given birth to a new party.

These facts are by no means novel. The socialists themselves have not been reluctant in spreading them; and their very familiarity has so accustomed us to the idea of socialists without tails and horns that the party's ranks may be more easily swelled in the future. But a second fact which largely accounts for these successes—but which unfortunately the socialists have not so per-

sistently advertised—is that there is a progressive movement within the Socialist party itself. The lines of stand-patism and progressivism are closely drawn among the socialists and it has sometimes looked as if those in a majority in the party were ashamed to be called progressives, so angrily and persistently have they repudiated the soft impeachment that their doctrines have changed since the days of Karl Marx. Back in the minds of the old line socialists lurks the dogmatic faith that the great Marx said once and for all the final word on social reform. So bitter have these dogmatists been in resisting any *lèse majesté* to their canonized leader that they have intimidated the newer blood into nominal allegiance and lip service. Thus has arisen an interesting psychological situation. Those who are to-day furthest from Marx in principles must still justify all their new ideas and improved programmes by asserting that they are truly Marxian. What the constitution is to the old line Republican, even more is Marx, and especially *The Communist Manifesto*, to the old line socialist. This rigid application of an outworn test of faith has created a new field of socialist activity—the higher criticism of Marx.

The socialist movement has been and still is primarily philosophical rather than political. As such the people have understood it. True, it has put forth party platforms and declarations of faith, more or less unrelated to its general tenets, but everyone understands that in the Socialist, as in the Republican and the Democratic parties, platforms are for the most part merely vote-getters and may have little or no relation to the actual policy of the machine. The one real force which has unified socialists for a third of a century or more has not been party declarations, but the economic and social philosophy of Karl Marx—or what the rank and file of the movement understood this philosophy to be. But none the less the movement of socialism has recently been steadily away from Marx, just in the same way, if not to the same extent, as it has been away from the other early leaders of socialism—from Owen, Fourier, Bakunin, Weitling, and Louis Blanc. In many respects socialism has been like a religion, so strong—almost fanatical—has been the devotion of its followers to the teachings of Marx. And perhaps in

socialism as in all other dogmatic beliefs, change can come only through reinterpretation—by a species of higher criticism.

To realize fully the significance of the recent socialist movement away from Marxism it is necessary to understand the relation of Marx to modern socialism and the part which he played in its development and in the organization of its principles.

Two things made Marx the leader—the high priest, as it were—of the socialism of the last half of the nineteenth century. First, the domineering, ponderous and mystical character of his person and his intellect lent him a prestige such as his rivals, Bakunin and Weitling, with their attempts at acting, could not achieve. From Hegel he brought a seductive and ponderous formalism which always appeals strongly to those who would make much of limited knowledge. From his South German and Jewish antecedents there survived an almost Calvinistic fatalism which—paradoxical as it may seem—because of its conservatism prepared him well for his second great prerequisite for leadership—eclecticism. Marx was not remarkably original, though his intellect was untiring. He came to socialism as an educated “intellectual.” It is doubtful if any other socialist of his time was equally well trained in an academic way. He alone of socialists, perhaps, had the breadth of view and the conservatism necessary for harmonizing the many bitterly contending views of his time. He was added to the “cause” at a time when there was the fiercest conflict on between factions, notably that between the peaceable Utopians and the revolutionary insurrectionists. To these Utopian dreamers, who placed the ideal commonwealth off in the unobtrusive and poetic future, and to the rash revolutionaries, who honestly hoped to change the whole constitution of society by a holiday insurrection, Marx brought an alert but Hegelian-Calvinistic fatalism in the form of the materialistic conception of history and pseudo-revolutionism. This was the oil which he threw upon the troubled waters. He charmed the disputants with a theory which has grown upon his followers until many of them now regard it as the central principle of socialism.

Though dogmatic in a way, as his many firm attitudes prove, Marx did his greatest work as a man of compromise. And for

all we know to the contrary, his compromises were intellectually honest. His breadth of view led him to see something true in all the conflicting theories, while his limitations caused him to take them over undigested rather than by a process of selection and rejection. His Calvinistic temperament and Hegelian formalism rendered him receptive to the dogmatic pessimism of the submerged classes of his time. With this attitude of mind Marx accepted and expanded the class struggle hypothesis. In his day the struggle of the unrecognized classes—the “fourth estate”—for a political and social hearing was a bitter reality, while the prestige and privilege of birth and title had been but slightly undermined. Under such circumstances it was by no means strange that even the educated Marx should have divided the world into two great classes—those who toil and those who thrive on privilege—and should have thought of their class interests as permanently opposed. Marx was not himself enough of a sociologist to foresee that our great industrial and cultural era must also bring a democracy which should act automatically as an efficient solvent and leveller in the matter of classes. But no one could adequately foresee the meaning of democracy in that day. To Marx' Calvinistic temperament, the problem was one solely of choosing which master he should serve.

And for himself Marx made the choice; he accepted and advocated the proletarian standpoint. In this second compromise he came very near leaving himself and his kind out of account in the socialist system, and perhaps there is no stronger testimony to the fact of compromise than this apparently unconscious failure to make a place for himself in the new order. This part of his theory appears to have been based primarily on emotion.

In much the same way Marx accepted the revolutionary theory of reform of his day, but he modified it in such a way as to project it indefinitely into the future. His compromise at this point was largely in the nature of using the word “revolution,” while he transformed the thought to indicate a gradual change. In fact, it is not clear just what he meant by revolution, though it is most probable that more often than not he understood by the term much that we now mean by social evolution. His fourth great compromise throws some light on this question, for

in his acceptance of the Utopian idea in the form of the distant and vaguely conceived co-operative commonwealth, he does not make it clear how this *ultima Thule* of the socialist order is to be attained. At times he talks of gradual achievement and again he speaks as if it might come soon and by means of marked and rapid change.

In defence of these more distinctly sociological views, and without a very extensive knowledge of economics, he built up, partly by shrewd eclectic methods and partly by original interpretation, an economic theory centring about capital. Because of the strategic importance of this theory it was the first to be discredited by the onslaught of the enemy, and has now practically been abandoned by the most progressive of his friends.

These two facts—his domineering personality and his sympathetic assimilation of the conflict situation—made it possible, though not easy, to suppress all the revolts of the smaller and factional minds and for him to become dominant in his authority over the policies of the movement. The system itself, which he formed by a union of the many factions which he found, was not without a certain genius and merit. He found it discreet and wholly partisan, and he left it united and less partisan; he found it largely antisocial, and he gave to it a distinct, if not a complete, flavor of the common good.

Valuable to the movement as was the high priesthood of Marx as a force for unity, its benefit was not an unmixed one. Temporarily at least it brought comparative sanity. But almost in the very degree in which it forced unity into the movement it also made the faithful adherents dogmatic and ultra orthodox or, as we now say, Marrian. Spargo tells of an unlettered workman who on Sundays walked ten miles or more to spell over *Das Kapital* with a comrade, not because they understood what they read, but because it had become the emblem of the social redemption for which they hoped—their bible. Such a spirit of reverence necessarily leads to literalism, and this attitude of dogmatism was itself destined to cripple the growth of socialism. In some cases the words of Marx were taken to defend a revolutionary impossibleism, which sometimes degenerated into direct action. And at other times Marx, the intellectual, became the

authority for an anti-intellectualism which descended into a demagogic proletarianism. But in all countries this dogmatism closed the door to new light and the socialist movement was threatened with suffocation.

But the *post mortem* prestige of Marx has not been equal to the task of closing his system, and in the second decade after his death there burst out a revolt in Europe which was felt unmistakably by us only in the third decade. As a result of this revolt the movement has taken on three important new aspects. It has adopted an opportunistic programme of reform; it has received a large accretion from the middle class which now threatens to dominate it; and, as a consequence, the movement which once seemed stagnant or in a state of dry rot is now blessed with great growth.

Of course this change is not being accomplished openly and directly as a revolt or a "bolt." For the most part it is being brought about by a method of higher criticism of the master, often somewhat evasive in character, but always by the aid of reinterpretation and reconstructed precedent as in law or religion. Now and then an actual clash does occur, as that in the national executive committee of the Socialist party at Chicago in the spring of 1910. At that time a violent rupture is supposed to have taken place between the rigid Marxians and the opportunists. Hughan,* a socialist writer, is responsible for the statement that peace was finally preserved by the resignation of some of the insurgents from the committee and by the covering up of a multitude of progressive sins by others with the convenient and respected Marxian cloak. However, in the readjustment, extending to the party itself as a whole, the editorship of the Chicago *Daily Socialist* changed hands, and the cause of socialist opportunism received a severe shock in that city. Much the same quarrel was repeated on a larger scale at the national convention in Indianapolis in May, 1912. A good many accusations and counter-accusations of anarchism and direct action on the one side and of traitors on the other were passed, but differences were finally patched up by giving the Presidential nomination to a more or less set Marxian and the

* *Present Status of Socialism in America.*

Vice-Presidential nomination to a moderate progressive, while the progressives seem to have won most of the moral victories. Though the socialists endeavor to keep their factional struggles from the public ear, these recent contests show plainly that there is a fight on in the Socialist party analogous to that in the old parties. The progressive strength is growing rapidly, but a question of the utmost importance for the future of the Socialist party itself is whether it is growing as rapidly as in the old parties. Of course their counter claim would be that the most reactionary socialist is more progressive than the most active insurgent in the old parties. But of this the public has yet to be convinced, in so far as their claim has reference to social reform in this day and age.

The actual methods by which the socialist progressives harmonize their views with those of Marx for public consumption are often very interesting. One of the cleverest tricks used by the higher critics to sugar-coat a difficult revisionist pill for the standpatter is the argument so frequently employed by Mr. Spargo in his writings and addresses. Marx, he says, was himself a progressive and on several occasions openly declared that he was no Marxian; therefore to be progressive is to be Marxian. Whereupon Mr. Spargo immediately proceeds to show that his own views are strictly orthodox. So far has this been carried in his life of Marx that New York socialists have a way of facetiously saying, "Read the second edition." What Mr. Spargo has done on a large scale and yet remained a staunch Marxian, numerous others have done in a smaller way by their own methods. In fact, the present day Marx which they have created for us is no longer a revolutionist at all, but an evolutionist, in sociology what Darwin is to biology. Nor is this same Marx any longer strictly a proletarian or a class partisan, but a sociologist and economist with a truly modern outlook upon the equitable development of all classes of society. Nor does he any longer hold strictly to his own invention, the materialistic interpretation of history, which is now modified into a tame statement of the general influence of environment upon man.

Some of the more progressive socialists, however, have gone

further under the influence of outside criticism, and have admitted frankly that his explanatory economics is defective. A recent socialist writer, Miss Hughan, says that Marx' economics was developed after the writing of *The Communist Manifesto*, which is the real socialist constitution, and that therefore his economics is not a necessary part of his socialism. In fact, she says, it should be regarded merely as an individual output. She neglects, however, to explain why one work of his, to which he devoted so much time and emphasis, should be less truly Marxian than another of which he was only joint author. Another clever method of the higher critics, which both Miss Hughan and Mr. Spargo use, is to claim that in all essentials Marx was right, while all his errors are non-essential and incidental to socialism. Such an attitude is serviceable in at least two ways, for it not only allows Marx always to be right, but it also makes it possible for his higher critics to discredit a worn-out Marxian hypothesis by characterizing it as non-essential or secondary.

But in some matters not even the reconstructive methods of the higher critics will preserve the master intact, and here the bolder progressives frankly, if reluctantly, admit that socialists must reconstruct their theories independently. The labor-cost theory of value, which was the strongest defence of the ultra-proletarian standpoint, has had to go the way of the rest of classical economics. So also, in large measure, have gone the Marxian explanatory theories of surplus value, of crises, and of the origin of private capital in exploitation and robbery. With the passage of these doctrines the deification of the proletariat and the claim that the hand worker alone produces also vanish, and the way is prepared for the ultimate admission of bourgeois industry and interests into the system. For, if proletarian labor does not create all and if the hated middle class is necessary to the social system, then each must share in the product. But still the question of the legitimacy of social distinctions has to be settled, and it may well be that here the socialists have the better of the argument.

Along with this revision of economic theory has come also a modification of sociological and political principles. Gradually

the socialists have dropped from their programmes the demand that productive land should be held in common, thus making a vital concession to that large portion of the middle class which is agrarian in character. Likewise they have within the last few years quite generally dropped their warfare on private ownership of the smaller and non-corporate means of production. This may also be regarded as a concession to another large section of the middle class. Along with these conspicuous concessions one hears less and less of the prophecy of the elimination of the middle class in the grinding warfare between the proletariat and the privileged classes. The deep-seated hatred of the clergy and often of Christianity also seems to be diminishing, especially in this country, where the ministry is less bound by the hierarchy and is often under the direct control of the local community. All this means that socialism is passing out of the stage of provincialism and class feeling into that of a practical movement of reform.

To some it may be difficult to understand why earlier socialists should have so hated the middle class, and why in Europe this hatred still often persists. In large part it was undoubtedly due to invidious comparisons, in part to a resentment at the actual poverty of the proletariat. In part again it was due to an erroneous conception of economic and sociological principles, which underestimated the social benefits of markets and exchange, of saving and private ownership of productive capital. And a scarcely less important reason, perhaps, was the conspicuous snobbery of the middle class in many countries in their mad imitation of the privileged classes.

Nothing, perhaps, could be more conspicuously indicative of the revision now going on in socialist theory than the way in which the class struggle hypothesis is being softened under the touch of sociology and ethics. Of course the full import of this change has not yet been grasped by the strict "Marxists" and the ultra-Marxist proletarians. But the old doctrine of the supremacy of class interests no longer appeals to the more progressive. Society and mankind are coming to be regarded more as a whole. Consequently, the value of harmonizing and modifying the interests of all classes in keeping with a broad social evolution is coming to be seen.

Not only are the older class struggle hypothesis and propaganda repudiated by the newer social ethics, but they are rendered actually distasteful to large numbers of socialists themselves by the constant absorption of the middle class. But even these new recruits do not dare openly to repudiate the principle, because it would mean a dissension in the socialist ranks between themselves and the rigid Marxists. For this reason advanced middle class socialist writers, like Mr. Spargo, restate the principle with a new psychological significance, under the title of "The Moral Value of Class Consciousness."* In this new dress the complexion of the principle is wholly transformed.

Marx, despite the recent claim of his followers to the contrary, was not strictly speaking an evolutionist. On the one hand he had the Hegelian conception of marked antithetical changes. On the other hand, his statement of the law of materialistic determination—a more accurately and completely descriptive term than the more recent substitute of "economic determinism"—lacks perspective as well as precision. His claim that "intellectual production changes in character in proportion as material production is changed," or, to use Engels' statement of the theory which he attributes to Marx—"that in every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch"—neglects the influence of the "dead hand," which is really predominant in human affairs. His emphasis upon the genesis of consciousness out of present conditions is a failure to realize the bearing of custom and tradition upon present social life. As a consequence, this principle—to which the most recent socialist writers, such as Spargo and Hughan, have attempted to return as the fundamental contribution of Marx as well as the fundamental philosophic principle of socialism—is only in part true as it was originally stated. One of the interesting examples of the higher criticism of Marx is the recent restatement of the

* This is the title of a chapter in Spargo's *Substance of Socialism*.

principle so as to make it evolutionary in form and therefore truer to fact!

The change now in process in socialism—as indeed is that in all parties and creeds—is a most interesting one, and if it is not unduly checked it bids fair to be of far reaching consequences. The middle class is invading the socialist movement and has already practically captured its leadership. This change should be welcomed by all socialists with a discerning outlook. But the typical proletarian has not proved himself a progressive. He sticks by his Marx as a devout Mohammedan does by his Koran—not to draw an analogy nearer home. He cannot be a reformer in an evolutionary or opportunistic sense of the word. He lives too close to the boiling pot of life and too far from the making of philosophies to get an adequate social perspective of things. He is a revolutionist.

As the party expands into a reform movement of the middle class, it leaves Marx in large measure behind. But this change goes on slowly, partly because contemporaneous leadership in the party is anathematized. But since leadership is necessary in any movement, its discouragement in the present makes it all the more difficult to cast off that of a great personality of the past like Marx, even after most of his ideas have been antedated. Consequently present leadership has to masquerade under subterfuge, cant phrases and lip service to the great dead leader. One of the peculiar anomalies of this present situation is the ease with which almost any demagogue may get a hearing among the "proletarian" socialists if only he will begin his discourse with praise of Marx or with invective against the "intellectuals." This is true even though, as Spargo has well said, the disturbers are themselves "intellectuals" instead of "proletarians." For a long while a certain "millionaire socialist" handed out daily through the Chicago *Daily Socialist* a brief essay on the righteousness of strong measures by the proletariat in their death struggle against the privileged rich! If one may judge from his conspicuous connection with the party his popularity with both proletarian and middle class socialists was immense.

This change in the leadership and the constituency of the party, which is going on in spite of much subterfuge and cant

phrasing, means for one thing the abandonment of the old revolutionary and utopistic policies which Marx found and harmonized. The co-operative commonwealth also is being put off into the indefinite future and it is increasingly difficult to get any socialist to describe it. Ever more rarely does one find an intelligent member of the party who looks forward to any radical change or mutation in social development. Some decades ago the German socialists discontinued their obstructionist policies with the result that the party has grown steadily and rapidly as a reform party till at the close of the last German elections it obtained the leading representation in the Reichstag. In this country also the rapid growth of the party is contemporaneous with its activity as a reform movement.

The Wisconsin tendencies in socialism are coming to be more and more representative of the movement in this country. Carl Thompson, for example—who to be sure is a Christian socialist—is purely a reformer in policy. Rabid partisanship for the proletarians, cant phrases regarding the class struggle, revolutionism, or anti-intellectualism do not appear in his speeches. He is busy trying to secure better laws for the present and to enforce those we have. There are many others like him. Berger, Gaylord and Seidel have much the same outlook, though there is some indication, according to a recent issue of *The Survey*, that the most serious mistake of the Milwaukee administration was its tendency to treat non-socialists as Gentiles.

The recent socialist victories in this country show that the people are gaining confidence in the Socialist party as a movement of reform. As Professor Hoxie, who recently made an investigation of the subject, says,* it does not appear that in a single recent socialist victory was the issue on which the contest was won that of socialism of the ultra radical type. People are losing their blind loyalty to party names—as the recent organization of a Progressive party proves—and they are consequently becoming more and more ready to attach themselves, temporarily at least, to any party which promises desired reforms. It is acknowledged by socialists themselves that their victories are

* "The Socialist Party in the November [1911] Elections," *Journal of Political Economy*, March, 1912.

won by the help of non-socialists, and they fully realize that their chance for carrying an election is largely in proportion to the obliquity of the opposing parties. The influence of this temporary association of outsiders upon the socialists is of considerable benefit to them, since it broadens their outlook and teaches them the tactical value of opportunism.

One possibility of enormously increasing the strength of the Socialist party in this country has stubbornly failed to materialize. In other leading nations—England, for example—the labor unions and the Socialist party have largely merged their forces, but in this country there have been only sporadic and local movements in this direction. This is due largely to a mutual suspicion of the two factions, to say nothing of the fact that the labor leaders are sometimes quite facile in playing politics in their own behalf. Mr. Gompers' attitude toward socialism is distinctly one of distrust, and he constantly asserts by way of antidote that his work is a practical one and in the interest of the present needs of labor. On the other hand the socialists have officially declared their distrust of the sincerity of the American Federation of Labor, intimating that they believe that the latter organization has fallen into the hands of the capitalists, since a majority of the executive council of the A. F. of L. is affiliated with the American Civic Federation, which they regard as an organization in the interests of capitalism. Whether the suspicions of the socialists regarding the national labor body are justifiable or not, it is not likely that the unions themselves will espouse political socialism until it clears itself of the traditional suspicion of theoretical inanity and openly and consistently advertises an opportunistic policy of reform.

Debs, among other socialists, has declared himself unconditionally hostile to such a fusion. But a majority of the leaders—who are, of course, middle class—favor affiliation. The leading Wisconsin socialists, Berger and Thompson, are on this side, and so are Work, Hillquit, Hunter and Spargo so far as they feel that their official connections will allow them to declare themselves. An interesting proof of the general leaning of the leaders in this direction is the fact that the fight in the national executive committee over this question, which was referred to

above, did not result in a complete victory for those opposed to an opportunistic compromise with labor. It did eventuate in the throwing out of some of the more fearless men from the national committee and in the hedging of others, but a substantial, though diminished, majority of the progressives was still left on the committee.

Why do not the more progressive leaders and members of the party openly and fearlessly declare their reform policies and disavow the old traditional and impeding doctrines in which so many no longer believe? Why should the progressive majority be held back by the conservative minority? The reasons are not difficult to find and they are the same as those existing in every other movement. As the religious higher critic hesitates to disavow doctrines which are traditionally connected with his church, so does the higher critic of Marx hesitate for a like reason. The old method of patching up the punctured skin to hold the new wine is resorted to, and as the new wine ferments from contact with the old skin it becomes palatable to the devotees of the old skin. Their action is due in part, no doubt, to sentimental considerations. In other cases it is grimly practical. Reformers of all parties and creeds constantly face a double danger, and those of socialism are no privileged exception. They must gauge the time of their revolt carefully. If they declare their advanced principles too soon they lose their leadership. And if they succeed in carrying the masses with them a disruption of the party may result by which a larger faction of reactionaries than can be spared secedes. Thus indefinite delay and tiresome and discouraging compromise are forced upon the reformers.

Yet the forward step must be taken some time. The question of When? presents a nerve-racking dilemma. If the leaders delay too long some other reform party in which the people can have confidence—in which impractical theory and distant utopian demands do not cloud the present issues—will get the ear of the people. The other horn of the dilemma, which is equally difficult to hold, is that they may break with the reactionaries in their own party before they get the confidence of the masses of the people outside. Thus, stranded without a dogmatic or religious element, which is now supplied by the extreme Marxists,

and without the confidence of the public or the accretion of new and able leaders, a prematurely born reform party in socialism could not survive. Either horn of the dilemma presages dire results, and it will require more skilful seers to determine when the time is ripe. Are the present socialist leaders, intimidated by the prejudice against contemporary leadership within the movement, equal to the task? Can the evangelist Bourgeois successfully steer the distressed proletarian out of the Marxian city and across the slough of class hatred to the pathway of reform, where the burden of revolutionism and Utopianism will roll away? Many think the time is now fit for action. Others hesitate. And in the meantime the new Progressive party looms on the horizon.

There is one bit of useful political psychology which even the brightest middle class socialist leaders appear to have missed. No movement which merely invites the masses to join and to shape it to their liking will ever become strong. Even in our democracy the great masses of men demand that movements and principles be ready made for them, and that they be left merely to choose or to reject. This may not be the method of an ideal democracy, but it is *our* method. And any party which wishes to succeed must first get its platform ready and not invite the people to make a platform for themselves. We have not yet the machinery by which people can construct their own platforms and unite on them. The Socialist party of to-day, with its referendum on party issues designed to accomplish this very end, does not constitute a mass of opinion representative of our population as a whole. To break away and to read the minds of the people correctly and to inspire them with confidence requires both courage and intelligence. But there is no other way.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

W. B. TRITES

WHEN I was a little boy, I used to spend a good deal of time at my grandfather's. There, in the long, cold, quiet evenings of winter, we would play backgammon, we would read aloud, and at ten we would have a collation, a collation in my honor, of cold ham and chicken, cider and mince-pie.

I have a vivid memory of many beautiful passages read aloud on winter evenings in this pleasant manner at my grandfather's, but my memory is particularly vivid of Mr. Howells' *Lemuel Barker*. *The Minister's Charge, or the Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker*, was first issued as a serial in *The Century*, and we read it with eagerness—my grandfather, my grandmother, my aunt and I—month by month as it appeared.

It interested us profoundly. We discussed Lemuel, Sewell, Statira and the rest as though they had been real people. I remember still and starry nights of blood-curdling cold when I would be intensely annoyed by Mr. Howells' kindly treatment of the officious Mrs. Sewell—for, little boy that I was, I did not then perceive that for Mr. Howells to give the squarest of "square deals" to a character does not inevitably mean that he upholds all that character's conduct—and I remember nights of wild wind and snow when Lemuel's stern aloofness shocked and displeased me, though at the same time I liked very much the lad's honor, his delicate pride.

And now, to-day, as I turn the leaves of the first six volumes of the comely new edition of Mr. Howells' works, my mind goes back to my childhood, to my grandfather's delightful house of long ago, and to that story, at once so simple and so profound, which by reason of its perfect clarity, its vigorous and logical movement, its living characterization, could enthrall equally an old man and woman, a young lady, and a little boy of nine or ten years. And turning these fresh and comely pages, I ask myself the secret of Mr. Howells' fame.

It is as critic, as essayist and as novelist that he reveals his

secret in these six books *—a luminous, catholic and profound critic, a brilliant essayist, and a great, a very great novelist, a novelist standing beside Tolstoy, Zola, Dostoievsky, Flaubert.

As critic one first thinks of him, perhaps, as the spear that tumbled Dickens and Thackeray from their too lofty thrones. Dickens and Thackeray are kings, small kings; and they occupy small thrones to-day; but, till Mr. Howells showed us the melodramatic quality in the one and the snobbish quality in the other, their thrones were lofty, vast, and resplendent with jewels of glass. In Valhalla, perhaps, Dickens and Thackeray now feel more dignified and more comfortable on little thrones that fit them—little, simple thrones—much comelier really than those huge, pinchbeck ones that Mr. Howells knocked over amid a tremendous uproar and scandal.

But it is better to think of Mr. Howells as the generous revealer rather than the ruthless destroyer: for few critics have made us so many revelations as he. Stephen Crane, Frank Norris—whenever a fine American talent has appeared, Mr. Howells, from his chair of authority, has been the first to hail it. He was the first to hail Tolstoy. Endless would be the list of talents from every land that he has revealed to us. Perhaps he has been too generous. To me at least it is sometimes almost pathetic to see him, this great master, praising with a boy's enthusiasm and a boy's reverence writers who are still but kindergarteners in that school of letters where he has taken all the diplomas, all the honors. But, if he has praised generously, he has never praised wrongly. The talents he has offered us have been real talents—there have been no Rider Haggards among them, no false fires, no mistakes. Hence Mr. Howells' praise has become a hallmark. It is, in fact, our only hallmark. It places a writer at once and permanently. How many writers it has thus placed!

As critic Mr. Howells is a kind of miner, digging and digging into a subject, turning up nugget after nugget of pure truth. "Style" is a subject that has been often enough dug into; no more nuggets on this claim, you would say; but Mr. Howells,

* The writings of William Dean Howells are published by Harper & Brothers, and the first six volumes of a new Library Edition have recently been issued.

who digs very deep, uncovers for us, in a paragraph on Goldsmith's style, such a massy, virgin nugget as this:

"Kindness and gentleness are never out of fashion; it is these in Goldsmith which make him our contemporary, and it is worth the while of any young person presently intending deathless renown to take a little thought of them. They are the source of all refinement, and I do not believe that the best art in any kind exists without them. The style is the man, and he cannot hide himself in any garb of words so that we shall not know somehow what manner of man he is within it; his speech betrayeth him, not only as to his country and his race, but more subtly yet as to his heart, and the loves and hates of his heart."

How luminous that is! In the light of it we see clearly the essential truth—the truth that only the great man has the great style, and the little, sterile imitators of the mannerisms—mannerisms are always faults—of Lamb and Carlyle, Pater and Mr. Henry James, are vain, vain.—Yes, we can all be literary, we can all write as prettily as you please; but it takes a great and good man to write a great and good book; and the most elaborate workmanship cannot hide, for example, Mr. Kipling's damning worship of aristocratic pomp and power, his damning love of trickery and bluff.

On another page he says of the "stylist" (by this term I mean the stylist so beloved of the average reviewer—the affected writer, the imitator, the shower-off) : "The greatest talent is not that which breathes of the library, but that which breathes of the street, the field, the open sky, the simple earth."

To write with a fine style, then, it is first necessary to have a fine mind, and afterwards to express the thoughts of that mind adequately, in a manner breathing not of the library, not of the affectations of this master or of that, but in a manner breathing of the field, the open sky, the simple earth, and one's own heart.

Luminous as to style, Mr. Howells is luminous as to plot, and, praising *Don Quixote*, he says:

"I believe that its free and simple design, where event follows event without the fettering control of intrigue, but where all grows naturally out of character and conditions, is the supreme form of fiction."

These wise words upon the plot, the movement, of a novel, may be applied to the world's masterpieces. Apply them to *La Terre*, *Anna Karénina*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Madame Bovary*, *Crime and Punishment*, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*; and in each case "event follows event," we find, "without the fettering control of intrigue," and "all grows naturally out of character and conditions." This dictum might well be used as a touchstone for first-rate work.

I turn a page and come upon a weighing of Dickens and Thackeray that strikes me as singularly true, singularly delicate. Mr. Howells read Dickens and Thackeray in his youth, and he shows us why Dickens' influence upon youth is nobler than that of Thackeray:

"There is certainly a property in Thackeray that somehow flatters the reader into the belief that he is better than other people; and with a young man especially he is of an insidiously aristocratic effect. . . . In Dickens the virtue of his social defect is that he never appeals to the principle which sniffs in his reader. The base of his work is the whole breadth and depth of humanity itself. . . . I do not know that he once suffers us to feel our superiority to a fellow-creature through any social accident, or except for some moral cause."

Then, of Thackeray, he goes on:

"With his air of looking down on the highest, and confidentially inviting you to be of his company in the seat of the scorner, he is irresistible; his very confession that he is a snob, too, is balm and solace to the reader who secretly admires the splendors he affects to despise. . . . I exulted to have Thackeray attack the aristocrats, and expose their wicked pride and manners, and I never noticed that he did not propose to do away with aristocracy, which is and must always be just what it has been, and which cannot be changed while it exists at all. He appeared to me one of the noblest creatures that ever was when he derided the shams of society; and I was far from seeing that society, as we have it, was necessarily a sham. . . . Now I know that so long as we have social inequality we shall have snobs; we shall have men who bully and truckle, and women who snub and crawl. . . . He had the effect of taking me into the great world,

and making me a party to his splendid indifference to titles, and even to royalties, and I could not see that sham for sham he was unwittingly the greatest sham of all."

How true that is! I myself read Dickens and Thackeray in my boyhood—Dickens first, from beginning to end; then Thackeray from beginning to end; and Dickens' effect on me was good, but Thackeray made me an insufferable young snob. I cannot forgive Thackeray for this, and when I recently read how, at a dinner at one of his "great houses," his noble hostess treated him so *du haut en bas* that he made an ugly little scene—like a scene out of one of his own novels—and departed during the fish course, I rejoiced with malignant and devilish rejoicings over the ignoble meanness of it all.

Who but a master could discuss like this the method of Tourguénief?

"The persons are sparingly described, and briefly accounted for, and then they are left to transact their affair, whatever it is, with the least possible comment or explanation from the author. . . . When I remembered the deliberate and impertinent moralizing of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the stage-carpentry and lime-lighting of Dickens, even the fine and important analysis of Hawthorne, it was with a joyful astonishment that I realized the great art of Tourguénief."

And who but a master could give us, in a phrase, the essence, the very perfume, of the Russian novelist?

"My gay American horizons were bathed in the vast melancholy of the Slav, patient, agnostic, trustful. . . . Who else but Tourguénief and one's own most secret self ever felt all the rich, sad meaning of the night air drawing in at the open windows, of the fires burning in the darkness of the distant fields?"

But he notes what all must note in Tourguénief—the artfulness into which the great artist at times falls.

I like this. This is criticism. This is the way writers treat of writers, weighing the technique, probing the soul. This makes me surer than ever that only writers can really criticise writers, painters painting, musicians music.

Let me conclude with a passage from Mr. Howells' appreciation of Falstaff. The world has always enjoyed Falstaff, but

it has enjoyed him without sympathy; its laughter has been cruel. Mr. Howells takes Falstaff seriously, feeling the pathos of him, as we may be sure Shakespeare felt it, witness the episode of the poor old fellow's cash account. And in this passage upon Falstaff I think that the luminous and profound quality of Mr. Howells' criticism is most remarkable:

"I did not read of his death without emotion, and it was a personal pang to me when the prince, crowned king, denied him: blackguard for blackguard, I still think the prince the worse blackguard." And he goes on of the knight. "There is no such perfect conception of the selfish sensualist in literature. I am not sure but I should put him beside Hamlet, and on the same level, for the merit of his artistic completeness. . . . And there was a supreme moment once, when I found myself saying that the creation of Shakespeare was as great as the creation of a planet."

It should be easy to prove, from *London Films*, *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* and *Literature and Life*, that Mr. Howells is a complete essayist, master of his instrument, running the whole gamut. *Literary Friends and Acquaintances*, aside from its autobiographical value, is valuable for its vivid portraits, drawn in two or three superb lines, of the literary celebrities of the past. What, for example, could evoke more beautifully the soul of Tennyson than the poet's invitation to a guest to mount to the tower of his house when the sun was going down? "Come up," he said, "come up and see the sad English sunset." Who but a poet, who but one to whom words were jewels, could have said that, and who but a *proseur* to whom words are jewels would have chronicled it?

We get the essence, too, of Whitman, Whitman at Pfaff's tavern, of whom Mr. Howells writes: "Then and always he gave me a sense of a sweet and pure soul"; and he returns again to this essential purity of Whitman's—a purity innate in the most sensual, the most animal work, if that work but be sincere—when he speaks of "the spiritual purity which I felt in him no less than the dignity."

There is a picture of Lowell trying to vault a fence:

"He tried twice, and then laughed at his failure, but not

with any great pleasure, and he was not content till a third trial carried him across. Then he said, 'I commonly do that the first time,' as if it were a frequent habit with him."

How vivid are these glimpses, and how precious is this glimpse of the writer:

"But I have always been willing and even eager to do homage to men who have done something in the sort I wished to do something in myself. I could never recognize any other sort of superiority; but that I am proud to recognize."

There the true artist speaks, the man who knows that his art is the greatest, finest thing in the world. Rodin, I am convinced, feels like this about sculpture. Richard Strauss feels like this about music. Nijinsky, the incomparable Nijinsky, feels like this about dancing. Only those who feel like this ever achieve the supreme achievements.

The humor of the essays is that very high sort which is based on close and delicate observation, humor true, unexaggerated—life itself. Thus, in a sketch of certain New England types, he tells us of a New England conductor's retort to a lady who complained about the speed of the trolley car—"That motorman's life is just as precious to him as yours is to you." And in *Rockaway Beach* the humor lies in the simple statement of a few beautifully selected facts—"Here and there a gentleman was teaching a lady to swim, with his arms around her; here and there a wild nereid was splashing another; a young Jew pursued a flight of naiads with a section of dead eel in his hand."

And this humor, relying solely upon the closest, the most delicate observation, is splendidly illustrated again in the episode of the publication of *Venetian Life*, one of Mr. Howells' most successful books. Mr. Howells, then young and unknown, tried to get Mr. Hurd, of Hurd and Houghton, to bring out *Venetian Life*, and, in the end, he succeeded:

"But it was not till some months later, when I saw him in New York, that he consented to publish my book. I remember how he said, with an air of vague misgiving, and an effect of trying to justify himself in an imprudence, that it was not a great matter anyway. I perceived that he had no faith in it, and to tell the truth I had not much myself."

Good Mr. Hurd! I see him as clearly as some old friend, with his air of vague misgiving, saying it was no great matter anyway. I see him, I like him, and I am heartily glad for his sake that *Venetian Life* turned out so well.

Humor like this, depending for its effect on absolute truth, on absolute, vivid life, is at once the deepest, the finest, the most difficult. It makes us know to the heart the people it plays upon. We know them, we smile over them, with the perfect sympathy, the perfect understanding and friendship, that we feel for little children. Most illuminating humor, it is yet so simple that it looks easy. It looks easy—till we try it.

The truth, the restraint, the delicacy of the humor of these essays is equalled by the truth, the restraint, the delicacy of their pathos. It is impossible to read without profound emotion, without a profound sense of personal responsibility, Mr. Howells' wonderful description of the "bread line" as seen by a fur-coated gentleman in a coupé one freezing midnight during the Christmas holidays:

"He noticed how still some of them were. A few of them stepped a little out of the line, and stamped to shake off the cold; but all the rest remained motionless, shrinking into themselves, and closer together. They might have been their own dismal ghosts, they were so still. . . ."

How mournful, how beautiful, the movement of that prose! Modern prose like that, did the average reader but know it, has greater distinction, is far more carefully pondered, than the verse of the poets of the past. But the supreme touch comes when the fur-coated gentleman, after a number of fantastic imaginings about those poor, poor wretches waiting in the cold, wonders:

"How was it with them, when the coffin worked slowly and swiftly past the door where the bread and coffee were given out, and word passed to the rear that the supply was exhausted? This must sometimes happen, and what did they do then?"

Our responsibility, our personal responsibility, for all such horrors as bread lines is set forth subtly and powerfully:

—"and as the coupé passed them they all turned and faced it, like soldiers under review making ready to salute a superior.

They were perfectly silent, perfectly respectful, but their eyes seemed to pierce the coupé through and through."

I shall conclude this study of Mr. Howells as essayist with a passage of sheer brilliance, a passage for the literary virtuoso. It is a description of a bright winter morning of bitter cold in New York, and its wonderful effect is got by a superb insistence on the quality of "hardness" in such weather. Hardness, if one stops to think of it, is truly the essential quality of our cold weather, but when was this hardness so well brought out before?

"The morning was extremely cold. It professed to be sunny, and there was really some sort of hard glitter in the air which, so far from being tempered by this effulgence, seemed all the stonier for it. Blasts of frigid wind swept the streets, and buffeted each other in a fury of resentment when they met around the corners. . . . The butchers' windows were painted with patterns of frost, through which I could dimly see the frozen meat hanging like hideous stalactites from the roof. When I came to the river, I ached in sympathy with the shipping painfully a-tilt on the rocklike surface of the brine, which broke against the piers, and sprayed itself over them like showers of powdered quartz."

The "stony" air's "hard glitter," the frozen meat hanging from the butcher's ceiling "like hideous stalactites," the shipping a-tilt on the "rocklike surface of the brine," the spray resembling "powdered quartz"—this passage has, for those who love the technique of writing, a remarkable distinction. I have heard of a Western college that recently adopted one of Mr. Galsworthy's rather slight, rather tricky novels as a manual, in its literary course, of all a novel should be. Mr. Galsworthy is very well in his way, but for a literary professor to prefer Mr. Galsworthy to Mr. Howells seems to me as damning as it would be for a professor of painting to prefer Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws to Whistler, or for a professor of sculpture to prefer a "Rogers group" to Rodin's *Baiser*, or *Penseur*.

But it is, of course, as a novelist, a creator, that Mr. Howells best reveals his genius. What is the essential quality of his genius? It is a love, a veneration, for the truth, which makes of this tenderest, gentlest writer also the most pitiless, the most relentless.

Mr. Howells once, in an appreciation of Paul Dunbar, said in his illuminating way that an artist's real work was always that which no one but himself could have done. Thus he pointed out that Dunbar's more ambitious verses might have come from any one of half a dozen minor poets, but not Shelley, not Keats, could have written his lyrics in dialect, those lyrics so sweet and gay, so tender and musical and smiling.

In like manner I would say that Mr. Howells' unique quality, the quality that no one else has ever shown, is a strange and wonderful commingling of the tender with the relentless, the sympathetic with the unsparing. He feels for us poor mortals as profoundly as any writer ever felt for us; he loves us, he is only too glad to paint our very best side. But our very worst side, too, he is compelled to paint. For his love of truth, a love to which he will never be false, suffers him to stoop to no idealization, to no perjury. He paints us tenderly, but he paints us relentlessly. Thus, in *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, his study of Whitwell—that superb study of the untrained American mind seeking so pathetically after knowledge—does not fail to include the extortion which Whitwell practised in a business deal. And thus his superb study of a happy marriage, in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, does not fail to include the foolish squabbles, the sad bickerings, that must be a part even of the happiest marriages till mankind becomes perfected.

A tender relentlessness, an unsparing pity—it is this strange quality in Mr. Howells which has carried him furthest. He loves man, no writer ever loved man more; but his love of truth is greater than his love of man. And hence, borne on by those passionate and contending loves, he gives us studies—studies of the simple, common things about us—that have a significance and a profundity undreamed of before his day—studies heartbreaking in their tenderness and in their cruelty—if cruelty were not, somehow, a word impossible to apply to Mr. Howells.

But in the end a novelist stands or falls by the life of the characters he has created. A writer may possess many rare, many wonderful qualities; but, if he essays to be a novelist, to create men and women, his men and women must live, even as our fathers and mothers and friends live, or, as novelist, he is a

failure. How triumphantly Mr. Howells responds to this test! What a vast and shining company his men and women are! Lemuel Barker, March, Bartley Hubbard, Silas Lapham, Mrs. Dryfoos, the Coreys—what a living procession, what an epitome of modern American life!

The Landlord at Lion's Head is one of Mr. Howells' best novels. To me there is something of the spell of an autumn evening in the book, an autumn evening in New England, cold and still and strange, a little eerie, perhaps, a little sad, but, in its strange, chill way, very sweet, very beautiful, very clean. Pure and wild, wistful and strange, evoking the autumnal twilight of the New England mountains—so I feel this novel of a New England summer hotel, its progress, and the progress of its proprietors and certain of its guests.

It opens wonderfully. Like the opening strains of a splendid opera is the first chapter, the lonely farmhouse at the foot of Lion's Head Mountain, the strong, capable, beautiful wife with her one hale child, the consumptive husband and his consumptive sons, the family graveyard where the other children, overcome by the hereditary taint, lie side by side. Lion's Head was a spot "primitively solitary and savage. A stony mountain road followed the bed of the torrent that brawled through the valley at its base, and at a certain point a still rougher lane climbed from the road along the side of the opposite height to a lonely farmhouse pushed back on a narrow shelf of land, with a meagre acreage of field and pasture broken out of the woods that clothed all the neighboring steeps."

The place, worthless for farming, is so beautiful, its climate is so superb, that a painter, Jere Westover, suggests its transformation into an hotel. An hotel, accordingly, it becomes; and very admirably does Mr. Howells describe the hotel's growth—first a simple boarding-house, then a plain New England hotel, then a great, expensive, ugly barn of a place, still most New England in character, and finally, under the conduct of Jeff, the hero, a modern hotel of the first class, superb as the hotels of Nice or Cannes. Of Mr. Howells' story of the hotel's progress one may say what he himself so beautifully says of Mrs. Durgin's story of it—"an interesting story and pathetic, like all

stories of human endeavor; the effects of the most selfish ambition have something of this interest."

The hotel binds the novel together. Yet it never obtrudes itself. I doubt if there are five thousand words about it, all told. But there it always is, we are always conscious of it, and every now and then we get some tantalizing and masterly description which makes us long for more—a description, for example, of the dishwashing:

"She tried to conceal her pride in the busy scene—the waitresses pushing in through one valve of the double-hinged doors with their empty trays, and out through the other with the trays full laden; delivering their dishes with the broken victual at the wicket, where the untouched portions were put aside and the rest poured into the waste; following in procession along the reeking steam-table, with its great tanks of soup and vegetables, where the carvers stood with the joints and the trussed fowls smoking before them, which they sliced with quick sweeps of their blades; or waiting their turn at the board where the little plates with portions of fruit and dessert stood ready. All went regularly on amid a clatter of knives and voices and dishes, and the clashing rise and fall of the wire baskets plunging the soiled crockery into misty depths, whence it came up clean and dry without the touch of finger or towel."

It is Mrs. Durgin, the strong, beautiful woman, who makes the hotel. Mr. Howells draws her with amazing skill; we know from the beginning that she is a capable of the capables. Take, for example, her good-humored eagerness to learn to make good coffee.

"'I want you should have good coffee,'" she says to Jere Westover, fresh from Paris and the coffee of the Franks—"I want you should have good coffee, and I guess I ain't too old to learn, if you want to show me.'"

A New England housewife who will accept her coffee's censoring and good-humoredly ask its censor to teach her to make better—of what, indeed, would she not be capable?

Jeff Durgin, the hero, is the least "sympathetic" character in the book; handsome, strong, callous, vindictive, successful; one of those types we so often meet in life, one of those types

which only Mr. Howells dares to paint full length. Jeff goes to Harvard, he jilts a girl, he gets a horsewhipping. But we never despise him, we never loathe him—he is so human, his case is so superbly set before us, we regard him with a tolerant liking, and, even at his worst, with a kind of respect—so alive is he, so strong.

We especially respect him when, at last, in a lonely wood, he gets Alan Lynde in his power. It was Alan's sister he had jilted, and Alan had horsewhipped him in consequence; but, though Alan is a great aristocrat, there was nothing heroic in that horsewhipping. On the contrary, it was, just like all the actual horsewhippings of real life, cruel, brutal, even rather cowardly. And now, at last, Jeff comes on Alan in a lonely wood. They fight, but Jeff is a young Hercules. He soon throws Alan. Beside himself with murderous hate and fury, he grips Alan's throat in his strong hands. He is about to kill—when—

"He glared down into his enemy's face, and suddenly it looked pitifully little and weak, like a girl's face, a child's."

Yes, there is good in Jeff—a certain magnanimity—he lets Alan go—And what a thrill the reader gets from the mournful modulations of the lines, "He glared down into his enemy's face, and suddenly it looked pitifully little and weak, like a girl's face, a child's."

Poor Jeff, earlier in the story, is the hero of one of the most significant episodes, the picnic episode, that I have ever read. This episode gives, in a single symbol, it seems to me, the whole secret of our enigmatical American life. The guests at Lion's Head, which is still not much more than a boarding-house, are to have a picnic—a picnic where Westover is to read Browning aloud—and Jeff, a youth of eighteen or so, brings the picnic luncheon in the dearborn. Jeff is got up in his very best, bang and knickers and what-not; and it is evident that he would gladly stay for the picnic if he were to be invited. But the lady, the officious lady who always rules at picnics, puts him delicately in his place. As he stands, in all his bravery, among the guests, she fills a plate with food and extends it to him, saying, "I suppose you have to get back to your horses, Jeff, and you shall be first served." Poor Jeff, with his bang and knickers, his "prep.

school" in the background and Harvard in the foreground, is stabbed, of course, to the heart. He refuses the victuals coldly. He stalks in silence away. What an episode! How impossible in any other land; how inevitable with us! And what a flood of clear light it sheds on all our brave and foolish striving after social equality on the one hand, and all our brave and foolish refusal of social equality on the other.

At great length the next morning the ladies discuss the picnic episode on the piazza. They decide that the presuming Jeff was rightly served. They ask Westover what he thinks about it. With Westover's answer I heartily agree; and, in the belief that Mr. Howells heartily agrees with it himself, I give it here.—"I suppose," says Westover, "that as long as one person believes himself or herself socially better than another, it must always be a fresh problem what to do in every given case." *Socially* better, be it noted. And that is one of Mr. Howells' attitudes, an attitude of absolute denial of the justice of social superiority ever. A bad duke, in Mr. Howells' books, is the inferior of a good crossing-sweeper. And then, as the officious lady of the picnic is preening herself among her friends, Mrs. Durgin appears and—turns her out of the hotel!

An ugly episode, a pitiless episode; but how illuminating! This episode, it appears to me, reveals the very heart of our American social life. It gives a deeper insight into American conditions than could be got from a dozen social histories. And Mrs. Durgin's point of view is set forth very beautifully. She says of the lady who put Jeff in his place:

"If she didn't want him to stay, all she had to do was to do nothin'. But to make him up a plate before everybody, and hand it to him to eat with the horses, like a tramp or a dog—"

Mr. Howells, it will be seen, preaches sincerely the social equality which Christ preached. Till that equality comes, he will not be content with our conditions.

Whitwell, an elderly ex-farmer, is a striking study of the alert and curious American mind that, buried in the backwoods, must slake its intellectual thirst upon spiritualism, planchettes, and suchlike fooleries. Whitwell, given the opportunity, would

be a highly educated man; and, even as things are, he is no fool. But there is a pathos about him, the pathos of all lost things, of all waste, and this pathos Mr. Howells brings out very subtly. Whitwell, throughout, is strangely vivid; upon his portrait Mr. Howells has lavished his finest touches. What could be finer than this?

"Whitwell, as Westover divined the man to be, took a seat himself on a high stump, which suited his length of leg, and courteously waved Westover to a place on the log in front of him. . . . 'Well, well!' he said, with the air of wishing the talk to go on, but without having anything immediately to offer himself."

How wonderfully fine is that "Well, well!" There we have Mr. Howells as humorist at his very best, painting so vividly for us the embarrassment of a conversational pause, an embarrassment we have all participated in a hundred times, that we break into an involuntary, friendly chuckle, and thereafter know the character thus embarrassed as we know our best friends.

But the portrait is full of just such touches—

"As Jeff passed Whitwell's cottage in setting out on his stroll he saw the philosopher through the window, seated with his legs on the table, his hat pushed back, and his spectacles fallen to the point of his nose, reading, and moving his lips as he read."

We like Whitwell tremendously, but we leave him with our liking chastened by his Yankee meanness at a bargain. Jeff, with his superb hotel, must have Whitwell's little house and clearing, and Whitwell bleeds the young man without mercy. Whitwell's recital of the bleeding is too good to omit:

"'I guess he see he had a gentleman to deal with, and we didn't say a word more. Don't you think I done right to sell to him? I couldn't 'a' got more'n thirty-five hundred out the other feller, to save me, and before Jeff began his improvements I couldn't 'a' realized a thousand dollars on the prop'ty.'

"'I think you did right to sell to him,' said Westover, saddened somewhat by the proof Whitwell alleged of his magnanimity.

"'Well, sir, I'm glad you do. I don't believe in crowdin' a man because you got him in a corner, an' I don't believe in

bearin' malice. *Never* did. All I wanted was what the place was wo'th—to him. 'Twan't wo'th nothin' to me!'"

Subsidiary characters, but very living ones, are Alan and Bessie Lynde, brother and sister, children of an aristocratic and rich house, who have inherited a strange, nervous restlessness—morbid types, Alan a drunkard, Bessie a coquette upon the verge of something worse. Mr. Howells handles morbid types as well as the most outrageous Frenchman or Italian does; but he keeps them in the background, only giving them in his scheme that proportion which they actually have in real life. Alan and Bessie reveal themselves well in the scrap of dialogue wherein the brother takes the sister to task for flirting with Jeff, the upstart, the "jay":

"Well, you'd better let him alone, after this," he said, at the end.

"Yes," she pensively assented. "I suppose it's as if you took to some very common kind of whiskey; isn't it? I see what you mean. If one must, it ought to be champagne."

She turned upon him a look of that keen but limited knowledge which renders women's conjectures of evil always so amusing, or so pathetic, to men.

"Better let the champagne alone, too," said her brother, darkly."

It was Bessie Lynde whom Jeff jilted, and Jeff, at that, was betrothed himself at the time. But we get Jeff's point of view clearly. The thing was not really quite so bad as it appeared. Jeff, the "jay," the rejected of Harvard, "saw other young men made much of, when he didn't get any notice, and when he had the chance to pay them back with a girl of their own set that was trying to make a fool of him—" Yes, we get Jeff's point of view.

And Jeff, in the end, marries the girl of his choice, the big barn of an hotel burns down, and the young man, sole proprietor since his mother's and brother's death, builds with the insurance money another "Lion's Head," the wonder of New England, a Monte Carlo or Cannes hostelry, set amid the sweet, wild, rugged beauties, the crystal and invigorating air, of the New England mountains.—Jeff even destroys the family graveyard.

At least he gets his architect to "treat" it, so that, with its vines and flowers and mossy stones, it passes for a desirable graveyard hundreds of years old instead of for the ghastly modern one it is.

A strange novel, steeped in New England twilight, eerie and cold; and across this twilight stalks the full-blooded figure of Jeff Durgin, a study, unique and profound, of a type we have all known—the handsome, revengeful, bold, narrow, callous, successful man of affairs.

A Hazard of New Fortunes, one of Mr. Howells' later novels, is to my mind his masterpiece. I deem it his masterpiece on account of the exhaustive and profound study of marriage it contains—a study of the typical or average marriage—and also on account of the symmetry and grandeur of its construction, the happiness of its most illuminating episodes, the perfect logic of its swift progression, and, above all, the life, the vivid life, of its splendidly and powerfully drawn characters—March, Dryfoos, Conrad, Mrs. Dryfoos, Isabel, Fulkerson—names that evoke in our minds figures as living as those of our fathers and our mothers.

A Hazard of New Fortunes is a long novel. It is perhaps more than 150,000 words in length. Yet, from start to finish, there is not a commonplace or obvious line in it. Like a perfect sonnet the huge work sparkles and glows everywhere. In its composition Mr. Howells must have been, from start to finish, in his happiest mood.

It is interesting, it is profitable, to examine the construction of a masterpiece. The backbone of this masterpiece is a timid and anxious "hazard of new fortunes" on the part of the Marches, a middle-aged couple who abandon the insurance business in Boston in order to establish a magazine in New York.

How interesting that is! What a happy idea! March, poor fellow, has been no great success in the insurance business; he has gone for some time in fear of demotion, his young assistant threatening to supplant him; and now, when the editorship of a new magazine is proffered, the chance, uncertain as such a chance must be, seems almost like a godsend to him. But Isabel—

Isabel, Mrs. March, objects. They quarrel. Yes, over this crisis in their lives, a crisis demanding the coolest reasoning, the

calmest argument, they quarrel pitifully. It is heartbreaking. And the next morning the resentment of their quarrel still separates them:

"But he left her to brood over his ingratitude, and she suffered him to go heavy and unfriended to meet the chances of the day."

Ex pede Herculem: and from those beautiful and sad lines the reader may perceive the profundity, the sympathy, and the relentlessness of this study of marriage which runs through the book.

The Marches go to New York. The magazine is established. And about the constant interest of the magazine there is the constant interest of the group of men and their families linked together by it, rising or falling by it—the interest of diverse characters clashing and agreeing, compelling and resisting, influencing one another for good and for bad. Upon this base Mr. Howells builds up his wonderful book, his wonderful study of New York life.

And he who would write a novel on the grand scale might well study this construction. The magazine, binding the tale so beautifully together, solves the long novel's most difficult problem, the problem of being large and at the same time firm, of being comprehensive but never rambling, of managing a long story so that it does not sag in the middle. The novel on the grand scale is very popular to-day; but I, for my part, would like it better if its constructors would study Mr. Howells.

Fulkerson, the magazine's manager, is to my thinking our best portrait of the American business man. Fulkerson is not the fiend that the younger school of "powerful" writers has imagined the American business man to be; but Fulkerson is not an angel, either. He is, in a word, the American business man as we all know him—a great joker, a kind heart, honest, faithful. *Honest, faithful*, I say; and so he is by every-day standards, by business standards. But suppose the head of the concern wished to discharge a good workman for unjust reasons: would our honest, faithful Fulkerson stand by the poor fellow at the risk of losing his own job? This is the test wherewith Mr. Howells probes Fulkerson to the bone. And Fulkerson—good fellow,

funny man, kind heart that he is—Fulkerson for a time makes a very poor showing. He wabbles lamentably—as the reader would perhaps wabble. But he comes out pretty well in the end—as the reader would perhaps come out—and yet, in the end, it is quite clear that our Fulkersons, our business men, are not the highest type of man that philosophy has thus far dreamed of. Fulkerson is a good fellow, a great joker, honest and faithful and kind—by all the business standards. I like him best when, touched by love, he says to March, “I tell you, March, when I get to pushing that mower round, and the colonel is smoking his cigar in the gallery, and those girls are pottering over the flowers, one of these soft evenings after dinner, I feel like a human being.”

My heavy, hasty hand does scant justice to Fulkerson; it must do scant justice to the spiritual beauty of Conrad Dryfoos. Conrad Dryfoos, a millionaire's son, is one of the most distinctive characterizations Mr. Howells has ever given us. A gentle, exalted, unhappy creature, Conrad comes to a tragic and a befitting end: he, whose whole life has been a sacrifice, dies, in a car strike, sacrificing himself in the effort to make peace amongst a band of rioters. Conrad's presentation is a literary problem of great interest. He says little; he is always blushing; he is awkward, rather ugly, with a big nose; and yet, whenever he appears, the beauty of his unselfish and exalted soul strikes us like a strain of music, and involuntarily we rise to the high spiritual plane whereon he walks. How is this done? Conrad makes no heroic speeches, his character is not analyzed. How is it done? Well, it is done, I think, by the magic of perfect sympathy. Mr. Howells feels Conrad Dryfoos so well, we too feel him, through a kind of thought transference, a kind of hypnotism. It is thus, without a spoken word, that great actors drive their personalities home to our hearts across the footlights. Thus Ibsen, in a dozen lines, painted in Hilda Wangel, the immortal portrait of a young girl, her beauty, her cruelty, her mystery.

Old Dryfoos is a study of another type of business man than Fulkerson. Dryfoos is the money-making machine—he grows rich as inevitably as the rest of us grow old. No subtle questions of business morality disturb this rugged soul; but in his

domestic relations, his relations with his wife and son and daughters, Dryfoos, too, is probed to the depths, and sad beyond words is the story of the old man's tragedy.

There is one scene, in their sumptuous New York house, where Dryfoos and his wife, always constrained and awkward (for they remain simple country folk to the end) talk of their earlier, happier life back on the farm, talk of the beehives, the sumachs, and the children's graves. I mention this scene because it opens with a touch of the rarest genius. The two girls, Mela and Christine, are entertaining a young man in the drawing-room; the old folks are alone in the library; and a burst of laughter awakens Dryfoos from his after-dinner nap. "Was I snoring?" he asks his old wife.—How homely, how moving, that is! How perfectly it sets the note for the homely, simple, melancholy talk that follows, the talk about the beehives and the little graves that have perhaps been violated in the search for oil. But who save Mr. Howells could strike such high, rare beauty from so commonplace a scene—who save Mr. Howells could see its poetry, its pathos—an old man starting awake at the sound of youthful laughter, and anxiously asking his old wife, "Was I snoring?"

Beaton is a subtle study of a futile artist—the artist who fails through lack of imagination and sympathy; and the two untrained and crude Dryfoos girls, Mela and Christine, give a touch of side-splitting comedy to this large and noble book; though it is true that Christine, the panther type, also affects us painfully and powerfully in her unfortunate love affair with Beaton. The portraits of Mela and Christine are rich in true and happy touches of humor. Thus, on the way home from a party, after Mela, who is a great chatterbox, has complimented Christine on her success with the young men, Christine retorts, "'Who was that fellow with you so long? I suppose you turned yourself inside out to him, like you always do.' Mela was transported by the cruel ingratitude. 'It's a lie! I didn't tell him a single thing.'"

A touch as excellent is where the two girls, from the upper hallway, witness, unseen themselves, the arrival of their father's guests. When Mela's admirer comes, Christine pinches her; then—

" . . . when Beaton came, Mela returned the pinch, but awkwardly, so that it hurt, and then Christine involuntarily struck her."

Humor like this, side-splitting as the best humor of Mark Twain, we associate with just humorous, just funny books. In what other writer do we find such humor set beside tragedy? The tragedy of *A Hazard of New Fortunes* is profound. Old Dryfoos has destined his son for a financier; he hates the strange, spiritual beauty of the young man's mind which he can never understand; the day Conrad died Dryfoos had struck him, and on the dead youth's brow the mark of that blow remains. I quote the description of Dryfoos before his son's body—I quote it in order to show the splendid beauty to which Mr. Howells' prose, always so simple and clear, rises without any trace of effort, without any loss of its pure simplicity. The father sees the wound:

"Dryfoos saw it, too, the wound that he had feared to look for, and that now seemed to redden on his sight. He broke into a low wavering cry, like a child's in despair, like an animal's in terror, like a soul's in the anguish of remorse."

In this long, enthralling novel, built up so firmly on the grand scale, there are many vivid subsidiary characters, many episodes as significant and illuminating as the picnic episode of *The Landlord at Lion's Head*. But the book's best feature, to my mind, is its study of marriage—a "happy marriage," after the first fifteen or twenty years of it are past.

March is a wonderful creation. Was ever portrait so vivid and profound done with a touch so light, so gay? Isabel, though less elaborately, is not less vividly presented. Through these two good and gentle souls Mr. Howells relentlessly shows us all the uglinesses of marriage even when it is happy. He shows us the quarrels that attend on every crisis. He shows us the continual clashes and sneers and contradictions, the almost perverse habit the married have of taking opposite sides on every question. But if he shows us these quarrels that must do duty for argument, he also shows us their outcome—an outcome reasonable and good, the same outcome, after all, as would have followed calm deliberation. And as a consequence of this study

we see plainly that, man and his conditions being what they are, marriage is the best state, the only state, for all of us.

It is interesting to consider Mr. Howells' method as a novelist. After constructing a plan so happy, so inevitable, that it seems to have constructed itself—that it seems more a process of selection than of construction—he sets the scene, and, thereafter, the characters do all the talking, all the thinking. The author only sets the scene—sets it delicately, vividly—and we do not quite know, unless we keep our eyes open, whom he sympathizes with, whom he favors. He does not, indeed, wholly favor anybody: he never paints us ideal and perfect creatures that he could wholly favor: his people live before us like our own friends, now wise, now silly, now heroic, now rather mean. I doubt if even Tolstoy has had the courage to paint us in our many-sidedness as Mr. Howells has so successfully done. So successfully done, I say: for the sum total, the final impression, of these many-sided characters is never blurred or confused; we know quite well in the end whether Fulkerson and Lemuel Barker, whether Bartley Hubbard and Mela are good or bad, nice or horrid—just as we know these things about our intimates in real life.

Thus painting man in his many-sidedness, Mr. Howells never obtrudes himself; and, inasmuch as he gives every character a "square deal," some readers and some critics, like me in my childhood, may think that he upholds what he does not uphold—upholds snobbishness, exclusiveness, eavesdropping wives. But it is only the stupid critic, the careless reader, who falls into this error. I once heard an English critic call Mr. Howells "provincial"; but this critic, as his books show, has never grown up. He reads as I read when I was a little boy. For Mr. Howells, in every moral problem, subtly, through the mouth of some character—as, for example, through Westover's mouth in the problem of the picnic—gives us his own view. We must keep our eyes open, however, we must read alertly, to get it. Yet Mr. Howells is never obscure. He is always, on the contrary, of a crystal clearness, holding, as I think the greatest writers hold, that obscurity is but a synonym for carelessness and hurry.

This, then, is Mr. Howells' method—to set the scene, and, thereafter, to let the characters of themselves work out the story

to its inevitable end. Such was the method of Tourguénief, of Flaubert, of Tolstoy. Such is now the method of Mr. H. G. Wells. If not the best, it is certainly the simplest, the directest method.

How are we to account for the phenomenon of a Howells, the phenomenon of this stupendous mass of delicate work, the phenomenon of the lifelong devotion to his art of this artist so sympathetic and so relentless? Well, the conditions, in the first place, were ideal. Mr. Howells says of his boyhood, of his father, the country editor:

"I think now that he was wise not to care for the advancement which most of us have our hearts set upon, and that it was one of his finest qualities that he was content with a lot in life where he was not exempt from work with his hands, and yet where he was not so pressed by need but he could give himself at will not only to the things of the spirit, but the things of the mind too. . . . I suppose that as the world goes now we were poor. His income was never above twelve hundred a year, and his family was large; but nobody was rich there or then; we lived in the simple abundance of that time and place, and we did not know that we were poor. As yet the unequal modern conditions were undreamed of (who indeed could have dreamed of them forty or fifty years ago?) in the little Southern Ohio town where nearly the whole of my most happy boyhood was passed."

Again he says:

"My day began about seven o'clock, in the printing-office, where it took me till noon to do my task of so many thousand ems, say four or five. Then we had dinner, after the simple fashion of people who work with their hands for their dinners. In the afternoon I went back and corrected the proof of the type I had set, and distributed my case for the next day. At two or three o'clock I was free, and then I went home and began my studies; or tried to write something; or read a book. We had supper at five or six, and after that I rejoiced in literature, till I went to bed at ten or eleven."

In these ideal conditions, then, in this Ohio town where the spiritual was rated so high above the material, the lad grew up, gifted with a mind of rare distinction, and blessed, as he has told

us in another place, with an insatiable love of letters and an unconquerable belief in the art of letters as the best and finest and fairest thing on earth. Is it any wonder, then, that he succeeded? Is it not easy to account for him? The mind rarely gifted, the ideal conditions, the unconquerable literary passion—granted these things, the only other need was a life's devotion. This he has given gladly. And his works remain. They are America's most splendid contribution to literature.

THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. EVERETT HARRÉ

VIII

"For a long black hour of horror they were driven over the thundering seas and through a frigid whirlwind of snow sharp as flakes of steel . . ."

"Seeing Ootah turn slightly toward Annadoah, Maisanguaq sprang at his throat. Their arms closed about one another . . . The floe rocked beneath them—they slipped to and fro on the slippery ice . . . About them the frightful darkness roared; they felt the heaving sea under them. And while they struggled in their brief death-to-death fight, the floe was tossed steadily onward."

The long night began to lift its sable pall, and at midday, for a brief period, a pale glow appeared above the eastern horizon. In this brief spell of daily increasing twilight the desolate region took on a gray-blue hue; the natives, as they appeared outside their shelters, looked like grayish spectres. Ootah felt the grim gray desolation color his soul.

He had regained his strength, and his wounds had healed with the remarkable rapidity that nature effects in people who lead a primitive life; only the hurt in his heart remained. Annadoah had often visited him, and while he lay on his bed of furs boiled *ahmingmah* meat and made hot water over the lamp very solicitously. Once, half-hesitating, she looked into his eyes, and as though she had a confession to make, said quietly:

"Thou art very brave, Ootah."

This pleased him—once she had said he had the heart of a woman.

He had thrilled when she soothed him, and now he was half sorry that the injuries no longer needed attention. He loved Annadoah more deeply than ever, and his greatest concern was for her. He might win her—yes, perhaps some day, but he could not forget that, whenever she had touched him with tenderness, she thought of Olafaksoah.

Standing before his igloo, musing upon these things, Ootah espied in the semi-light a dark speck moving on the ice.

"*Nannook!* (Bear)," he called, and the men rushed from their igloos. Without pausing to get his gun Ootah ran down to the ice-sheeted shore. Nature, as if repenting of her bitterness, had sent milder weather, and the bear, emerging from its winter retreat, made its way over the ice in search of seal. Lifting his harpoon, Ootah attacked the bear. It rose on its haunches and parried the thrusts. A half-dozen lean dogs came dashing from the shelters and jumped about the creature. The bear grunted viciously—the dogs howled. The bear was lean and faint from hunger, and its fight was brief—the harpoons of four natives pierced the gaunt body. The bear meat was divided after the communal custom of the tribe, and the gnawing of their stomachs was again somewhat appeased. Some days later three bears were killed near the village. The hearts of the tribe arose, for spring was surely dawning.

Early in March Arnaluk, skirmishing along the shore, saw a bear disappearing in the distance. The animal was making its direction seaward,

and this indicated to the astute native that its quick senses had detected the presence of seal.

"Ootah! Ootah!" he called. "Attalaq! Attalaq!" The two tribesmen responded. With harpoons and lances they followed the trail of the bear. Less than a mile from shore they found it sitting near a seal blow hole in the ice. At the sight of the men it fled. A close inspection resulted in the discovery of a half dozen blow holes—or open places to which the seal rise under the ice and come to the surface to breathe. For a long while the men waited. Standing near the holes, their weapons ready to strike, they imitated the call of seals. Finally there was a snorting noise beneath one of the holes. Ootah detected a slight rise of vapor. Attalaq's harpoon descended. A joyous cry arose. Breaking open the ice about the hole a seal was drawn to the surface. Daily visits were thereafter made to the vicinity and the hunters, patiently watching near the holes, succeeded in catching several seals. Other blow holes were later detected along the ice, then they disappeared and for a period no seal rewarded the hunters.

The weather continued to moderate, and these excursions on the sea ice became more and more dangerous. One day Attalaq and Ootah, while walking along the shore, heard a familiar call in the far distance, out toward the open sea.

"Walrus," said Ootah, the zest of the hunt tingling in his veins.

"But the danger is great—the ice splits," said Attalaq.

"But we need food." Ootah thought of Annadoah. She had not been well, she needed food—that was sufficient. Moreover, he thought of the children; three were dying of lack of food. So he called the tribesmen and gave the signal for preparations to depart. A selection had to be made of the best dogs for the dangerous trip. Few dogs remained in the village; many had been frozen by the bitter cold; others had to be killed as food for their companions; some had occasionally been devoured by the famished natives. And this the desperate people had done with reluctance and great sorrow—for, as I have said, a native loves his dog but little less than his child.

Ootah in the lead, with five others, started on the hunt, with three sledges, each of which was drawn by a team of five lean, hungry dogs. After some urging Maisanguaq had sullenly consented to accompany the party.

Joy flushed the natives' skin, for a thin film of sunlight trembled low over the eastern horizon. As they sped northward past great promontories they saw several auks. Later two ptarmigan were spotted, and still later an eider duck. They began chanting songs of the race.

Quickly, however, the brief sunlight faded, heavy gray clouds piled along the sky-line, the atmosphere became perceptibly warmer, and intermittent gusts of wind blew downward from the inland mountains.

They directed their steps over the ice to a distant black spot, somewhat more than a mile away, which they knew to be open water. There, if there were any, the walrus would be found. As they were marching, a very faint crackling noise vibrated through the ice under their feet. They ceased singing. Four of the party paused and would have turned back. Ootah urged them onward. They paced off half a mile. The wind increased in volume and whined dolefully. Their steps lagged. Suddenly they heard the harsh nasal bellow they knew so well. The hearts of all expanded with the joy of the hunt.

The dogs howled hungrily and with tails swishing savagely, tore ahead. As they approached the edge of the sea ice they passed great lakes of open water. The twilight still continued to thicken, the wind came in increasingly furious blasts. Nearer and nearer came the low call of walrus bulls.

In the lake of lapping black water, about five hundred feet from the open sea, a small herd rose to the surface intermittently for breath. In the deep gloom the hunters saw fountains of spray ascending as they breathed. Hitching their dogs to harpoon stakes driven in the ice, they separated and quietly took positions about the open water.

"Wu-r-r!" The low walrus call rose over the ice. Ootah leaned over the edge of the ice and imitated the animal cry. "Woor-r," Maisanguaq, near him, replied. The water seethed, and two glistening white tusks appeared. Ootah raised his harpoon—it hissing cut the air. A terrific bellow followed. The little lake seethed. A dozen fiery eyes, of a phosphorescent green, appeared above the water. Maisanguaq struck, so did Arnaluk. They let out their harpoon lines—the savage beasts dove downward, then rose for breath. In their frantic struggle their heads beat against the ice about the edge of the lake. The natives fled backward—the ice broke into thousands of fragments. Each time the animals came up the hunters delivered more harpoons. In the gathering gloom they had to aim by instinct. For an hour the struggle between the alert men and the enraged beasts continued. Several times Ootah and Arnaluk fired their guns as the green eyes appeared so as to finish the task of killing.

Meanwhile the gray reflection of the descending sun entirely faded along the horizon; a bluish gloom blotted out the landscape. The wind swept over the ice with fiendish hisses. With a quick change the air became colder and snow flakes fell. The natives became alarmed. As they were drawing the first walrus to the ice a sound, like the discharge of a gun beneath the sea, startled them. Seizing their knives they dexterously fell upon the animal and lifted the meat and blubber in long slices from the bones. A great quantity was cast to the ravenous dogs. Two more walrus were lumberingly drawn to the ice; the first sledge load and two hunters started shoreward; soon the second sledge was loaded. Ootah and Maisanguaq remained to dress the third beast.

Like scorpions in the hands of the mighty *tornarssuit* the wind now steadily beat upon the ice. The two men were almost lifted from their feet. Not far away they heard the tumultuous crash of the rising waves. As they were lashing the blubber to Ootah's sledge, a resounding detonation vibrated through the ice under him—the field on which they stood slowly but unmistakably began to move!

Maisanguaq spoke. The wind drowned his voice. Above its clamor they heard the ice separating with the splitting sound of artillery. Whipped by the terrific gale the snow cut their faces like bits of steel. In the darkness, which steadily thickened, they heard the appalling boom of bergs and the grind of floes colliding on the sea.

Ootah leaped to the team of dogs and interrupted their feast. He knew they had not a single moment to lose—the field had surely parted from the land ice and it was now a dreadful question as to whether a return was possible. As he was hitching the dogs to the loaded sledge he suddenly gave a start. Was he dreaming? Was he hearing the disembodied speak, as men did in dreams? He listened intently—surely he

heard a soft sweet voice calling piteously through the wind. His heart gave a great thud.

Through the gathering gloom he saw something . . . a blur of blackness . . . gathering substance as it approached over the ice. It moved uncertainly . . . and seemed to be driven toward him by the furious wind.

"Look—who is it?" he called to Maisanguaq.

For answer, through the din of the elements, a voice called brokenly, sobbingly:

"Ootah! Ootah!"

Ootah leaped to his feet. Out of the snow-driven blackness a frail figure staggered towards him.

"Annadoah," Ootah murmured, seizing the trembling woman in his arms. She seemed about to faint.

"Why hast thou come here?" He hugged her fiercely to his bosom. He felt a throb of ecstatic delight; for the first time she had surrendered to his arms; for the first time he held her close to him; death—for the moment—lost its terrors—he felt that he would be willing to die, in that storming darkness, with her heart beating, so that he felt its every pulse, close, close to his.

The wild winds almost drowned Annadoah's words.

"The women came to me," she panted with difficulty, and Ootah had to bend his ear to her mouth so as to hear. "They were angry. They said 'She stealeth souls! Annadoah stealeth souls!' They said Annadoah hath caused the death of many children! Ootah! Ootah! They came, as they do when thou art absent. They threatened me—they called upon the spirits, as they once called to them beneath the sea. And the curse of the long night—of darkness—hunger—death . . . they invoked . . . of the dead . . . upon me . . . I was afraid." Ootah felt her shuddering in his arms. "The women came unto my igloo," she repeated wildly—"they desired that ravens peck my eyes—that I rest without a grave—that my body lie unburied and that my spirit never rest. And the curse of darkness—*io-o-h-h!*—they called the curse of darkness upon me. They kicked me, and tore my hair . . . They came unto my igloo as the storm came and called upon the spirits of the skins to strike me; for they said I had again driven thee to thy death, that I had sent the others to their death. Thou knowest I lay ill when thou didst depart. But they fell on me one by one and hurt me—I feared they would kill me. They were angry and they called upon the dead. The storm strikes; the spirits of the winds are angry; the ice breaks, and it is the fault of Annadoah. So they said."

Her eyes were wild, her hair dishevelled. Ootah felt her forehead—it burned with fever.

"How didst thou come here—and why?" he asked, his heart bounding in the thought that she had followed him, that of him she sought protection.

"I know not—methinks I called upon the spirits. I knew thou didst come this way—I knew thou wouldest save me from the women. And I followed. The way was dark. The wind held me back. But I knew thou wert here—my heart led me; my heart found thee as birds find grass in the mountains. Ootah! Ootah! I fear I shall die!" She collapsed in his arms. The wind shrieked. In the distance two icebergs exploded—there was a flash of phosphorus on the sea as the arctic dinosaurs collided.

"Come! Or we perish in the sea!" Maisanguaq yelled. Annadoah cowered at the sound of his voice.

"And he . . . is here?" she whispered. "I am afraid."

They felt the great ice field rocking on the waves imprisoned beneath them. It trembled whenever it touched a passing berg.

Maisanguaq prodded the terror-stricken dogs. Their howls shrilled through the storm.

"*Huk! Huk! Huk!*" he urged.

Supporting Annadoah with one arm Ootah pushed forward after the moving team. He knew they were being carried steadily and slowly seaward, but he had hopes that the ice field would swerve landward toward the south where an armlike glacier jutted, elbow-fashion, into the sea and caught the current.

Snapping their whips and frantically urging the dogs, they fought through the snow-driving darkness and over the moving field of ice. Annadoah murmured wild and incoherent things in her delirium. They paced off half a mile.

"*Aulate!*" Ootah suddenly called, panic-stricken. "Halt! halt!" Maisanguaq stopped the dogs. Before them a snaky space of water, blacker than the darkness about them, and capped with faintly phosphorescent crests of tossing waves, separated them—Ootah knew not how far—from the land.

"To the right!" Ootah called. "Let us go onward!"

"*Huk! Huk!*" Maisanguaq encouraged the dogs.

"The floe may land near the glacier," Ootah cried.

He spoke to Annadoah. She made an irrelevant reply about the women who called upon the spirits—and their terrible maledictions.

With Maisanguaq ahead driving the dogs, they turned to the south. Annadoah sank helpless in Ootah's arms—she could no longer walk. Ootah supported her. At times his feet slipped. He felt himself becoming dizzy. The beloved burden in his arms became unsupportably heavy. They travelled in utter darkness, near them the desirous clamor of the waves. Seaward, at times, where the splitting floes crashed against one another, there ran zigzag lines of phosphorescence. The winds howled in the ears of Ootah like the voices of the unhappy dead. Occasionally he heard the voice of Maisanguaq ahead urging the team.

Ice froze on their faces, frigid water swept the floe. Their garments became saturated and froze to the skin. Finally the dogs refused to move. "We can go no further," said Maisanguaq, in terror. "I am resigned to die." Ootah stubbornly invoked the spirits of his ancestors for succor. He called to the dogs.

Thereupon a terrific shock caused both men to reel. The ice field trembled under them—then stopped.

Ootah realized that a section of it had swept against one of the many land-adhering glaciers. There was hope—and greater danger.

With a rumbling crash that reverberated above the storm the field separated into countless tossing fragments. The cake on which the terror-stricken party cowered swirled dizzily in an eddy of the released foaming waters. On all sides the inky waves seethed up among the crevices of the sundering floes. To the south Ootah heard the breakers booming against the ice cliffs which perilously barred the currents of the angry sea. The caps of the curling waves took on a pale white and appalling luminance.

"The faces of the dead!" cried Maisanguaq in superstitious terror. "From the bosom of Nerrvik they come to greet us."

Ootah, however, felt no fear. For once he felt unheedful of those in the other world. His mind was occupied with a more immediate interest—that of saving the life of the woman he loved.

With quick presence of mind, Ootah grasped the rear upstander of the sled, which had begun to slide to and fro, and planted his harpoon in the ice.

"Thy axe!" he shouted. Maisanguaq passed the axe. Ootah grappled for it in the darkness. "Hold the harpoon," he directed. Mechanically Maisanguaq groped for the harpoon and held it while Ootah, with his one free hand, lifted the axe and drove it into the ice. With the other hand he still gripped the unconscious woman. Her hair swished about his legs in the howling wind. Maisanguaq planted his own weapon in the ice on the opposite side of the sledge, and Ootah, with unerring strokes, hardly able to see it in the darkness, pounded it firmly into the ice.

"Thy lashings," he called. Maisanguaq passed a coil of skin rope.

About the improvised stakes which secured the sled Ootah whipped the lashings, then he passed them under and over the sled until it was securely pinioned. Very gently he placed Annadoah upon the mass of walrus meat and lashed her body in turn to the sled and about the stakes. With Maisanguaq's assistance he tied the cowering dogs to the harpoons. This done, the two men, benumbed and dazed, clung to the anchor for support.

As the severed ice cakes dispersed, a curling wave lifted the floe on which they clung high on its crest and tossed it southward. As it rose on the surging breakers Ootah felt the dread presence of *Perdlugssuaq* ready to strike. Each time they made swift, sickening descents in the seething troughs he felt all consciousness pass away. On all sides the waves hissed. Torrents of water swept over the floe. Ootah felt his limbs freezing; he felt his arms becoming numb. He feared that at any moment he should lose his grip and be swept into the raging sea. Then he thought of Annadoah and conjured new courage. For a while the dogs whined—then they became silent. One already was drowned. Ootah bent over Annadoah to protect her from the mountainous onslaughts of icy water. His teeth chattered—he suffered agonies. For a long black hour of horror they were driven over the thundering seas and through a frigid whirlwind of snow, sharp as flakes of steel.

The recoiling impetus of the waters gradually increased under them. Ootah knew this indicated an approach to land. The waves came in shorter, but quicker swells. The floe bumped into others. Ootah roused himself and hopefully turned toward Maisanguaq.

"We approach the land," he called. "We must bide our time—then jump."

The waves washed the floe toward the distant shore. Land ice steadily thickened about them. Maisanguaq realized that they were actually being carried to the sheltering harbor of the arm-like glacier south of the village. Ootah quickly began unlashing Annadoah so as to be prepared to leap, when the opportunity came, from cake to cake, to safety.

Impelled by a warning instinct, Ootah suddenly looked up from his task, and felt rather than saw Maisanguaq near and about to leap upon him. Maisanguaq's eyes dimly glowered in the dark. Ootah rose quickly. Maisanguaq drew back and uttered an exclamation of chagrin. Ootah understood. With rescue possible, Maisanguaq had quickly come to a desperate resolution.

The girl lay between them.

Ootah braced himself.

"I hate thee, Ootah," Maisanguaq shouted, no longer able to suppress the baffled jealousy and seething envy endured quietly for many seasons. He moved about, parleying for time and a chance to spring upon Ootah when he was unguarded.

"I hate thee not, Maisanguaq," Ootah replied. He steeled himself, for he knew Maisanguaq was strong, he knew the ice was treacherous; he waited for the man to strike.

"My heart warms for Annadoah; so doth thine: therefore, thou or I must die." Maisanguaq's deep voice sounded hoarse through the storm.

"As thou sayest," Ootah replied, "but why?"

"Annadoah must be thine or mine; dead, she cannot choose thee, and with thee dead, my strength shall cow her. As men did of old I shall carry her away by force. She shall be mine."

"Annadoah hath already chosen—her heart is in the south," Ootah replied, sadly.

"Fool!" the other man shrieked. "Didst thou not go to the mountains to get her food; didst thou not thieve from thine own self to give oil to her; didst thou not fawn upon her and perform the services of a woman? Thou liest if thou sayest thou wilt not have her for thy wife. No man does this unseeking of reward."

"I love Annadoah," Ootah said, bitterly.

"Yea, and thou hast hope."

"Perchance—perchance I have hope."

"And Annadoah looks with favor upon thee—I have seen it in her eyes. Did she not greet thee as women greet their lovers when thou camest from the mountains, and did she not bind thy wounds with strange ointment?"

"She thought of another—her heart was in the south."

"Hath she not sought thee hither—upon the ice—when the women fell upon her with their curses? Her heart wings to thee, did she not say, as birds to green grasses in the mountains?"

"Her heart is in the south," Ootah sadly moaned.

"The heart of woman changes always," cried Maisanguaq. "The heart of woman always yields to force. Pst!"

Seeing Ootah turn slightly toward Annadoah, Maisanguaq sprang at his throat. Their arms closed about one another. Maisanguaq breathed the wrath of the spirits upon Ootah. He fought with the fierce strength of one insane with jealous, murderous rage. The icy floe rocked beneath them. They slipped to and fro on the treacherous ice. The sharp snow beat their faces. Water washed under their feet. At times they reached, in their frightful struggle, the very edge of the floe, and seemed about to tumble into the seething sea. Ootah felt Maisanguaq trying to force him over the watery abyss—but he fought backwards . . . time and time again . . . They constantly fell over the unconscious woman on the sledge. About them the darkness roared; they felt the heaving sea beneath them. And while they struggled, in their brief terrible death-to-the-death fight, the floe was tossed steadily onward. Ootah felt his breath giving out. Maisanguaq felt Ootah's hands closing about his throat. He felt the blood pound in his temples. Desperation filled him—he determined to kill Ootah by any means. A grim suggestion came to him. He endeavored to release himself.

In a lull of the wind both heard something that made them start. Aroused from her feverish coma by the two men falling against her, Annadoah suddenly cried aloud. The two men stood stone-still, locked in a deadly grip.

At that moment Annadoah felt the warmth of their panting breath as they paused near her. Where she was at first she did not realize. She heard a clamor of wind and breaking waters. She imagined herself being tossed through the air in the arms of the *tornarssuit*. At the same time she became vividly aware of the desperate struggle near her. Subconsciously she realized Maisanguaq and Ootah were engaged in a fight to the death. In the darkness she sensed them moving away from her. Straining her eyes she began, very dimly—as Eskimos can even in pitch darkness—to descry the black outlines of the two men wrestling as they shifted nearer and nearer the edge of the ice. Then it dawned upon Annadoah's mind that they were being carried, in the jeopardy of an awful storm, on a floe that was tossed hither and thither in a maelstrom of angry waters. A frantic desire to save Ootah surged up within her. Behind him she saw the swimming blackness of the heaving waves. She attempted to rise. Her head swam; there was loud ringing in her ears. Her hands were not free, her ankles were bound—she struggled to release herself. Twisting her wrists and ankles in the tight lashings until they bled, it suddenly flashed upon her that she was lashed to the sled. She knew that at any moment the floe might crash into a glacier and be crushed to atoms. She knew that Maisanguaq and Ootah were fighting for the possession of her—that both might perish, or, what was worse, that Maisanguaq might win. Chaotic terror filled her. Struggling frantically but ineffectually, she uttered a maniacal scream.

"Ootah! Ootah!"

Ootah did not reply.

The storm howled. The wind lashed the floe—it fell like a whip on her face. Annadoah felt the surging impetus of the angry sea under them. She felt herself rising on the crests of mighty waves and being swiftly hurled into foaming troughs of water. Frigid spray bathed her face. Still the two vague shadows, darker than the night, slowly and laboriously moved about her. At times they brushed her lashed body—then she felt the quick gasp of their breath; she sensed the strain of Ootah's limbs twisting in the struggle.

Again she perceived the two shifting away and being merged in the swimming blackness. Presently she saw only the phosphorescent crest of a mountainous wave . . . rising in the distance . . . She became cold with white fear—she felt her blood turn to ice . . . She screamed and struggled vainly with the lashings . . . She felt the floe rise, felt herself being steadily lifted into the air, and of sheer paralyzed fright again swooned.

Maisanguaq by a fierce wrench managed to release one hand, struck Ootah a heavy blow and broke away. Leaping to the opposite side of the sledge, with a terrific pull he drew one of the harpoons out of the ice and with his knife speedily cut it loose from the lashings. Ootah, stunned for a moment, turned upon him. Maisanguaq desperately raised the weapon. Ootah heard it hiss through the air. He reeled backward—the harpoon grazed his arm and struck the ice.

At that very instant the oncoming breaker descended with a rush from behind—a torrent of water washed the floe. Ootah was lifted from

his feet and dashed against the sled. When he rose he waited in silence for an attack. There was none. He moved over the floe cautiously, feeling the darkness. Creeping to the edge he saw something dimly white and blurred on the receding wave. "Maisanguaq," he called, softly. There was a pang at his heart, for he was truly gentle. He strained his ears to hear through the din of the elements. The floe suddenly jolted him as it was carried, with a thud, against shore-clinging ice. Ootah peered seaward, and called again—loudly:

"Maisanguaq!"

Only the waves replied.

Hurriedly he cut the leather lashings and, leaping from floe to floe, carried Annadoah to the shelter of the shore. Returning he loosened the dogs. Only three lived. Biding his time until the floe was ground securely among others, he then dragged his load of meat ashore. Sinking to the earth he rubbed Annadoah's hands and breathed into her face.

He called her name. Presently she stirred.

"Ootah," she murmured. "It is very dark—very dark—I wonder . . . whether . . . it will soon be spring."

He chafed her hands. For a lucid moment she nestled to him and in a terrified voice whispered:

"Maisanguaq—where is he?" She heard Ootah's reply.

"He hath gone the long journey of the dead."

Annadoah breathed a sigh of relief and again floated into the coma of fever and exhaustion.

The journey before Ootah was desperately difficult in the storm and darkness. In his way of reckoning he knew they had floated about two miles south of the village. The return lay along the sea and over crushed, blocked ice. Much as he regretted it, he was compelled to leave the precious load of walrus blubber behind, so as to carry Annadoah, who was unable to walk, on the sledge. He covered the blubber with cakes of ice, hopeful that it might by chance escape the ravaging bears. His companions might come for it after his return. He knew the probabilities were, however, that the keen noses of the bears would detect it.

After lashing Annadoah to the sledge, so she might not be jolted from it, Ootah, with a brave heart, started in the teeth of the biting wind. The half-frozen dogs rose to their task nobly and pulled at the traces. Ootah pushed the sledge from behind. He trusted to the sure instinct of the animals to find a safe way. Progress was necessarily slow. Fortunately the snow stopped falling and one agony was removed.

In lulls of the storm Ootah heard Annadoah moaning in her delirium.

When they reached the village, a half dozen men were assembled outside their houses. They rejoicingly hailed Ootah, whom they had counted among the dead. He learned that two of his companions had gone to join Maisanguaq. The first party had safely reached the shore before the breaking-away of the ice. The news of Ootah's arrival brought out the women. When they saw Annadoah they crowded about her, scolding. Ootah silenced the garrulous throng with a fierce command. They shrank away.

"She came to me on the ice," he said. "Knew ye not that the spirits fared not well within her, that she was ill, ye she-wolves? She sees things that are not so and raves of the curses ye invoked, barking she-dogs! *Aga! Aga! Go—go!*"

Assisted by several of the men, Ootah conveyed Annadoah into her

igloo and laid her upon her couch. Her face was flushed and as she lay there Ootah thought she was very beautiful. She had become much emaciated—Ootah did not like that. But when she opened her eyes Ootah saw in them a soft, new light.

"Thou art brave, Ootah," she said, essaying a smile of gratitude. "Thou art brave of heart . . . and kind."

Ootah's heart stirred. Once she had said that his heart was as soft as that of a woman; this was, indeed, to him reward for all the frightful terrors he had endured on the storming sea.

"And do the wings of thy heart not stir, Annadoah?" he asked softly, a world of pleading in his voice. "Wilt thou not be mine in the spring?"

"In the spring," she said, dreamily, and her voice quavered . . . "in the spring . . ."

A far-away look came into her eyes, and Ootah felt an infinite ache at his heart.

"I am afraid, Ootah," she said presently, in a trembling voice. . . . "Afraid . . . my head burns—the igloo is black . . . Dost thou remember what the women told their dead? . . . They invoked the dead to curse me . . . as I stood by the open sea . . . when the moon rose . . . Ootah! Ootah! I cannot see thee . . . It is very . . . dark." Ootah laid his hand upon Annadoah's head. "The spirits do not fare well within thee," he said. "But I will care for thee."

For nearly a moon Annadoah lay ill with a strange fever. And in her disturbed dreams, as Ootah watched through the long hours, she murmured vaguely, but longingly, for the spring.

[*To be concluded*]

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Cabinet

IT is not necessary to offer advice to Governor Wilson with regard to the composition of his Cabinet. He has given clear evidence of his own forcefulness and ability to lead, and he will profitably follow his own advice. But the following quotation from James Russell Lowell is none the less interesting at a time when the clamor for the spoils of office is distinctly raucous.

"Lincoln showed that native force may transcend local boundaries, but the growth of such nationality is hindered and hampered by our division into so many half-independent communities, each with its objects of county ambition, and its public men great to the borders of their district. In this way our standard of greatness is insensibly debased. To receive any national appointment, a man must have gone through precisely the worst training for it; he must have so far narrowed and belittled himself with State politics as to be acceptable at home. In this way a man may become Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs because he knows how to pack a caucus in Catawampus County, or be sent as Ambassador to Barataria because he has drunk bad whisky with every voter in Wildcat City."

The Sherman Act and Corners

IT is curious that it has taken almost twenty-five years to discover that speculative corners are prohibited by the Sherman law. To those who care to speculate, not in cotton, but with regard to the future of the race, it would seem that the prohibition has been found, not so much in a specific law or in legal forms, but in that developing public opinion which both makes laws, and makes them effective. Speculative business of an irregular or dangerous character was long left to flourish or to work out its own extinction, in spite of occasional or even widespread indignation, because the *laissez faire* policies of the time were too deeply intrenched, and intelligent public opinion too

slightly organized. It is quite possible that if proceedings had been brought twenty years ago, the decision recently given by the Supreme Court would not then have been handed down. For though the interpretation of a legal enactment requires legal training, the general widening of the mental range of a nation is reflected, though not hastily, in the character of its judiciary. The Supreme Court now sees clearly what would perhaps have been hidden from it a quarter of a century ago. Still clearer vision may be expected during the next quarter of a century, so that the law will not be divorced so completely as it has been from the books of the prophets.

“One Little Lieutenant”

THE one little lieutenant who brought disgrace to a sorrowing Police Department is rapidly being reinforced by other big and little victims of the painful public demand that police “protection” shall be reserved for the public, and not for persistent law-breakers. It is regrettable that the Mayor of New York City should have been attacked so strongly in the press, merely because his administration has unfortunately been associated with such scandals. Surely it is unfair to expect the responsible executive of a city to be fully acquainted with the conditions prevailing in the different departments and to insure reasonable efficiency? He has his own policies to carry out, and he cannot be expected to waste time in conducting a drastic, fearless exposure of whatever has been cloaked by the “System,” so that all corruption could be cut away and the self-respecting members of the force permitted to go decently about their business, and so recover some measure of public confidence.

In the meantime, disclosure follows disclosure; insolence is added to corruption; and the Police Department of New York is a byword through the country.

And the Mayor, no doubt, expects re-election.

Why?

The Vice-Presidency

ALTHOUGH the matter has no practical importance at present, the position of the Republican Electors with regard to the

Vice-Presidency was interesting. They were under no obligation to support any specific candidate, and though the honor of the nomination was merely formal, it was associated with unusual conditions. So far as one section of the College was concerned, there was an opportunity to revert to the original spirit of the constitution and illustrate, in however minor a degree, the purpose for which that assembly was designed. No clamoring and manipulated convention dictated to them, in this respect, what they should do and in whose favor they should stultify themselves and accept the position of a recording, instead of an elective, body. Even so small a wedge as was provided by the recent situation may be used to produce a cleavage that may more and more widely separate constitutional and orderly government from the intrusive domination of unelected, undemocratic and decidedly undesirable "bosses."

The Panama Canal Controversy

THE statement by President Taft that he is entirely willing—and would be ashamed not to be willing—to submit the Panama Canal controversy to arbitration by an impartial tribunal, if an amicable adjustment cannot otherwise be reached, has been received with wide approval and has removed much of the European suspicion that this country had no faith in its own contentions, and was therefore reluctant to refer the case to unbiased discussion. In view of his own repeatedly announced convictions on the subject of arbitration, and in view, further, of the unmistakable public sentiment in favor of the proper adjudication of the dispute, the President could not have taken any other course; but none the less it will be remembered to his credit when the petty animosities and attempted evasions of some provincial publicists have passed peacefully into oblivion. A certain section of the press, to which a yellow label is usually applied, very vehemently tried to stir up ill feeling, insisting that possession was nine points of the law and the whole of the new American testament and temperament. Patriotism that is based on such blatancy may be left cheerfully to the private enjoyment of its inventors; it has no place in modern America. We wish to lead the world, not to mislead it; and we are perfectly willing to sac-

rifice a trivial commercial advantage in order to illustrate the principle that great nations and small meannesses cannot be decently associated.

The Dynamite Conspiracy

THE verdict in the great dynamite conspiracy has passed quietly as a simple item in current news; and one of the most astounding campaigns in the long war of labor against capital has come to a conclusion.

Not big minds, but little minds, conceived that gigantic mistake. There are too many emotional and one-sided people who are ready to justify any means, including murder, to further the aims of their own class, or of the class in which they are specially interested. We are familiar with the survival of the mediæval militarist; but the modern war-mania is a sign, not of progress, but of deterioration. The nations of the world have established vast armed camps; the highways of the sea are patrolled by battleships; class is striking out at class; and the very women are making war in their own way.

Everywhere sect against sect, one division of the human race against another. In the name of brotherhood, blood. In the name of Christ, crime.

Nothing, it will be said, is won with folded hands. Here, as hereafter, it must be "Strive on, strive ever." Yes: but there is a difference between striving and strife. To-day should be the day of the big, simple minds; not of the little, mean minds: of union, not disunion. The voice of a free, enlightened people will prevail against the thunders of all the dynamite in the universe. But a people can never be enlightened and free until they learn to believe in themselves and forget the tricks of the violence-mongers, who assert that he is in the right who can cut most throats or mangle most bodies. But democracy has been fooled so long that it will continue to fool itself, rather than escape from its shackles.

Suffragette Intolerance

THERE is an old proverb that one cannot touch pitch without being defiled. This is not true, but it is sufficiently suggestive

to serve as a text for a little reference to the growing intolerance of the acutely militant suffragettes.

The militant movement in England has passed beyond the proper bounds of reason and decency, in its public conduct; and there is some evidence that it has passed beyond the proper bounds of courtesy, in private discussion. Womanhood discarded so much of its traditional attributes in adopting the policy of aggression, that the extension of the process of denudation became almost inevitable. But it is none the less regrettable. Advertisement has its uses, but it has also its dangers. Action that was at first repugnant, but was accepted from a sense of necessity, has resulted in a dangerous reaction on character, in the abrading of those finer sensibilities which, in the beginning of the modern movement, were the very motive force of the rightful revolt from inequality and unjustifiable degradation.

When women commence to argue in public with stones and acids, one may prepare for the introduction of the acid argument into private life; and this is neither pleasant nor necessary. There are a few American women who, secretly or openly, despise the common-sense principles of their sisters and prefer the blatant methods which are ruining the movement over the water. They are entitled to hold and to explain their opinions; but they are not entitled to assume that theirs is the only possible point of view and that all other opinions are inherently ludicrous. A difference of opinion does not constitute a personal affront, and it can be bridged most effectively, not by the charge of stupidity on either side, but by rational discussion. Intolerance never makes converts who are of value, though the sheep instinct leads many to accept blindly the leadership of an aggressive and dominating personality. It is becoming clear that the movement in England must have more intelligent and less irascible leaders, if the ebbing of the tide is to be stayed and the women and men who think, and not merely emotionalize, are not to be alienated by the deplorable associations of the present militant movement.

It seems possible that the mental calibre of the English leaders has been overrated from the beginning. Certainly it has been, if they are responsible for such "arguments" as the fol-

lowing, which have recently arrived—they could scarcely have been indigenous—in this country.

1. That one of the reasons for the adoption of the window-smashing tactics is that the windows demolished are insured in a *Government insurance company*, and the financial loss therefore falls upon the Government.

2. That the injury to letters by acids and other destructive fluids placed in letter boxes has been exaggerated and the manœuvre completely misunderstood, since the operation has in reality been performed so skilfully that only a portion of the address on each letter has been defaced, with the result that not a single letter has actually been withheld from transmission to its destination.

With regard to the first ingenuous assertion, there is no "Government" insurance company of any kind in Great Britain, apart from the various civil service superannuation schemes, the Post Office thrift facilities, and the system of compulsory insurance for domestic servants and other employees recently instituted under the much-discussed Insurance Act.

With regard to the second statement, one may be permitted to marvel at the extraordinary skill of a suffragette who, furtively pouring acid or some defacing fluid into a letter box, can so distribute her attentions and her fluid that each letter receives only its calculated little flood, and no more—a sufficient portion of the address being designedly left unobliterated. If it be true that no letters have remained undelivered in consequence of these attacks, an uninitiated observer would have attributed the fact to the efficiency of the British postal authorities.

Fortunately, a cause founded on reason can survive the mistakes of its too zealous, but not too well-informed, supporters. But it will certainly not profit by the extended use of such "arguments" as those just discussed.

THE FORUM

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THE PLAYBOY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY

Henri Bergson

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

I

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON in an essay on style, charming notwithstanding its discussion of technical elements, describes a conjuror juggling first with two, then three, finally four oranges, keeping them all aloft with seemingly small effort. Stevenson employed this image to explain certain qualities of literature. After re-reading the books of Henri Bergson, in the admirable English translation, I couldn't help thinking of the conjuror spinning his four oranges in mid-air, so deftly does the French philosopher keep in motion his images, with a *leit-motif* which he has named *élan vital*, the vital impulse. It is no mere coincidence that in every successful philosophy there may be found a boldly coined image which serves not only to stamp the entire system, but also as a handy catchword for its disciples. We know that there is much more in Kant than his *Ding an sich*, the famous Thing-in-Itself; yet shorn of that phrase the Kantian forces would no longer be as terrible as an army with banners. Hegel, that old cloud-compeller, the Jupiter Pluvius of metaphysics, for what would he stand if not for his Absolute and his theory of opposites? Yet they are not altogether Hegelianism. And Schopenhauer, whose Will-to-Live image brought his philosophy safely into port through a muddy sea of pessimism; or Comte and his Positivism, the scepticism of Renan, the agnosticism of Spencer, or the foggy unconsciousness of the Berlin thinker, Hart-

mann—each of these schemes for a new *Weltanschauung* has as a sign, a symbol, an oriflamme, an image that sticks to the memory long after the main lines of the various philosophical ideas are forgotten. A philosopher is often doubled by a poet as an image-maker. And many sport Siegfried's magic Tarnhelm, that not only makes them quite invisible, but invisible too their thought. Now a happy image captivates. When the poet Nietzsche declared that the gods were dead in the firmament, the world was not particularly shocked, though much more interested when he forged his significant phrase, Superman.

Henri Bergson is a man of exceptional literary gifts. He has an ingratiating manner of saying things, of weaving them into loops of golden prose. As a lecturer he wooes the ear with the rhythm of his musical cadences. How persuasively, yet how calmly, he juggles his orange-concepts, his Vital Impulse, his Intuition, his Instinct, his Life pictured as a swiftly-flowing stream, his Time as a stuff both resistant and substantial, and his Creative Evolution. But, who knows, perhaps the image that will make his philosophy unforgettable is his comparison of human consciousness with the mechanism of the cinematograph. He contrives a definite and logical pattern from his theoretic oranges, and literally in the air. I recall a lecture of his at the Collège de France, though the meaning of his talk has quite escaped my memory, because I was studying the personality of the man.

The Chinese have a saying that an image-maker never worships idols. Bergson is a mighty maker of images, nevertheless his sincerity is unquestionable. He is intensely in earnest, one would say passionately, if it were not too strong a word for a thinker whose bearing and gestures betray such equipoise. He is bald, with a beaver-like brow, the brow of a builder born; his nose is slightly predaceous, his features cameo-like, his deep-set eyes are dark, the eyes of an oracle, though there is nothing of the pontifical in his attitude toward his audience. A modest man, because he knows so much, Bergson is more of the *petit-maitre*, the diplomat, even the academician, than accords with the popular notion that all philosophers are bearded old men, their eyes purging amber and plum-tree gum. Alert, even vivacious, M. Bergson is yet self-composed, far from

being a dreamer, and while he shows his Oriental stemming, he is less Jewish looking than Anatole France. (It is said that Celtic blood flows in his veins as well as Semitic.) There is an ecclesiastical suggestion; you look for the *soutane*. As he spoke in that *legato* fashion of his, so unlike the average French orator, I thought of him as a Jewish Renan, a master-sophist, more dogmatic than the author of the *Vie de Jésus*—himself a Hebraicized thinker—and one not averse from the “mania of certitude,” which his master did so abhor. And as Bergson’s closely linked argument flowed on, the image of his rushing river of apperception arose in my mind. What a wealth of examples! And what a picture-maker! What magic there is in these phrases: “Il s’en faut que toutes nos idées s’incorporent à la masse de nos états de conscience. Beaucoup flottent à la surface, comme des feuilles mortes sur l’eau d’un étang.” One is instantly conscious of that pool upon whose languid surface the dead leaves float, and in a flash you feel that our half-expressed or discarded states of consciousness are as “dead leaves” that idly drift in the backwaters of our being. Throughout his various books such imagery is not infrequent. What if his *élan vital* be but another “vital lie,” of the kind Ibsen believed so necessary to our happiness, the “lie” that the brilliant thinker Jules de Gaultier has erected into a philosophical system which he calls “Le Bovaryisme”—the tendency of humanity to appear other than it is. People like to be told they are “free”; that life is a spontaneous outburst of optimism; that the intellect is not the chief of the human organism, the brain only a telephonic “central”; that intuition is superior to cerebration, and all the rest of the gorgeous bric-à-brac of this Parisian jeweller in philosophic phrases. But he has only set up one more conceptual idol in the metaphysical pantheon—the idol of Time, so long neglected for its fellow-fetish Space. Time is an Absolute for Bergson, who otherwise detests the Absolute, even insinuating that nature abhors an Absolute. Time is the *idée mère* of his work. It is also his one noteworthy contribution to contemporary thought. It’s magnificent, but it’s metaphysics. And it always will be metaphysics—which if expelled from the door comes down the chimney. Paul Bourget says somewhere “On

revient toujours de ses voyages d'oubli," and it is difficult to withstand the witchery of Bergson's adventures in the caves of the thought-idols. We are reminded of those old *fantoccini* hoary with age, Time and Space and Causality, or the Ego and the Non-Ego, all capitalized, and recalling the thrill metaphysical of our youth. And to-day both terms are as empty of significance as the verbalism of dusty, forgotten schools. As William James wrote, "Conjunctions, prepositions, and adverbs play indeed a vital part in all philosophies; and in contemporary idealism the words 'as' and 'quâ' bear the burden of reconciling metaphysical unity with phenomenal diversity." Bergson plays with his dialectic as does the Playboy of the Western World with his competitors. Not precisely a "vicious" circle of reasoning is his, rather let us say, in medical parlance, a "benign" circle; which simply means that the *élan vital* is life because it's lively. All metaphysicians are mythomaniacs, though their myths are as a rule more verbalistic than conceptual. However, Bergson is not altogether the victim of his own verbal virtuosity; the faulty method of appraising him is to blame. He has been adjudged an absolutely original thinker. He is not; indeed, the poet and myth-maker that is in him runs a close second with his metaphysic. All said and done, he is as much of an idealist as the next one, and to alter good old Sir Thomas Browne, he sees men not as trees, walking, but as images, flowing; he also declares that "the mechanism of our ordinary knowledge is of a cinematographical kind." Truly, a "mechanistic" image.

Henri Bergson is a hard-working professor, born at Paris, October 18, 1859. He entered the École Normale in 1878, took his degree in 1881, and was made doctor in letters in 1889. Since 1900 he has been professor at the Collège de France, and in 1901 became a member of the Institute on his election to the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. His *Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience* (Paris, 1889) translated into English as *Time and Free Will*, is in our opinion the most valuable of his works, containing as it does the matrix of his ideas on Time and written in a more austere style than his better-known books. *Matter and Memory* followed (1896),

with (1907) the favorite *L'Évolution Créatrice* (Creative Evolution). The success of his writings has been universal, and in the English world largely due to the praise of the late William James—to my way of thinking a profounder philosopher than Bergson, and the possessor of a simpler and more searching rhetoric.

Mankind longs for a definite "yes" or "no" in answer to the eternal enigmas, and Bergson is a yes-sayer. He tells us in his supple, caressing prose that we need not be determinists or believers in the automaton theory, that life is continually creative, that we are, in our individual way, gods fashioning our own destinies, and much more that sounds suspiciously like the old-fashioned teleological argument. And in our century, "famous for its incoherences," this "*spiritualisme en spirale*" of Bergson, as Remy de Gourmont wittily puts it, has attracted the amateur philosopher, as well as the idle of intellect, cultured, curious women, the crowd without spiritual ballast, the whole flock of mystic, emotional, artistic and semi-religious folk that are seeking for the unique sign, the objective frame, the message from Beyond. Bergson is their pet planet for the moment, that Zarathustra speaks of: "Between two seas, between what is past and what is to come." Mysticism, with a *nuance* of sentimentality, has poked its nose once more into the crib of philosophy, demanding its share of flattery and sustenance.

II

Imperial-minded Goethe reserved for philosophy but a small province in his vast intellectual kingdom. He loathed "thinking about thought," and made Mephisto tell the scholar: "Grauer, teurer, Freund, ist alle Theorie," though he did not fail to study Spinoza his life long. Yet his spinning spirit sings to Faust: "So schaff ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit Und wirkte der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid." That living garment of the deity is composed of Time and Space—and as many categorical imperatives as the ingenuity of philosophers can invent. Those are the convenient—and fictive—forms by which we apprehend the sensuous universe. Bergson lays the stress on Time as the more

important factor in the understanding of life. Too long has the world been regarded through spatial spectacles; science has recognized Space more than it has Time. Time is not abstract, declares Bergson; it is concrete, real. He says: "My mental state, as it advances on the road of time, is continually swelling with the duration which it accumulates: it goes on increasing—rolling upon itself, as a snowball on the snow. It is a mistake to tie together our conscious states as manifestations of some ego. Time is all that connects them; indeed they *are* time. As regards the physical life unfolding beneath the symbols which conceal it, we may readily perceive that time is just the stuff it is made of. . . . There is, moreover, no stuff more resistant nor more substantial."

No denial here of objective reality; all is solidly concrete in a concrete world, far different from the "timeless block universe" of the absolutists. Time is a living thing. The original impetus of life is the fundamental cause of variations. This impetus is conscious. Its vital matter is the impediment, and its collision with the living stream, the resistance overcome, causes creation. Wherever this flows it organizes matter. The greater the resistance the more complex the resulting organism. Evolution is continually creative. It is now and everywhere. "Life seems to have succeeded in this by dint of humility, by making itself very small and very insinuating, bending to physical and chemical forces, consenting even to go part of the way with them." Life at the outset—but was there ever a beginning, M. Bergson, you who so dislike the idea of finalism?—was "possessed of the tremendous internal push that was destined to raise them—specks of protoplasm—even to the highest forms of life." The opponents of our philosopher contend that while his erudition is undeniable his inferences from facts observed are faulty; that his employment of analogies is specious—what have snowballs and Time in common? Snow accumulates while rolling, but does Time? Furthermore, he too often sets up a metaphysical man of straw so as to overturn it, and then triumphantly concludes that because he upsets one theory his own is necessarily truthful. Which objections cannot be contravened. Bergson has mastered much science and presses it into the service

of his theories. But he has not proved his case any more than, say, Büchner with his *Kraft und Stoff*. What is really the difference between Bergson and Büchner? The latter is the apostle of Matter and Force. More metaphysics, as metaphysical as the Becoming (which suggests Renan's *Fieri*) of Bergson. All such phrases are symbols of *là bas* that we shall never know.

In *Matter and Memory* he writes: "Truth no longer represents our past to us, it *acts* it." (The italics are his.) "Itself an image, the body cannot store up images; and this is why it is a chimerical enterprise to seek to localize past or even present perceptions in the brain; they are not in it; it is the brain that is in them. . . . My past gnaws into the present." Isn't this mediæval scholasticism *redivivus*! All consideration of Free-Will must be in Time, not Space. "Can Time," he asks, "be adequately represented by Space? To which we answer, Yes, if you are dealing with Time flown; No, if you speak of Time flowing . . . all the difficulties of the problem and the problem itself arise from the desire to endow duration with the same attributes as extensity, to interpret a succession by a simultaneity, and to express the idea of freedom in a language into which it is obviously untranslatable." We prefer to make these quotations rather than risk blurring the brilliancy of the original thought by transposition. Bergson is obsessed by the idea of a temporal, not a spatial, universe. Old Father Time is in the saddle again after being so long deposed by the *Critique* of Kant. The image of a focal point, our normal consciousness, imperceptible, shading into a fringe at the periphery, is arresting, for it is that "fringe" from which we draw, as from a reservoir,—never mind the mixed metaphor—our vision of life. Consciousness, he asserts, is almost independent of cerebral structure. He has been challenged to offer proofs of this existence apart from cerebral structure. But he has not yet given a definite answer. His Time is a clock-face that is always pointing to the high noon of eternity. Real Bergsonism is cosmic rhythm. He has in this respect the innocence of the ear, yet he knows that no two clocks ever strike simultaneously. The new mysticism is here. The subconscious as a reservoir for the eternal certitudes is not missing; but the old verbal coun-

ters are used in the interest of a new obscurantism. He seriously subordinates the intellect to a minor rôle in his doctrine of Instinct; the intellectual operations are of less value than Intuition or Sympathy; yet he rather illogically objects to the agnosticism of Huxley—that humble student of truth revealed by science. The “new” theory of Free Will—which Bergson handles rather gingerly—as a concomitant of his Vital Impulse, is, frankly speaking, a more terrifying metaphysical monster than the old fashioned and elaborately embellished Determinism. We wonder what Hartmann would say to the subtle transposition of his Unconscious in the “Fringe” theory of Bergson. Or, Professor Münsterberg. Curiously enough, with all his assumption of libertarianism, Bergson’s human is much more of an automaton than the man of the Cartesian formula.

He doesn’t subscribe to Réné Quinton’s ingenious contention that birds followed vertebrates in the procession of evolutionary existence on our globe; nevertheless he declares the instinct of bees and ants is actually superior to human intelligence when he interprets the meaning of “life.” Withal, in his depreciation of the intellect and his charming *plaideoyer* for the intuitive process—the subordination of the highest nervous centres to the lower ones—Bergson is the most signal example of rampant “intellectualism”—mollified by a romantic rhetoric—that has put pen to paper during the past quarter of a century. This literary son of Renan bows to none in the matter of phrase-making, except Maurice Barrès—that verbal Chopin, who sings the swan song of Lorraine in such surpassingly dolorous and delicious tones. But the seeming pellucidity of Bergson’s style is often dangerously misleading; his ideas are not always pellucid; indeed, there are phantasms in this much-vaunted prose with its shining photosphere, and its formidable shadows, in which lurk all sorts of metaphysical hobgoblins; the Boyg of Ibsen is there, the old Nominalism, and the “Buffoon of the new Eternities,” and a little rose-water—the Bergson metaphysic is not lacking in perfume; that is why his philosophy is allied to feminism, with its sympathetic divinations and intuitive reactions. Sensual mathematics, all this, and an Icarus-like attempt to fly into the Fourth Dimension of Space. An excurs-

sion to Laputa, there to interview its philosophers, or the Struldbugs of Swift, might produce more topsy-turvy ideation than Bergsonism; but why should we go further?

"We are rarely free," yet if free-will endures but an instant we are always free. Renan advises us to act as if we were really possessed of free-will. "Duration as Duration, Motion as Motion, elude the grasp of mathematics . . . of Time everything slips through its fingers but simultaneity, and of movement everything but immobility." (*Time and Free-will.*) But Bergson could also write: "In the Absolute we live and move and have our being." (*Creative Evolution*, pp. 199.) "In reality, life is a movement, materiality is the inverse movement, and each of these two movements is simple, the matter which forms a world being an undivided flux, and undivided also the life that runs through it, cutting in it living beings all along the track." The image of a scow sharply cutting the stream of consciousness,—the waters of life—and creating as it swims, is poetical and apposite. It may survive the Bergsonism of Bergson; but not so novel an idea, as one finely expressed. Didn't Harald Höffding say that we live forward, we understand backward? From Heraclitus to Newman the student encounters variations of this imagery, on the theme of the identity of the living universe. "He who tastes a crust of bread has tasted of the universe, even to the farthest star," wrote Paracelsus. And Leopardi said, "All the ages have been and will be more or less periods of transition; since human society never stands still, nor will there ever be an age in which it will be stationary." Someone averred that Bergson reasons about Free Will as the astronomers before Copernicus reasoned on the movements of the sky. His Intuition is not as convincing as the Illative Sense of John Henry Newman. In the *Grammar of Assent* Cardinal Newman wrote: "His progress—man's—is a living growth, not a mechanism; and its instruments are mental acts, not the formulas and contrivances of language." But didn't Pascal exclaim: "The heart hath its reasons," and the heart—or Sympathy, Intuition—may decide when the intellect can go no further. Ludwig Feuerbach, who occupied the philosophic affections of Richard Wagner before he lost them to Schopenhauer, once

wrote: "God was my first idea. Reason my second and Man my third and last thought. Man is alone and must be our God. No salvation outside of Man." (Over-capitalization of words is another vice of philosophers, which Professor James did not include in his list of their defects.) Bergson seemingly would restore Man to his former anthropocentric position in the scheme of things—though shorn of his intellectual primacy. Yet he insists that he is not an idealist. While not being the pronounced Pluralist that William James is, he thinks that the conceptual vision of the Absolute is lacking in the largeness of rhythm, or rhythmic periods, which characterize Pluralism. The consciousness of our present is overflowed by the memory of our past. There is no Now in the old sense of the word. This fluidity of a real Time—not a metaphysical abstract—is the best thing in the Bergson philosophy. It is a suggestive idea. And what a fairyland is metaphysics, a million times more romantic and thrilling than any fiction; indeed, the most entrancing fiction in literature, both ancient and modern, is philosophy. Fancy such an astounding assertion as "instinct brings us into closest tie with the universe." Bees and ants ought then to be the masters of mankind. Even the meticulous guinea-pig has as good a chance to win in the evolutionary race as the Eleatic tortoise had with Achilles. Perhaps the time may come when metaphysics will occupy the same relative position to real thought that astrology does to astronomy to-day. But Pascal's Abysm—the Unknowable—will always be at the side of mankind to disquiet or terrify him. Hence the world will secretly listen to the voice of the philosopher who cries aloud in the darkness: "Lo, I, alone, am the bearer of the light that never dies!"

III

Some objections:—William James writes in his *A Pluralistic Universe*, "Intellectualism has its source in the faculty which gives us our chief superiority to the brutes, namely of translating the crude flux of merely feeling-experience into a conceptual order." He admits that, "We of course need a stable scheme of concepts, stably related to one another, to lay

hold of our experiences and to coördinate them withal." In his *The Thing and Its Relations* (the volume above quoted, p. 351) writing of the intellect he goes further, "It originated as a practical means of serving life; but it has developed incidentally the function of understanding absolute truth; and life itself now seems to be given chiefly as a means by which that function may be prosecuted. But truth and the understanding of it lie among the abstracts and universals, so the intellect now carries on its higher business wholly in this region without any need of redescending into pure experience again." (1905.) Where does Bergsonism come in here? "Absolute truth!" James has confessed that the Bergson philosophy was not all as a lantern shining on a dark pathway; perhaps he scented its latent "spiritualism." But what does all this verbal hair-splitting mean to us in actual life? What an Ixion wheel! Monism or Pluralism? Idealism or Realism? Under which king? A comma instead of a semi-colon may wreck a philosophic system. There are those who believe that the misreading of a holy book gave birth to a mighty religion. The very structure of our cerebral organ forces us to think by associating disjointed ideas. Nevertheless, the mechanistic theory has the authority of experience, and even if James does define Empiricism as meaning "the habit of explaining wholes by parts, and rationalism means the habit of explaining the parts by wholes," (and strictly speaking neither one nor the other "explains") we must pin our faith, not to metaphysics, but to the more tangible results of science which move slowly but surely. Modern philosophy has always trailed science like a crow the furrow of a well-sown field, picking here and there a seed. Bergson makes a great show of reverently following the tenets of science but, at the first opportunity, flies off on a fiery-winged tangent to the land of metaphysical Nowhere, a cuckoo-cloud land. He has imagination, though not much humor; in the ironical presentation of the adversary's case he lags far behind William James. His system—though he disclaims having any—is impressionistic; it also straddles between the real and the ideal, and flirts with both the mechanistic and the metaphysical. In his Huxley lecture at the University of Birmingham (1911) he concluded that "in man, though in man

alone, consciousness pursues its path beyond this earthly life." Shades of Thomas Huxley!

We may find some of the ideas of Professor Bergson in the works of Émile Boutroux ("De la contingence des lois de la nature," 1874) and also in Rénouvier. The germs of his leading ideas may be discovered in Nietzsche—that sworn foe of metaphysics. When he has given us his projected Ethic, we shall see what bearing his philosophy has upon the nature of judgments—as a pragmatic reason about the chief use for the art of philosophizing. His *Æsthetic*, too, will surely prove of interest, judging from his essay on *Laughter* (*Le Rire*, 1910). In it are swift if not satisfactory generalizations, and a plentiful lack of humor, together with much polished writing. I prefer George Meredith's less metaphysical but more illuminative essay on Comedy.

Bergsonism is riddled with paradox, yet it is stimulating as just another multicolored picture of the universe painted by a man in whom the philosophical play-instinct (in Schiller's sense) is elevated to a fine art. For him the vast hinterland of metaphysics, the "unknowable" of philosophy, the Fourth Dimension of Space, is a happy hunting-ground, where with his highly burnished metaphysical weapons he pops away at Time and Space and other strange fauna of that misty and tremendous region. He exhibits the daring of the hardy adventurer, and he occasionally returns with a trophy worth while, but always heavily laden with rare flora. All the rest is metaphysics. As his philosophy is mainly an affair of images—delicately interrelated mosaics, fairy-like structures, and dazzling mental mirages—its study naturally begets images. That is why I have called the image-maker, Henri Bergson, the Playboy of Western Philosophy.

THE REPUBLIC

MADISON CAWEIN

NOT they the great,
Who build authority around a State,
And firm on calumny and party hate
Base their ambition. Nor the great are they,
Who with disturbance make their way,
Mindful of but to-day,
And individual ends that so compel
They know not what they do, yet do it well.
But they the great
Who sacrifice their honor for the State,
And set their seal
Upon the writing consecrate
Of time and fate;
That says he suffered for a People's weal:
Or, calm of soul and eye,
Helped to eliminate
The madness that makes progress its wild cry,
And for its policy
Self, a divinity,
That on illusions thrives,
And knows not whither its desire drives
Till on the rocks its headlong vessel rives.

II

God of the wise,
On Whom the People wait,
And Who at last all evils wilt abate,
Make Thou more keen men's eyes:
Let them behold how Thou at length wilt bring,
From turmoil and confusion now that cling
About the Nation's feet,
Order and calm and peace,
With harmony of purpose, wing to wing,—

As out of Chaos sprang
Light and its co-mate Law, when loud Thy summons rang,—
High instruments of power never to cease,
Spirits of destiny,
Who from their lofty seat
Shall put down hate and strife's insanity,
And all contentions old that eat
The country to the quick:
And Common-Sense, the Lion-Heart, now sick,
Forth from his dungeon cell
Go free,
With Song, his bold Blondel;
And, stretching forth a stalwart arm
To laboring land and sea,
With his glad coming warm
The land to one accord, one sympathy
Of soul; whose strength shall stand
For something more than gold to all the land,
Making more sure the ties
Of freedom and equality,
And Progress, who, unto the watchful skies,
Unfurls his banner, and with challenging hand
Leads on the world's emprise.

III

God of the just and wise,
Behold, why is it that our mortal eyes
Are not more open to the good that lies
Around our feet?—the blessings in disguise
That go with us about our daily deeds,
Attending all our needs?
Why is it that, so rich and prodigal,
We will complain
Of Nature—her whose liberal hand,
Summer and spring and fall,
Pours out abundance on the land?
Cotton and oil and grain.—

O God, make men more sane!
Help them to understand,
And trust in her who never failed her due;
Who never camped with Famine and his crew,
Or made ally
Of the wild House of old Calamity!
But always faithfully,
Year after generous year,
From forth her horn of plenty, without fail,
Poured big abundance.—What did lies avail,
Or what did fear
To make her largess less?—They who descry,
Raising a hue and cry,
Disaster's Harpies darkening the sky
Each month that comes and goes, are they not less
In insight than the beasts of hill and field,
Who take no worry, knowing Earth will yield
Her usual harvest; a sufficiency
For all and more: yea, even enough to bless
The Sons of Greed, who make a market of lies
And blacken blessings unto credulous eyes,
Turning them curses, till on every hand
They see, as Speculation sees,
God's benedictions,—rain and sun and snow,—
Working destruction in the land,
The camping-ground of old hostilities,
Changing all joy to woe
With visitations of her wrath withal,
Proclaiming her, our mother Nature, foe,
Undeviating, to our hopes below,—
Nature, who never yet has failed to bless us all.

IV

By the long leagues of cotton Texas rolls,
And Mississippi bolls;
By the wide seas of wheat
The far Dakotas beat

Against the barriers of the mountainland:
And by the miles of maize
Nebraska lays
Like a vast carpet in
Her House of Nights and Days,
Where, glittering, in council meet
The Spirits of the Cold and Heat,
With old Fertility whose heart they win:
By all the wealth replete,
Within our scan,
From Florida to where the snows begin,
Made manifest of Nature unto Man,—
Behold,
The Land is as a mighty scroll unrolled,
Whereon God writes His name
In harvest: green and gold
And russet making fair, as oft of old,
Each dædal part He decorates the same
With splendors manifold
Of mountains and of rivers, fruits and flowers;
Sealing each passage of the rubric Hours
With esoteric powers
Of life and love, and all their mystery,
Thro' which men yet may see
The truth that shall refute the fool that cries,
“God has forgot us and our great emprise!”

V

Of elemental mold
God made our country, wombing her with gold,
And veining her with copper, iron, and coal,
Making her strong for her appointed goal.
High on her eagled peaks His rainbow gleams
Its mighty message: in her mountain streams
His voice is heard: and on the wind and rain
Ride potencies
And portents of His purpose, while she dreams

Of great achievements, great activities,
And, weariless of brain,
From plain to busy plain,
And peak to plateau, with unresting hand,
Along the laboring land,
She speeds swift train on train,
Feeling the urge in her of energies,
That bear her business on
From jubilant dawn to dawn,
From where the snow makes dumb
Alaskan heights, to where, like hives of bees,
The prairies hum
With cities; while around her girdling seas
Ships go and come,
Servants and slaves of her vast industries.

VI

And He, who sits above,
And, watching, sees
Her dreams become great actualities,—
Out of His love
Will He continue to bestow
Blessings upon her, even more and more,
Until their store
Shall pass the count of all the dreams we know?—
Why heed
The sordid souls that worship Greed?
The vampire lives that feed,
Feast and grow fat
On what they name the Proletariat;
Wringing with blood and sweat,
From forth the nation's muscle, heart, and brain,
The strength that keeps her sane:
They too shall have their day and cease to be.
Ignoble souls, who for a market set
Before the People's eyes
A scarecrow train

Of fabrications,—rumors, antic lies
 Of Havoc and Calamity,—
 Panic appearances of Famine, War,
 That for the moment bar
 The path of Truth and work their selfish gain.

VII

God of the simple and the wise,
 Grant us more light; and lead
 The great adventure to its mighty end!
 From Thy o'erarching skies
 Still give us heed,
 And make more clear the way that onward lies.
 Not wealth now is her need,
 The great Republic's, but the Dream as well as Deed,
 The Dream of Beauty which shall so descend
 From Thee and with her inmost being blend,
 That it shall help her cause
 More than all man-made laws

VIII

Now, for her soul's increase,
 And spirit's peace,
 Curb the bright dæmon Speed;
 Grant her release
 From strife; and let the joy that springs
 From love of lowly things
 Possess her thought, and plead
 For work that counts for something to the heart,
 And grows immortal part
 Of life—the work called Art:
 And let Love lead
 Her softly all her days; with quiet hand
 Sowing the fruitful land
 With faery seed
 Of wisdom from which blossoms shall expand

Of vital Beauty, and her fame increase
More than the wealth of all the centuries.

IX

God of the wise,
The meek and humble, who still look to Thee,
Holding to sanity
And truth and purpose of the great emprise,
Keep her secure,
The great Republic; let her course be sure,
And, in detraction's spite,
Unquestionably right!
And in the night,
If night there must be, light for her a light
To guide her safely thro' the strife,
The conflict of her soul, with passion rife.
Raise up some man of might,
Whose mind shall put down storm and strain of life
And kindle anew the lamp whose light shall burn
Forever thro' Earth's storms,
Lighting the world, bidding it to her arms,
Across the gulf of all the centuries
Of tyrannies
And wrongs and hatreds, on her heart to learn
To hush its heart's alarms.

THE SCARLET WOMAN

Ancient and Modern Laws Against Her

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

“**S**TONE her to death,” was the verdict of the fierce ethics of the ancient Jews. Against that verdict at last, out of the heart of Judaism itself, came the Voice, vibrant with a new compassion and a finer justice, “let him that is without sin cast the first stone.” That Voice is still echoing through the newer ethics, personal and social, and is helping to bring the prostitute into consideration as no longer “outcast,” but at last a recognized member of the human family. That ancient Jewish law, it must be noted, was enforced only for the sake of race purity and the cleansing from sin of the people of Jehovah. The law ascribed to Moses, “Do not prostitute thy daughter: there shall be no harlot of the daughters of Israel,” did not apply to foreign women; and horrible suggestions were involved in the commands to “slay the enemies taken in battle . . . all but the virgins.”

The command of Moses was but a part of the social system that made concubinage and sex-slavery of the “stranger woman within the gates” an accompaniment of the domestic order that protected the family from pollution of its wives and mothers. It was not prostitution as a moral wrong for men and women alike, and equally for those of all nations, that was forbidden; but prostitution of the wives and daughters of the chosen people “whose seed should inherit the earth” and must be kept pure for the task of world-leadership. The Bible is full of proof, however, that the religious genius of the Jewish people struggled heroically with all forms of sexual disorder; and no account of the “strange woman, with the attire of the harlot, and subtle of heart,” leading astray the “young man void of understanding,” as a “fool to the correction of the stocks,” equals in vividness that of the picture contained in Proverbs. The Jewish bride had to prove her chastity at marriage, and the Jewish father, although he might sell his daughter as concubine to a decent man,

must protect her from outrage. Yet were the harlots a recognized class in Jewish life; and Rahab, who furnished shelter to Joshua's spies, received full and honorable recognition for her services, and was allotted a residence in Judea, with no hint conveyed in the account that she was required to give up her business. In spite, however, of facts showing that the Jewish people were voluptuous, and that the maidens of that race, when in Babylon, were favorites of the conquering nobles, all historians agree that there was more detestation of prostitution as a personal sin and national degradation, and more effort to check and to abolish it among the Jewish than among other ancient peoples. It was this ethical revolt against personal pollution that so often appeared in passionate form among the Jewish prophets and which passed over into the Christian faith.

In the ancient world the main root and trunk of sex-relationship was the family tree; the stability of the family; the certainty of the paternity of offspring; the right upbringing of the children by virtuous mothers. These considerations worked to establish the severest penalties for adultery of "the married or espoused woman"; for the despoiling of the daughters of nobles and freemen; and for the seduction of such appropriated and protected women by debauched men. Other forms of immorality were looked at as either a matter of course or as slight departures from the right way of life; and their punishment not attempted. On either side of the family-tree strange growths appeared in the ancient world. On one side were cults of religion, which dedicated women to the prostitution of temple services; and on the other side the irregular passions of individuals leading to unbridled license in sex-relationship, outside both the temple and the home.

The Jews seem first and most clearly of all the peoples of ancient time to have become able to separate all sense of mortal passion from the God-idea and therefore so to cleanse their worship as to make the cults of their neighbors seem an "abomination unto the Lord." Hence, although the Jewish practice might allow prostitution with the foreign woman, any sharing with her of the obscene rites of "false gods" was punished as severely as was the fall from virtue of a Jewish wife. That ancient phallic

worship, still so widespread and so degenerating in its effects, surrounded the Jewish people on all sides. Their own early life was permeated with it. Their history is in large part the dramatic story of the emancipation of the infant mind of the race from sensualism in religion. That cry "Stone her to death, no daughter of Israel shall sin," was a great step upward from the temple worship of Mylitta of Chaldea, where every woman must prostitute herself for once at least to any stranger who might ask her, in the name of the god, to whom must be devoted as a sacred coin the price received for this temple service! The terrible penalties of the Jewish law were directed against religious cults and temple practices that needed fierce opposition. This early revolt from a sensual God-ideal, this early conception of a Righteousness and Purity enthroned on high, was the one great gift of the Jewish people to the human race. That this gift was at first inconsistent in many of its manifestations, and for ages cruelly unjust to women in its one-sided demands and partial penalties, is proof only of its primitive quality.

The treatment of prostitutes by most ancient peoples belongs to the history of "regulation" and of permissive restraints, aimed only at excesses of sex-indulgence deemed injurious to health, or to the decent order of public life or to the legal autonomy of the family. It is true that some earlier laws of the Greeks stigmatized prostitution itself as degrading; and Vedic commands, antedating all those laws of Manu which so degraded womanhood, show a fine sense of virtue which cannot abide impurity. Our civilization, however, in so far as it has looked upon the "social evil" as a sin, and the Scarlet Woman as deserving of punishment, has fibred itself upon two roots; one, the ethics of Judaism against harlotry as a profession, no matter how carefully followed; and the other, that strain of Germanic reverence for women which leads toward high ideals of a marriage that brooks no rivals near its throne.

In Saxony the adulteress "stripped to the girdle, was driven out of her husband's house and whipped upon the streets of the village until she died." Her paramour might be legally slain by the husband or father of the sinful woman. The Goths gave a woman permission to "divorce her husband for sodomy or for

forcing her to adultery as a means of gain"; although, as in the Roman law, the husband's own immorality constituted no legal crime against the wife. The pith of all laws against the married woman's wrong-doings lay in the husband's right over her. A man who seduced the wife was punished—and often by death—not for his wrong against the woman, or for his act as sinful in itself, but as one guilty of invasion of another man's right and of injury to another man's property. As an old English law puts it, "If a free man be with a free man's wife, let him pay for it with his *wergeld* and provide another wife with his own money and bring her to the other";—that is to say, the guilty woman being usually slain or banished, her place of service and company must be made good. If a free man aspired to an amour with a woman above his station he must pay doubly, and might be killed with impunity by the angry husband or father, and the woman involved suffer the same fate of death or exile. So great was the demand for the chastity of *married* women among some people that in the tenth century of our era a sovereign of Wales decreed that a "husband might righteously eject from his home the wife who had given a single kiss to any man but himself"; and adultery of the woman of a good family "left no room for divorce," says Jeffreys, "as she was killed." In primitive society, where all are married, the supply of "scarlet women" must come largely from the seduction of the younger, or the fall from virtue of the older *wives*; a condition, therefore, in which that supply was so curtailed by the death penalty must materially affect the number of prostitutes. But banishment would almost invariably lead to immorality as a profession in some other city; and "foreign women," in all periods of social development, have been considered fair prey. Even to-day the traffic in womanhood is largely, in every country, with the women of other lands.

Christianity, compounded of Jewish ethics, Greek thought, Roman law, and Germanic impulses to freedom and individual responsibility, tried in its beginning to do two things: i.e., to abolish the worship of gods who desired the dedication of women to sensual service; and to make private immorality a forbidden sin, alike to men and to women. The attack upon women sinners, and upon those who obliged women to sin, was along

the line of least resistance and hence the first to be followed aggressively. The prostitute and the panderer were punished before any penalty was attached to man's immorality. Among the laws of the Goths concerning a "free woman obliged by force to practise prostitution" is one which requires the man involved, "if free, to pay 6 ounces in gold and receive 50 strokes of the whip," and if he is a serf, "when he acts by command of the lord," the latter shall pay for him the sum a free man in similar case would be obliged to pay. This did not release the woman involved from danger of public whipping, expulsion from the city or sale as a slave.

The Spanish law of King Flavio Rescindo on "women of the country, free or slave" makes sharp distinction between the prostitution of free and serf women. If free women adopt this practice "publicly, very often, and in a way of which proof may be given, receiving many men brazenly," this law orders the lord of the city to seize them and publicly inflict 300 strokes of the whip. For a second offence the penalty is the same, and in addition they may be given as slaves "to some worthless individual" and both be expelled from the city. In recognition of family responsibility in the matter, if it could be proved that the parents of the woman commanded her to live this life and "lived on her earnings, each of them should receive 100 strokes of the whip." By this same law it was ordered that a slave woman prostitute "should be seized, given the penalty of 300 lashes and also branded upon the forehead," and her owner required to send her "to live far from the city or to sell her outside its walls." If the lord failed to obey this order, "he should receive 50 strokes of the whip; or if it is proved that she committed the adultery for his profit he shall receive the strokes of the whip like a slave," and for a second offence the slave woman, like the free, may be sold as a slave to some "worthless individual and both be exiled from the city." The social thrift displayed in thus ridding the city of two troublesome people at once indicates the reason for the persistence of banishment as a convenient form of punishment. This ancient law gave full power to free fathers and free husbands to avenge their honor by killing both adulteresses and their companions in sin. In it also the judges are required to pursue the public pros-

titutes, to secure their seizure and punishment, and if they were not diligent in this matter the lord of the city was required to give the judges "100 strokes of the whip and in addition to pay a fine of 30 sols in the name of the King."

An ancient royal law of Spain throws special light upon the temper and ideals of early Christianity. In that law rape, which results in the death of a "single woman," is punished by a fine of 100 maravedis and imprisonment; even when the crime is not "fully consummated." The penalty of death may be awarded, also, "to him or to those who assemble to commit the crime of fornication" (a law evidently aimed at the remaining evidences of phallic worship); and parents who consent to the daughter's outrage are also to receive punishment. The severest penalties of this law are directed against the "woman procuress" who "in the service of any man, or any married woman or newly married woman," shall interfere with domestic fidelity. "She shall be imprisoned" and all parties be "left in the power of the aggrieved husband for him to decide what he shall do, but he shall leave them life and shall not strike them without legal procedure." The death of the procuress may follow legal proof of her evil offices. "If she lives she forfeits the fourth part of her possessions if they are more than 200 maravedis, and, if less, she shall remain in prison during the fourth part of the year."

The mediæval laws of Christendom prove that the first impulse of the new religion was against all prostitution; was severely punitive against all sinful women and all those who forced them into sin; was more nearly equal in its treatment by law and custom of male and female wrongdoers than any previous codes or practices had been; and had for its central purpose elevation of the people to a pure and self-restrained plane of being. Above all the condemnation of the procurer was new in extent of legal punishment and social ostracism. The Roman "leno" was despised but not severely punished; but the panaderer and the trafficker in women of early Christendom was subject to punishments varying from confiscation of property, fine, expulsion from the city, public whipping, the penalty of death for those who "forced widows or virgins by deceiving them," or "bartered women" for the market of vice, or "detained as cap-

tives" in vicious houses "women who sought their freedom" and to "live honestly." On husbands acting as procurers for their own wives, or men or women offering to buy, or buying, for immoral purposes, "married women or members of a religious order," the death penalty was especially enjoined. In the Principality of Catalonia the law of Don Juan I in 1389 contains specific provisions of punishment, such as the expulsion of all procurers, men and women.

The earlier laws, both before and after this era, required the harlot to dress distinctively in order that she might never be confounded with the women of the "honest" class. The "short scarlet mantle" required to be worn by the Spanish prostitute of the Middle Ages was preceded by the dress of "flowered stuff" which was the required costume of Greek courtesans and the natural or dyed "blonde hair" which further distinguished them from the dark-haired native of Italy; and the Romans demanded that all public women wear upon the arm a knot of yellow, and later of white, to show their profession. The first object seemed to be to mark off and differentiate the irregular from the virtuous women by such distinctive dress and color of hair. But the later laws against the Scarlet Woman—those which took their rise in Christian civilization—have all forbidden her wearing anything which would reveal her calling to the stranger. She must in no manner draw attention to herself; and that because any dress, or action differing from those of virtuous women, would create scandal by declaring her presence among the people. In either case, where a distinctive dress has been required or where it has been forbidden, the object has been the same; to satisfy a social standard in relation to the prostitute, rather than any consideration of her as a person needing either protection or care. If it has seemed better for the family and safer for men that she should be made conspicuous and set apart as a special class in a segregated place, there has been no scruple as to whether or not this course tended to make permanent women-slaves of occasional women sinners. If the needs of the family and the safety of men seemed best served by refusing to allow any publicity to public women as an aid to their business, then there has been no scruple in forbidding them as individuals to solicit patrons in a trade

which they were expected to continue, and which was so liberally supported that it could afford the largest expenditure for police protection of any of the commerce of the under-world.

The history of the Old World and of the Middle Ages, although widely fluctuating between the record of dire punishments for sex-crimes and for vice on the one hand, and the account of State monopolies of enormous revenues and of Church subsidies of great value in the area of permitted prostitution on the other hand, shows one thread of entire consistency. That thread is the unchanged belief that the uses to which women of all classes might properly and legally be put could be determined by right by the judgment of men. Whether the sinning woman should be stoned to death, or driven from her city and home; or encouraged by law to mortgage her favors to priests of the temple as vicegerents of sensual gods; or to visitors of the city whose trade was desired; or to preferred classes of men, such as nobles and "those of quality"; or condemned to serve all who demanded her company in regulated brothels and at a price fixed by government,—whatever the demand upon her or the penalty exacted from her, the Scarlet Woman has been the prey and the slave, the plaything and the football, the scapegoat and the abhorred delight of man. In the ancient world there was not even a pretence that any law concerning her was passed for her own benefit. With the dawn of new ideals of justice the tendency has been increasingly toward the view that an act requiring two participants cannot be a deadly sin for one, and only a mild peccadillo for the other; and hence laws against the sinful act, whoever commits it, have largely superseded those statutes directed solely against the "woman taken in sin." The practice of courts and of police, however, still keeps up the old discrimination even after the statutes have begun to write "he or she," "him and her," in an even-handed justice. The reports of "raids" against houses of ill repute still conceal the names of the men found in these places and record those of all the women, however young; and the men are generally dismissed to their homes with or without a "rebuke" or "warning," while the girl inmates are taken to court and sentenced to the workhouse or jail or reformatory as "misdemeanants."

Not yet is any true sex-democracy attained, or even consciously sought, except among the moral élite, as the law of either legal marriage or its dark shadow, prostitution. Increasing devotion to social purity has too often shown itself only in outbursts of severity in the treatment of the woman sinner alone. As Henri Minod well says, "History shows that at different epochs there has been the desire to abolish by one blow and forever women of venal debauch." Charles VII ordered that they be burned alive. In 1245 Louis IX ordained that all such women should be flogged. In 1266 a decree of Venice required them all to be whipped and branded. In 1635 a general edict commanded that they should "flee the city and faubergs under penalty of being raided and banished from France forever without form of law." In 1496 an ordinance of the King of Denmark imposed upon all prostitutes the wearing of a bonnet or cap "half red and half black" as a public sign of their profession. In 1518 Francis I signed a document ordaining the destruction of Glatigny, which was then one of the principal haunts of vice in Paris. The people of the locality, "fearing that the King might be induced to change his edict before it was executed," armed themselves with shovels, picks, and other implements, and in twenty-four hours destroyed all the houses which had sheltered the women of vicious life. But "the destroyed houses were soon rebuilt," says the chronicler; "tradition stronger than royal decree preserved for debauchery the preferred quarters from which it had been willed to expel it; nothing less than the demolition of the whole city would suffice for purification." In 1574 Frederic II ordered the Municipality of Elsenor to send prostitutes to the whipping-post and cut their ears, and in case of a second offence to tie them in bags and drown them, and it is said, although not proved, that 800 such women were drowned at one time. In 1684 Louis XIV passed severe decrees against all women "openly and scandalously debauched." They were to wear rough woollen clothes and wooden shoes, have only bread, soup and water for food, a straw mattress only for bed with scant supply of blankets, "be made to work as hard and as long each day as their strength will stand," and the most violent and cruel punishment was freely used in their prison treatment. At about

this period also in Strasburg the whipping-post and the slitting of noses followed the complaint of neighbors against such women, their household goods were confiscated and all manner of humiliation suffered.

The early legislation of the American Colonies showed the first marked tendency to treat men and women alike, and that with extreme severity of punishment for infringements of the laws against morality. In Plymouth Colony, which in many ways showed its tendency toward greater judicial clemency and a wiser treatment of criminals than that of the Mother Country, the death penalty for sexual vice was abolished. Protestantism was so deeply tinctured with Jewish ideals that an "eye for an eye" and a woman's life for treason to family purity had seemed to the leaders of this religious movement fitting punishment. Calvin had believed in and advocated the death penalty for the adulteress, but had added the same for the adulterer. In the Puritan Commonwealth the law required that a "man who had betrayed a virgin" should be excommunicated until he married her "if he legally could do so," or if already married, until he provided financially for her and for any possible offspring in a suitable manner. The same law punished the adultery of men and women equally by exile or imprisonment for life with especially severe penalties for "clerical delinquents." On this side of the water Protestantism, outside the Plymouth Colony, and Rhode Island, legally demanded the death penalty for adultery and especially for conjugal infidelity, but the law was not enforced. Men and women convicted of the crime were whipped and banished and their property confiscated, but, in the language of an early Colonial Judge, "lest the law had not been fully published in this new country," they were not sentenced to death. Plymouth, although from the first refusing the death penalty, invented the "Scarlet Letter" as a refinement of cruelty in punishing the Scarlet Woman. In 1639 we first trace this punishment, immortalized by the genius of Hawthorne, in the case of a woman sentenced to be "whipt at a cart tayle through the streets, and to weare a badge upon her left sleeve during her aboad within the place." If found at any time outside her home without this badge she was to be "burned in the face with a hot iron." In 1641 a man and

a woman were severely whipped "at the publick post and condemned to wear the letters AD upon the outside of their uppermost garments in the most emenent place thereof." In 1658 the custom, already developed in judicial practice, became a statute law, "Whosouer shall commit adultery shall bee severely punished by whiping two severall times, once whiles the Court is in being at which they are convicted of the fact, and the second time as the Court shall order; and likewise to wear two Capital letters AD cut out in cloth and sewed on theire uppermost garment on theire arm or backe; and if at any time they shall bee taken without the said letters, whiles they are in the Government, they shall be forwith taken and publickly whipt." New Hampshire copied this law in 1679-80 and down to its repeal in 1792 it was frequently enforced. In Rhode Island, where neither the death penalty nor the humiliating letters were in use, the culprit was "publickly set on the gallows in the Day Time with a rope about his or her neck for an hour, and on return from the gallows to the Gaol was publickly whipped on the naked back not exceeding thirty stripes, and must stand committed to the gaol until paying all costs of prosecution," including the fee for the public whipper. In Connecticut in 1673 a brand superseded the death penalty. The adulterer and adulteress were to be "Stigmatized or Burnt on the forehead with the letter A on a hot iron, each to wear a halter about the neck on the outside of their Garments during their abode in this Colony so as it may be visible," and if found without this halter they were to be whipped. The halter was also used in Massachusetts Bay Colony, but for rape only; and in 1764 the shameful letter was substituted for the death penalty by a statute which required "a Capital A two inches long and of proportional bigness cut out of cloth of contrary color to their cloathes and sewed upon the upper garments." We find abundant traces that although the sentence was equally aimed at the wrong-doing of men and of women, the man often escaped punishment. In 1730 in Boston, however, both a man and woman were sentenced to the lettered shame and again in 1752, and as late as 1782 a woman was sentenced to wear the letter "forever."

All these laws were evidence of the deep horror of the Pur-

itan against vice in every form. They were, however, fruitless efforts to stamp out human weakness and degeneracy by means of cruel laws. Such efforts have always proved unavailing. The glory of the Colonial statutes was their aim at equality of penalty for sin for both sexes, and the fact that in statement, if not in practice, the law knew neither male nor female in the sin of unchastity. This was evidence that the democratic spirit of the new government had worked in toward domestic life.

The later legislation, which has become the law of the States of our Union, has been many-sided and widely varying, yet may be summed up in general tendency as follows: A distinction has been increasingly made between "fornication and adultery," the former being "unlawful carnal knowledge by an unmarried person of another, whether the latter is married or unmarried" and the latter "voluntary sexual intercourse of a married person with a person other than the offender's wife or husband." (Note Bouvier's *Law Dictionary*, pages 105 and 833.) The first, where both parties are married, in which case the act is adultery; the second, where the man is married and the woman unmarried, in which case it is adultery for him and fornication for her; in the third place, where the woman is married and the man unmarried, where it is usually adultery for her and usually fornication for him, but in some States (with distinct remnants of the old protection of the husband's rights, adultery for him also); and in the fourth place, where neither party is married, the act is designated by law as fornication only and so punished, if at all. In New York State the term adultery is made to cover all intercourse where either party is married to a third person.

Fornication, in the general use of the word, is made a criminal offence in thirty-nine States of the Union, the punishment, mild in comparison with the ancient laws, being imprisonment for three to six months and fines of from twenty to fifty dollars. Delaware, Louisiana and Tennessee are the only States that do not legally define adultery as an offence punishable by definite penalties. Prostitution has a definite standing in statute law as both a personal wrong-doing and an illegal business. The prostitute commits fornication, but also is commonly known to do it as a business, and becomes thereby a "public woman of a de-

bauched class." Some of the States, like Indiana and Illinois, declare it to be a crime to "reside in or frequent a house of prostitution." Most States in statute, and all in general practice, require more than residence or visiting of such houses as ground for punishment; there must be also some unusual license in behavior deemed detrimental to good order, to subject either prostitutes or their patrons to arrest and imprisonment. The New York Penal Code forbids the keeping of a "lewd, ill-governed or disorderly house to the encouragement of fornication or other misbehavior." This law could well be so construed as to condemn any person who resided in, opened or maintained such a house of prostitution, however carefully and discreetly kept. It is usually construed, however, as meaning a house which becomes in an offensive manner a "public nuisance." The Code of Criminal Procedure of the same State declares a "Common prostitute who has no legal employment whereby to maintain herself" to be "a vagrant." As such she might be dealt with in a manner both humane as to her segregation from temptation, and socially helpful as to her removal from the place where she may tempt others. It is usually construed, however, in a manner most irrational, inhumane and socially harmful, by sentences for short terms to workhouses and jails, from which the woman emerges to do her evil work in a more destructive manner.

The present laws, court practice, and ill-regulated police control regarding the social evil reveal a varying ideal and method that result in "confusion worse confounded" in dealing with both the prostitute and her business. The old horror of the Scarlet Woman has sudden upheavals in ruthless "raids" and savage forms of punishment; as recently in Chicago, where hundreds of prostitutes have been turned into the streets as their haunts have been broken up by a spasm of moral indignation, and they set adrift without sufficient care or help; and again, as in the city of Atlanta, where after five days' notice immoral women have been "banished from the city," with no care taken by courts or citizens that they shall not infest a neighboring locality with a cupidity stimulated by this act of selfish vengeance.

The "short term sentence," which seems so merciful beside drowning, branding and public scourging, has been proved a

deadly evil both for the individual and the State, and the tendency is now toward placing all youthful offenders under "indeterminate sentence" for extended care and control in a suitable reformatory institution, so that they may have time for physical, mental and moral recovery and for training toward self-support. Moreover the need for educational and economic reform in the care of girlhood is leading to a new form of "rescue-work," not to harbor the morally incurable but to save maidenhood from pollution. These elements of the subject must have treatment in later papers. In this brief survey stress is laid only on the progress of moral sentiment as shown in statutes punishing unchastity. In this particular a revolution has taken place, the depth and meaning of which is hardly yet understood. This revolution has changed the centre of gravity in the crusade for social purity from attempts to kill off or stamp out of existence the prostitute class by cruel punishment, to efforts to abolish the demand for her services, and to protect all womanhood against the horrible pressure of that demand. The Scarlet Woman is at last admitted to human rights. Society is no longer content to let her be the scapegoat for the sins of the people. The "woman taken in sin" shall hereafter not only be protected against the death penalty by the Voice that sternly demands that "he who is without sin cast the first stone"; she shall be studied and cared for as one upon whom has been unjustly visited the results of a permitted system growing out of a cherished indulgence of man. The lock-step partnership of prostitution with the saloon, the gambling house and centres of political graft has long been known, and in spasmodic action denounced. To-day we are adding a new consciousness of the connection between prostitution and the economic exploitation of young girls. To-day we have at last entered, consciously and of purpose only so far as the moral leadership of the race is concerned, but surely and increasingly, upon a new abolition movement. This new abolition movement is nothing less than a crusade to destroy the traffic in womanhood, to wipe out the commercialized brothel which demands that traffic, and to bring all the moral and educational forces of society to bear upon the suppression of the social evil.

WHERE IS DAVID, THE NEXT KING OF ISRAEL?

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

WHERE is David? . . . O God's people,
Saul has passed, the good and great.
Mourn for Saul the first anointed—
Head and shoulders o'er the state!

He was found among the prophets:
Judge and monarch, merged in one.
But the wars of Saul are ended
And the works of Saul are done.

Where is David, ruddy shepherd,
God's boy-king for Israel?
Mystic, ardent, dowered with beauty,
Singing where still waters dwell?

Prophet, find that destined minstrel
Wandering on the range to-day,
Driving sheep, and crooning softly
Psalms that cannot pass away.

"David waits," the prophet answers,
"In a black, notorious den,
In a cave upon the border
With four hundred outlaw men."

"He is fair and loved of women,
Mighty-hearted, born to sing:
Thieving, weeping, erring, praying,
Radiant, royal, rebel-king!"

"He will come with harp and psaltry,
Quell his troop of convict swine,
Quell his mad-dog, roaring rascals,
Witching them with words divine—

*"They will ram the walls of Zion.
They will win us Salem hill,
All for David, shepherd David—
Singing like a mountain rill!"*

THE CHANGING FOCUS IN POLITICS

WALTER LIPPmann

THE taboo, however useless, is at least concrete. Although it achieves little besides mischief, it has all the appearance of practical action, and consequently enlists the enthusiasm of those people whom Wells describes as rushing about the country shouting: "For Gawd's sake let's *do* something *now*." There is weight and solidity in a policeman's club, while a "moral equivalent" happens to be pale like the stuff of which dreams are made. To the politician whose daily life consists in dodging the thousand and one conflicting prejudices of his constituents, in bickering with committeees, intriguing and playing for the vote; to the business man harassed on four sides by the trust, the union, the law, and public opinion,—distrustful of any wide scheme because the stupidity of his shipping clerk is the most vivid item in his mind,—all this discussion about politics and the inner life will sound like so much fine-spun nonsense.

I, for one, am not disposed to blame the politicians and the business men. They govern the nation, it is true, but they do it in a rather absent-minded fashion. Those revolutionists who see the misery of the country as a deliberate and fiendish plot overestimate the bad will, the intelligence and the singleness of purpose in the ruling classes. Business and political leaders don't mean badly; the trouble with them is that most of the time they don't mean anything. They picture themselves as very "practical," which in practice amounts to saying that nothing makes them feel so spiritually homeless as the discussion of values and an invitation to examine first principles. Ideas, most of the time, cause them genuine distress, and are as disconcerting as an idle office boy, or a squeaky telephone.

I do not underestimate the trouble of the man of affairs. I have lived with politicians,—with socialist politicians whose good-will was abundant and intentions constructive. The petty vexations pile up into mountains; the distracting details scatter the attention and break up thinking, while the mere problem of

exercising power crowds out speculation about what to do with it. Personal jealousies interrupt coördinated effort; committee sessions wear out nerves by their aimless drifting; constant speech-making turns a man back upon a convenient little store of platitudes—misunderstanding and distortion dry up the imagination, make thought timid and expression flat; the atmosphere of publicity requires a mask which soon becomes the reality. Politicians tend to live “in character,” and many a public figure has come to imitate the journalism which describes him. You cannot blame politicians if their perceptions are few and their thinking crude.

Football strategy does not originate in a scrimmage: it is useless to expect solutions in a political campaign. Woodrow Wilson brought to public life an exceedingly flexible mind,—many of us when he first emerged rejoiced at the clean and athletic quality of his thinking. But even he under the stress of a campaign slackened into commonplace reiteration, accepting a futile and intellectually dishonest platform, closing his eyes to facts, misrepresenting his opponents, abandoning, in short, the very qualities which distinguished him. It is understandable. When a National Committee puts a megaphone to a man’s mouth and tells him to yell, it is difficult for him to hear anything.

If a nation’s destiny were really bound up with the politics reported in newspapers, the impasse would be discouraging. If the important sovereignty of a country were in what is called its parliamentary life, then the day of Plato’s philosopher-kings would be far off indeed. Certainly nobody expects our politicians to become philosophers. When they do they hide the fact. And when philosophers try to be politicians they generally cease to be philosophers. But the truth is that we overestimate enormously the importance of nominations, campaigns, and office-holding. If we are discouraged it is because we tend to identify statecraft with that official government which is merely one of its instruments. Vastly overadvertised we have mistaken an inflated fragment for the real political life of the country.

For if you think of men and their welfare, government appears at once as nothing but an agent among many others. The task of civilizing our impulses by creating fine opportunities for

their expression cannot be accomplished through the City Hall alone. All the influences of social life are needed. The eggs do not lie in one basket. Thus the issues in the trade unions may be far more directly important to statecraft than the destiny of the Republican party. The power that working-men generate when they unite—the demands they will make and the tactics they will pursue—how they are educating themselves and the nation—these are genuine issues which bear upon the future. So with the policies of business men. Whether financiers are to be sullen and stupid like Archbold, unashamed like Morgan, or well-intentioned like Perkins, is a question that enters deeply into the industrial issues. The whole business problem takes on a new complexion if the representatives of capital are to be men with the temper of Louis Brandeis or William C. Redfield. For when business careers are made professional, new motives enter into the situation; it will make a world of difference if the leadership of industry is in the hands of men interested in production as a creative art instead of as a brute exploitation. The economic conflicts are at once raised to a plane of research, experiment and honest deliberation. For on the level of hate and mean seeking, no solution is possible. That subtle fact,—the change of business motives, the demonstration that industry can be conducted as medicine is,—may civilize the whole class conflict.

Obviously statecraft is concerned with such a change, extra-political though it is. And wherever the politician through his prestige or the Government through its universities can stimulate a revolution in business motives, it should do so. That is genuinely constructive work, and will do more for a humane solution of the class struggle than all the jails and state constabularies that ever betrayed the barbarism of the twentieth century. It is no wonder that business is such a sordid affair. We have done our best to exclude from it every passion and interest that is capable of lighting up activity with eagerness and joy. "Unbusiness-like" we have called the devotion of craftsmen and scientists. We have actually pretended that the work of extracting a living from nature could be done most successfully by short-sighted money-makers encouraged by their money-spending wives. We are learning better to-day. We are beginning to know that this

nation for all its boasts has not touched the real possibilities of business success, that nature and good luck have done most of our work, that our achievements come in spite of our ignorance. And so no man can gauge the civilizing possibilities of a new set of motives in business. That it will add to the dignity and value of millions of careers is only one of its blessings. Given a nation of men trained to think scientifically about their work and feel about it as craftsmen, and you have a people released from a stupid fixation upon the silly little ideals of accumulating dollars and filling their neighbor's eye. We preach against commercialism, but without great result. And the reason for our failure is: that we merely say "you ought not" instead of offering a new interest. Instead of telling business men not to be greedy, we should tell them to be industrial statesmen, applied scientists, and members of a craft. Politics can aid that revolution in a hundred ways: by advocating it, by furnishing schools that teach, laboratories that demonstrate, by putting business on the same plane of interest as the Health Service.

The indictment against politics to-day is not its corruption, but its lack of insight. I believe it is a fact, which experience will sustain, that men steal because they haven't anything better to do. You don't have to preach honesty to men with a creative purpose. Let a human being throw the energies of his soul into the making of something, and the instinct of workmanship will take care of his honesty. The writers who have nothing to say are the ones that you can buy: the others have too high a price. A genuine craftsman will not adulterate his product: the reason isn't because duty says he shouldn't, but because passion says he couldn't. He hates shams and the watering of goods on a more trustworthy basis than the mere routine moralist. To him dishonesty is a contradiction of his own lusts, and he asks no credit, needs none, for being true. Creation is an emotional ascent, which makes the standard vices trivial, and turns all that is valuable in virtue to the service of desire.

When politics revolves mechanically it ceases to use the real energies of a nation. Government is then at once irrelevant and mischievous—a mere obstructive nuisance. Not long ago a prominent senator remarked that he didn't know much about the

country, because he had spent the last few months in Washington. It was a profound utterance, as anyone can testify who reads, let us say, *The Congressional Record*. For that document, though replete with language, is singularly unacquainted with the forces that agitate the nation. Politics, as the contributors to *The Congressional Record* seem to understand it, is a very limited selection of well-worn debates on a few arbitrarily chosen "problems." Those questions have developed a technique and an interest in them for their own sake. They are handled with a dull solemnity quite out of proportion to their real interest. Labor receives only a perfunctory and largely disingenuous attention; even commerce is handled in a way that expresses neither its direction nor its public use. Congress has been ready enough to grant favors to corporations, but where in its wrangling from the Sherman Act to the Commerce Court has it shown any sympathetic understanding of the constructive purposes in the trust movement? It has either presented the business man with money or harassed him with bungling enthusiasm in the pretended interests of the consumer. The one thing Congress has not done is to use the talents of business men for the nation's advantage.

If "politics" has been indifferent to forces like the union and the trust, it is no exaggeration to say that it has displayed a modest ignorance of women's problems, of educational conflicts and racial aspirations; of the control of newspapers and magazines, the book publishing world, socialist conventions and unofficial political groups like the single-taxers.

Such genuine powers do not absorb our political interest because we are fooled by the regalia of office. But statesmanship, if it is to be relevant, would obtain a new perspective on these dynamic currents, would find out the wants they express and the energies they contain, would shape and direct and guide them. For unions and trusts, sects, clubs and voluntary associations stand for actual needs. The size of their following, the intensity of their demands, is a fair index of what the statesman must think about. No lawyer created a trust, though he drew up its charter; no logician made the labor movement or the feminist agitation. If you ask what for political purposes a nation is, a practical an-

swer would be: it is its "movements." They are the social *life*. So far as the future is man-made, it is made of them. They show their real vitality by a relentless growth in spite of all the little fences and obstacles that foolish politicians devise.

There is, of course, much that is dead within the movements. Each one carries along a quantity of inert and outworn ideas,—not infrequently there is an internally contradictory current. Thus the very working-men who agitate for a better diffusion of wealth display a marked hostility to improvements in the production of it. The feminists, too, have their atavisms: not a few who object to the patriarchal family seem inclined to cure it by going back still more—to the matriarchal. Constructive business has no end of reactionary moments—the most striking, perhaps, is when it buys up patents in order to suppress them. Yet these inversions, though discouraging, are not essential in the life of movements. They need to be expurgated by an unceasing criticism; yet in bulk, the forces I have mentioned, and many others less important, carry with them the creative powers of our times.

It is not surprising that so many political inventions have been made within these movements, fostered by them, and brought to a general public notice through their efforts. When some constructive proposal is being agitated before a legislative committee, it is customary to unite the "movements" in support of it. Trade unions and women's clubs have joined hands in many an agitation. There are proposals to-day, like the minimum wage, which seem sure of support from consumers' leagues, women's federations, trade unions and those far-sighted business men who may be called "State Socialists."

In fact, unless a political invention is woven into a social movement it has no importance. Only when that is done is it galvanized into life. But how among countless suggestions is a "cause" to know the difference between a true invention and a pipe-dream? There is, of course, no infallible touchstone by which we can tell offhand. No one need hope for an easy certainty either here or anywhere else in human affairs. No one is absolved from experiment and constant revision. Yet there are some hypotheses that *prima facie* deserve more attention than others.

Those are the suggestions which come out of a recognized human need. If a man proposed that the judges of the Supreme Court be reduced from nine to seven because the number seven has mystical power, we could ignore him. But if he suggested that the number be reduced because seven men can deliberate more effectively than nine, he ought to be given a hearing. Or let us suppose that the argument is about granting votes to women. The suffragist who bases a claim on the so-called "logic of democracy" is making the poorest possible showing for a good cause. I have heard people maintain that "it makes no difference whether women want the ballot, or are fit for it, or can do any good with it,—this country is a democracy. Democracy means government by the votes of the people. Women are people. Therefore women should vote." That in a very simple form is the mechanical conception of government. For notice how it ignores human wants and human powers—how it subordinates people to a rigid formula. I use this crude example because it shows that even the most genuine and deeply grounded demands are as yet unable to free themselves entirely from a superficial manner of thinking. We are only partially emancipated from the mechanical and merely logical tradition of the eighteenth century. No end of illustrations could be adduced. In the Socialist party it has been the custom to denounce the "short ballot." Why? Because it reduces the number of elective offices. This is regarded as undemocratic, for the reason that democracy has come to mean a series of elections. According to a logic, the more elections the more democratic. But experience has shown that a seven-foot ballot with a regiment of names is so bewildering that a real choice is impossible. So it is proposed to cut down the number of elective offices, focus the attention on a few alternatives, and turn voting into a fairly intelligent performance. Here is an attempt to fit political devices to the actual powers of the voter. The old, crude form of ballot forgot that finite beings had to operate it. But the "democrats" adhere to the multitude of choices because "logic" requires them to do so.

This incident of the "short ballot" illustrates the cleavage between invention and routine. The socialists oppose it not be-

cause their intentions are bad, but because on this issue their thinking is mechanical. Instead of applying the test of human need, they apply a verbal and logical consistency. The "short ballot" in itself is a slight affair, but the insight behind it seems to me capable of revolutionary development. It is one symptom of the effort to found institutions on human nature. There are many others. We might point to the first experiments aimed at remedying the helter-skelter of careers by vocational guidance. Carried through successfully, this invention of Professor Parsons' is one whose significance in happiness can hardly be exaggerated. When you think of the misfits among your acquaintances—the lawyers who should be mechanics, the doctors who should be business men, the teachers who should have been clerks, and the executives who should be doing research in a laboratory—when you think of the talent that would be released by proper use, the imagination takes wing at the possibilities. What could we not make of the world if we employed its genius!

Whoever is working to express special energies is part of a constructive revolution. Whoever is removing the stunting environments of our occupations is doing the fundamentals of reform. The studies of Miss Goldmark of industrial fatigue, recuperative power and maximum productivity are contributions toward that distant and desirable period when labor shall be a free and joyous activity. Every suggestion which turns work from a drudgery to a craft is worth our deepest interest. For until then the labor problem will never be solved. The socialist demand for a better distribution of wealth is of great consequence, but without a change in the very nature of labor society will not have achieved the happiness it expects. That is why imaginative socialists have shown so great an interest in "syndicalism." There at least in some of its forms, we can catch sight of a desire to make all labor a self-governing craft.

The handling of crime has been touched by the modern impetus. The ancient, abstract and wholesale "justice" is breaking up into detailed and carefully adapted treatment of individual offenders. What this means for the child has become common knowledge in late years. Criminology (to use an awkward word) is finding a human centre. So is education. Everyone

knows how child study is revolutionizing the school room and the curriculum. Why, it seems that Mme. Montessori has had the audacity to sacrifice the sacred bench to the interests of the pupil! The traditional school seems to be vanishing—that place in which an ill-assorted band of youngsters was for a certain number of hours each day placed in the vicinity of a text-book and a maiden lady.

I mention these experiments at random. It is not the specific reforms that I wish to emphasize, but the great possibilities they foreshadow. Whether or not we adopt certain special bills, high tariff or low tariff, one banking system or another, this trust control or that, is a slight gain compared to a change of attitude toward all political problems. The reformer bound up in his special propaganda will, of course, object that "to get something done is worth more than any amount of talk about new ways of looking at political problems." What matters the method, he will cry, provided the reform be good? Well, the method matters more than any particular reform. A man who couldn't think straight might get the right answer to one problem, but how much faith would you have in his capacity to solve the next one? If you wanted to educate a child, would you teach him to read one play of Shakespeare, or would you teach him to *read*? If the world were going to remain frigidly set after next year, we might well thank our stars if we blundered into a few decent solutions right away. But as there is no prospect of a time when our life will be immutably fixed, as we shall, therefore, have to go on inventing, it is fair to say that what the world is aching for is not a special reform embodied in a particular statute, but a way of going at all problems.

THE FACTORY

HARRY KEMP

THE Factory was a proper place for show
(In everything intended to be seen),
Three fountains spouted in a pouring row
And kept its parklike yard forever green,
And tiny colors arched amid their spray,
Moon-bows by night, and sun-bows during day.

And in their basins shadowy gold-fish swayed,
And tritons held a strangling dolphin's snout
Aloft, from which mild showers of silver sprayed
The patterned flowers which lay in beds about—
But in a certain place called Hell's Half-Row
The workers' quarters sprawled, not built for show.

Close by an obscene dump their tenements stood,
Two rows of houses drearily the same.
Six half-leaved trees in hopeless sisterhood
Twisted with life nearby and gave the name
Of "Park" to a worn square of grass, where played
The millfolks' children, in their patchy shade.

And Jimmy often found him playmates there,
Or, with a stray dog he had made his own,
Roamed down the many-trafficked thoroughfare
Beyond the roaring borders of the town
Where on a bank of real grass he lay
And stared above into the great blue day,

And saw the squadroned clouds go sailing by
Slow-oared and golden in the setting sun,
Pushing up from strange lands beyond the sky—
And then the whistles boomed, and day was done;
The whistles boomed like voices underground
And one serene star floated bright and round.

But 'twas not long before a brother went,
Torn into goblets by a toothed machine
(One less to buy the food and pay the rent),
And then a second, who had never been
Much good, was murdered in a drunken brawl:
The last, too, loved and married—worst of all.

As for his sisters—one was quick to wed
(A burden off the family—that was good),
And one, beguiled, went forth with listless tread
To tarry with the Scarlet Sisterhood:
The eldest worked for woman's scanty wage
And faced the lot of an unmarried age.

So the boy had to find some work to do:
He must have food to eat and clothes to wear;
His father and one sister, either drew
A pittance—both together could not care
For four—The System has a lickerish tooth,
Like an old lecher for the bloom of youth.

His father, gray in the Firm's service grown,
Cut off his childhood at an early year:
He lied about his age: (They might have known,
But they cared nothing—what had they to fear?
They were put wise when the inspector came);
And thus he got his job and signed his name.

And in the dim light where the great machines
Thundered all day and shook walls, roof, and floor,
The little boy worked, dressed in dirty jeans,
And swept the dust which gathered more and more.
His cheeks soon paled, his face began to peak—
But he was proud of his three dollars a week.

From dawn to dawn, before the East grew gray
His mother waked him up, and, by a lamp
Wick-lit, he ate his breakfast and away

Slushed thro' the drizzle and the clinging damp
Where the sick street lamps sputtered in the gloom—
And then the whistle roared his daily doom.

Thus ran his life, an iterated round
 Of weary sameness—every morn he rose,
Flung off the aching sleep that held him bound,
 Yawned, stretched and hastily drew on his clothes,
Ate hastily, and then, thro' sun or murk,
 Rushed off to keep from being late to work.

He worked at piecework soon: a crescent shade
 Sat on his brow, an emery wheel spun round.

He grew a master of a sort of trade—
 The room danced full of dust motes finely ground,
He edged and flung aside comb after comb—
 And they had meat now every day at home.

Thus he reached manhood. Some the Factory kills
 When they begin as children; and some thrive—
Exist, I mean—for the soul seldom thrills
 To any effort but to keep alive.

For such no golden horns of glory wind—
 And they make up the mass of humankind.

Now strange desires began to gather shape
 As he stepped from the youth into the man,
Hot passions gripped his being by the nape,
 And lust, unleashed, at will its courses ran
In secret houses, till he met Ann Trent—
 Then ever less and less to *them* he went.

Annie was sweet and trim and somewhat frail,
 Not beautiful until you saw her eyes;
Her face was like a sick child's, marble-pale,—
 For early years of work and sacrifice
Had laid waste all the young bloom of the girl
 And made her colorless as a dead pearl.

She and her crippled father lived alone
In two back rooms which lack of sun made drear.
He cursed his helpless lot with constant groan,
But clung to life like a wrecked mariner:
And each day Ann had two days' work to do—
She had to care for him and labor, too!

The night when Jim first spoke his love to her,
For once her cheek was touched into a flame;
The very angels seemed to minister
As unto her the woman's vision came
Of two lives caught up into one:—they sat
And planned just how they'd rent a four-roomed flat,

And she'd quit work—and they would fit it out
With furnishings on the instalment plan;
And now she wore a ring, "there was no doubt
That they'd get hitched," the Factory gossip ran.
Her father died—and because life was drear
She married soon, and did not wait her year,

As she'd intended. . . . All her sky turned blue:
She got up singing with each day begun,
As sweet a little wife as man e'er knew.
And in a year she gave birth to a son,
And in her very agony was glad—
And this was the last happiness they had,

For then the panic came. Hands were let go;
The Factory ran at half-time—was shut down
For weeks on end. To hear the whistle blow
Was like a voice from heaven to the town;
The wondering children drooped about half fed,
And mothers went out on the streets for bread.

Slowly the winter like a nightmare passed,
And they who hold the People in their hands
Once more gave voice to the great whistle's blast

And loosened sulky Labor from his bands—
With joy the sallow hosts trooped forth each morn
Like folk by recent plague and famine torn.

A younger tyrant bossed the Factory now,
For the old one no more was seen about
With his great belly and his placid brow;
He'd drunk and drunk and burned his vitals out.
The new man always went to church, though he
Worshipped yet one more God, Efficiency.

He laid off hands, nor took them on again,
He said their labor was but half alive;
He turned into machines his other men
And made them take three steps instead of five:
The dividends grew and the stockholders praised—
And not a worker got his wages raised.

At nights Jim dragged home dripping like a rag
With all the energy gone out of him,
Growled thro' his suppers and began to nag
Till Ann's voice faltered and her eyes grew dim.
She'd say "I wish I never married you"—
And they would make up—and begin anew.

Another child knocked at the gate, unbid.
'Tis hard to keep alive upon the wage
That Labor's grudged—but even so, they did.
It passes the conception of the sage:
How it is managed only God doth know;
I think that He's ashamed to have it so.

They had a great brass clock inside the gate
And each employee, going out or in,
Rang up his time, and, if a minute late,
Was docked an hour to keep up discipline. . . .
A writer came *once*, stayed a day, and went—
And wrote about the working-man's content.

But do not think that all were meagre paid:

There was one gang that got two dollars a day;
 They wore high boots and rubber gloves, and made
 Green acid mixtures such as eat away
 Leather and bare the bone. Fumes filled the place,
 And the gray color of death grew in each face.

Two dollars a day! Five years the limit there!

Great ignorant foreigners with blowzed cheeks came,
 Huge built like oxen, fresh from the pure air,
 And withered visibly as in a flame—
 But when was there a lack of working-men?
 For every vacant place there waited ten.

Jim thought that he was lucky, all in all,—

But wanted no more children, and, that morn,
 His face blanched and his thoughts whirled in a ball
 When told that one more threatened to be born.
 The doctors dared not help:—struck dumb, he saw
 Not to bear children was against the law.

“ I’ll tell you,” Jim said. “ If I get a raise
 We’ll let it go—if not”—the dishes rang
 With his dropped fist—“ then surely there are ways! ”

“ What will we do, Jim? ” “ Call in Mrs. Lang,
 The midwife.” Thro’ the open door he stept
 And strode to work, and Ann broke down and wept.

Her pearl-white face became an ashen gray;

A neighbor’s wife came in and gave her care
 As she lay there in bed. The second day
 A doctor told the father to prepare
 To meet the worst: “ Blood-poisoning,” he said.
 And then they sent for Jim—and . . . she was dead.

His soul screamed in him. How he hated life!

He thought of every harsh word he had said,
 Of all the love, the patience of his wife,

Of his own worthlessness—and she was dead.
Sometimes he almost gave way to the weight
Of sorrow, but the children kept him straight.

Two doors from him there lived a Mrs. Jones—
She was a gossip ferret-eyed and thin,
So thin that one could almost hear her bones.

He'd hated her till now. Now she came in
And each day saw his children off to school
And nursed the baby. Jim felt like a fool,

Ashamed that he'd condemned her—as for him,
Strange languors came upon him as he worked;
He held on to his job, tho', set and grim,

While the Boss eyed him close and thought he shirked,
For Jim's mind would go groping back to find
Ann, and his hands would shake and lag behind.

And, thenceforth, he could never speed again.

His fellows whispered: "Jim has lost his grip."
And at the gates each morning, jobless men
Waited, whose hands were sure and would not slip.
And the man's soul broke forth in a dry sob
When, on a day, he found he'd lost his job.

Was life worth living? No! . . . That much was plain!

He'd got a dirty deal, and, if alone,
Would cast the burden down, and flee the pain,
As a dog leaves behind a worthless bone.
"But there's the kids. I want them to grow men
And women—so I'll get a job again."

The weary days he tramped the clinging mire
And sought for work that was not to be found,
The obscure Odyssies of Man for Hire,
The sickened hope, the abject mien profound,
The coarse rebuffs that bite, that sting, that cling
He who sang Hell would lack the words to sing.

Ah, if the Poor did not befriend the Poor
 How pitiful would be their plight! Indeed
 They'd perish else. The man who lived next door,
 A shabby linguist who had gone to seed,
 Brought food. And Mrs. Jones, the gossip, came
 And helped as zealous as she spread ill fame.

Philanthropists? One has to go and beg
 And get a ticket for relief, from them,
 Be measured, labelled, stuck on the right peg,
 Submit to questioned insult, dubious "hem":
 The Rich dole conscience-pennies for their Greed,
 But the Poor help the Poor from their own need.

One night, after a long day's bitter quest,
 The man came home, lay down, and could not sleep;
 He heard his children tossing in unrest—
 He rose again. Deep over lifted Deep
 The stars above dropped back in gulfs of night
 And then . . . a muffled noise . . . a rolling light. . . .

The Factory! Its whistle boomed and roared!
 "The Factory," they cried, "is burning down!"
 Out of their houses people poured and poured
 And the great fire bell clanged above the town,
 And engines snorted fire, and ladders, high
 And slender, slanted thro' the smoky sky.

"There were some people working nights," one said.
 And then another, "But without a doubt,"
 (Shivering and recent-tumbled from his bed),
 "Both men and women—all got safely out."
 "How did it start? Would people ever know?"
 "Look how it burns! It makes a pretty show!"

"Hush! What was that?" A quavering voice arose—
 A woman's voice, within. Red gusts of fire
 Burst out the windows and tumultuous rose

In billowing crimson higher still and higher.
“ Back! Back! ” The firemen shout. “ The wall! The Wall! ”
And it fell forward roaring to its fall.

And there, within, bright as a day in hell,
Two monstrous rows of stilled machines were seen.
At times a gusty shower of fire fell
Like bursting rockets. Further in between,
Now in clear silhouette, now far and dim,
A woman sat and sang. She sang a hymn.

“ Back for your lives—the acid house! ” one cried;
The people scattered far like frightened sheep
As yellow fumes poured out on every side.
Now into day a hundred buildings leap
And like a roused volcano’s ruddy blare
A pyramid of fire climbs up the air.

Hell saw itself as in a looking glass. . . .
The woman’s voice rose clear and full again.
The firemen, swinging axes, fight to pass.
“ Go! Let me die! ” She calls to them. In vain
They push with writhing lengths of hose; they beat
Inward in vain against the blistering heat,

Battling to reach her; choked with smoke and tears
They recoil backward. Plain as day she’s seen,
Singing there, of her hope beyond the years.
“ Who is she? ” “ Christ have mercy—Jenny Green! ”
Women shriek out and faint, men turn and weep
As the slow-crawling flames about her creep.

Jim stands on the crowd’s edge. “ What? Jenny Green!
We played together when we two was kids! ”
And, suddenly, the man he might have been
Rises erect, and, as the spirit bids,
He pushes forward. Way is given him:
He is a great man now—no longer Jim.

Over the rope he leaps, and is half way
 Into the flame before men understand
And can restrain him; like a god at play
 He plucks aside fire with the living hand.
Strange that he has no doubt and holds no fear.
“Jenny! I’ve come to save you!” “Jim? you here!

“It’s no use, Jim. I’m gone. This beam, you see
 Across both legs.” “I’ll lift it off o’ you!”
He arms the huge beam, heaves it high and free,—
 He finds that he is stronger than he knew—
“Crawl out now, Jenny!” thro’ a whirl of smoke,
“I can’t,” she answered; “both my legs is broke!

“You let it down and run!” “I’ll stay and die,”
 He said, as simply as a child at prayer,
“Twould smash on you again!” A far dim cry
 Came from beyond the crimson-scattered air;
Could this be death? He felt so fine and strong—
And he and Jenny joined in the same song.

Scorched Atlas of a burning world, who dared
 Not slack his upward strain, a space he stood;
His clothes sloughed off. He loomed up fiery-haired;
 About him forking flame and smoking wood
Flashed and reeked. And the heat smote him blind:
And he went back to childhood with his mind.

The crowd cried out: “They’re caught! The roof!” no more.
 He stands as still as one carved out of stone.
Death rushes thro’ his body with a roar,—
 They drop to crumbled ash and dusty bone.
The roof tilts down like a great ship aground
And all is fire above, beneath, around!

A NATION IN IRELAND

DARRELL FIGGIS

I

The Ancient Polity

TO attribute mere perversity to an opponent whose pertinacity baffles us is an exceedingly easy way of extricating oneself from an uncomfortable position. It generally implies no more than ineptitude or craft on the part of the person who does so attribute it. When one therefore finds a whole people laid under the charge of such perversity, and all the problems attending their governance and order dated from that fact, the situation is more than usually interesting. One is inclined to think, for example, that, were the points slightly shifted, the charge also would find itself shifted, and the people who made the complaint come to wear that unhappy attribute rather than the people complained of. There would be quite a dramatic element in such a change of weights. But, putting aside that easy pleasure, the truer interest in the situation is to discover precisely what is the real meaning of this thing that comes to wear the name of perversity.

In the very history of Ireland, in the literature attending it, there is an instance that illustrates the point exactly. Where the poet Spenser, in the bland medley of misconception and useful information that he calls "A View of the Present State of Ireland," denounces the barbarous state of the roads of Ireland, he is obviously looking at the matter from the point of view of the attempted English conquest of the island. It never seems to have occurred to him that the presence of his nation in Ireland is accountable for the state of affairs he so ingenuously deplores. He manifestly has never canvassed the thought that a nation defending itself against the inroads of hostile armies must needs destroy its roads behind it, although that fact is quite an elemental piece of tactics: nor that the limit of the inroad (within which, as one of the invaders, he of necessity lived) was perhaps the limit of

the disrepair, being the limit of actual hostilities. A slight knowledge of the facts shows that so early as some fifteen hundred years previously Ireland had had a well-concerted system of roads; and since, as will later be seen, she grew steadily in prosperity and dignity till the reign of the Tudors in England, it is not likely that her roads were in any way worse than those boasted by her sister island. The question is one of outlook. Spenser regarded Ireland from without, even as his nation has always persisted in regarding Ireland from without. Therefore to him Ireland's roads were execrable, even as therefore to his nation Ireland's temperament has always seemed perverse. Regarded from within, however, quite a different complexion is given to affairs.

It seems strange that anyone should persistently adopt a standpoint that can only imply unintelligence. There is no man, there is no nation, even as there is no work of art, that can for a moment be understood until the postulate of its existence be conceded: which should be a truism, save that it is the perpetual stumbling-block in all contention. And with a nation, obviously that postulate is its nationality. It is a thing impossible to deny; for to refuse to concede it, and to fall back upon blows and force, is only another way of admitting it. It is an ironical solace to deny the reality of an opponent who deals out doughty blows. It may be attempted, however. Mr. Balfour, for instance, declares: "There are Englishmen and Scotsmen who really suppose that England has deprived Ireland of its own national institutions, has absorbed Ireland, which had a polity and a civilization of its own—has absorbed it in the wider sphere of British politics; and who think that a great wrong has thereby been done to a separate nationality. . . . It is a profound illusion. It has no basis in historical fact at all." Consequently he comes to the conclusion: "That all this talk of restoring to Ireland Irish institutions, and of governing Ireland according to Irish ideas, has no historical basis whatever." It is sufficiently bland and positive; but what, then, meant all the turmoil in the days of his own Chief Secretaryship? Perversity, presumably.

Yet, while to assert the negative of a proposition is just such a clever piece of dialectics as one would expect from a man whose

politics is chiefly dialectics, it has this considerable value: it enables us to proceed direct to fundamentals. Irish institutions, an Irish polity and civilization, even Irish ideas, are in turn categorically denied; and with that denial the skilled debater leaves the air of pure argument and comes on to the ground of history, where he may be met.

The Irish polity stretches back, indeed, before the definite records of history. It emerges from that obscurity already well-defined and well-devised; and though its framework has been ruthlessly shattered by centuries of such bitter oppression as probably no nation has seen the like of, it will be seen that the instinct which caused the creation of the framework exists powerfully to this very hour. Indeed, the very fascination in the study of the national institutions is just this: that no part of the present problem of Ireland—the unrest, the agrarian disturbances, the so-called criminal outbreaks—can even remotely be understood without a perception of what it means in the light of the polity of the past. Whatever be the case elsewhere, in Ireland at least, the present is only a reverberation of the past; and for any Chief Secretary to deny the past is for him to explain at once why his own governance meant disaster in the present.

Regard, for example, the violent contrast between the repute that the Irish people have won and their essential characteristics as revealed to those who know them. The development of this belongs to a later essay; but the simple contrast may be mentioned now. For those who know the people know at once that there are two characteristics strongly marking them: a close reserved spirit of aristocracy and a strong conservatism. One is, in fact, part of the other; and they are both outward characteristics of the same inward thing. And the aristocracy is not only independent of present class stratification: it is even opposed to it, fiercely. It is as opposed to the chance possession of wealth. A village cobbler or worker in the fields (even, curiously enough, a commercial traveller, since where commerce enters aristocracy vanishes) will base himself on a pride of race, and, without envy, maintain that in the teeth of all rank. Consequently the race is conservative, desiring rather to date back than proceed forward, and with no love at all of change for the sake of change. Yet

these are the very people who, in the opinion of the intruding race, have come to be thought of as demagogic and revolutionary.

The contrast is a violent one. It suggests a profoundly interesting examination. For clearly, if it be possible to lay bare the ancient polity in which the instinct of the race expressed itself, and to trace that polity through the intervening stages when the nation won its way to greatness and through the days when an attempt was made, with unexampled ruthlessness, to destroy and ruin it, to the present day when the memory of that polity (Memory stirring herself in her vaults of sleep) is only heard in the way of an energetic instinct—then it should also be possible to explain what otherwise seems so contradictory and paradoxical. Other contradictions and paradoxes should also come to explain themselves as the result of such an examination.

What, then, was the old polity that has so categorically been denied? There are parts of it, to be sure, that do not greatly concern the course of the present inquiry. Yet without them the closer details could not easily be understood; and it will be well to work from the larger to the smaller, so that, by laying bare the whole of the organized state, it may be possible to discover what portions have perpetuated themselves in the national consciousness, living in the strenuous instincts of the people.

From the earliest times Ireland has been governed in the main by its present division into four provinces. The two Munsters of the very early days always tended to coalesce; and when, in the second century, Tuathal the Legitimate, succeeding to the High-Kingship of Ireland, created the province of Meath by cutting away portions of the four remaining provinces around Usnagh—even so the four provinces remained the basis of administration. For Meath was little more than the mensal land of the High-King. Each of the four kings of the four provinces owed tribute to the High-King, and demanded tribute in turn from the kings beneath them, whether they were kings of tribes large or tribes small. These again took tribute from the chiefs of clans, who received support from the lords of septs and families.

In this way, while preserving, despite all unruliness, the larger national unity, those smaller units of national consciousness were not obliterated, without which a people is not a nation but an un-

thinking aggregate of humanity. The organization, as it grew up and elaborated itself in the days before the present reach of history, held together the two ends of national life: in large, national unity, and in detail, civil unity and intelligent appreciation of man's relation with his kind. It may be true that, in a marauding world, the former is indispensable to national effectiveness; but it indisputably is true that without the latter there can be no national life, and consequently no art, no dignity, no strength, nothing but a shapeless herding of men and women.

Therefore it is to the smaller units of the nation that one looks for an expression of its polity: the more so, since each small unity expresses, with greater sharpness and precision, each larger unity just above it. The family, with its living parentage, lay beneath the sept with a common parentage some generations back; and so the degrees rose, rank above rank, to the clan, with the common surname, and to the tuath (or tribe), again claiming a common ancestry, but with a more complex system owing to the fact that strangers were admitted to tribal privileges on certain terms. There were 184 such tuaths in Ireland, the chiefs of the larger of them taking the title of king.

Holding its various clans together, the tribe based itself on the common ownership of the land. In the course of time it came about that the nobles of the tribe came to hold land in their own right; but this separate holding was so small a portion of the whole tribe-land that it but little affected the principle on which the existence of the tribe based itself. The very laws, or customs, of the people, pivot round this fact. They are generally spoken of as the Brehon laws, owing to the fact that they were administered by judges, called brehons, who had to pass through an exacting discipline ere they could fulfil that office; but their real name is *Fénechas*, or the "law of the free land-tillers." Each freeman in the tribe had his undisputed title to a holding in the tribe-land; and at his death it reverted to the tuath. It might then be granted to his children; or there might be a redistribution, such as periodically took place. At such times of redistribution a man was entitled to reimbursement in kind for any improvement in his holding, the benefits of which had not yet expired. If through sickness or accident he was unable at any time

to reap his harvest or till his fields, the responsibility of having this done on his behalf fell upon the tuath; even as in old age his maintenance according to his rank was borne by his tuath.

Even the king, or chief, apart from such land as he himself owned by virtue of being a noble, had a portion of land granted him by the tuath for the maintenance of his dignity. This, at his death, reverted to the tuath, and was regranted to his successor: who, to save disputation at his death, was appointed during his life-time, and held rank after him as his Tanist.

Indeed, the tribe assumed collective responsibility for its own being, and based that fact on a common ownership of the land. As numberless hints in the Brehon laws indicate, it had no small sense of its dignity, and keenly resented any action by any of its members that might cause hurt to that dignity. For example, if any man had not enough stock for his holding it was possible for him to loan, or purchase, this from the king or one of the nobles at heavy terms of usury, so placing himself under the power of the noble. There were two ways in which this might be done: one, though heavy, preserving him his honorable dignity; the other not only compelling him to the support of the lender, but even giving the lender the right to demand house and shelter, even protection, for any continuous length of time under a month. This the tribe held as an infringement of its dignity; and before any such loan might be contracted its terms had to be published, and the man's sept had the right to forbid its ratification.

Yet in the more direct ways the tuath declared its sense of dignity. Out of the lands granted him for the maintenance of his place it was required of the chief that he should retain a suitable court, and that he should always, on his travels, be accompanied by a poet, a historian, a musician, a doctor, a bishop (in pre-Christian times, a druid), and a noble. He himself was chosen "for the goodness of his form and race, and sense, and learning, and dignity, and utterance; he is selected for his goodness and for his wisdom, and strength, and forces, and valor in fighting"; he "must be a man of full lawfulness in all respects; he must be a man that is consulted for knowledge; he must be learned and calm"; and it was expected of him that he should be "perfectly recognizant and righteous to his people, both weak

and strong." Moreover, he had to keep an open house, and expend his hospitality freely. According to his degree—whether under-king of a tribe, king of a province, or High-King of a land—it was required of him that he should display his dignity, not in harsh authority over others, but in exposition of the general sense, for that was the purpose of his nomination. If he failed in this, it was possible for him to be set aside. The thought of subjection never came into the question; yet the principle was such that it was rather he who was the subject than the people who appointed him. More truly both he and they were equally subject to the laws, or institutions, whereby they maintained him in dignity while he protected them in danger and upheld the common honor.

In addition to this, however, the tuath appointed one of its leading men as public hospitaller, an office that was considered of considerable distinction. Land and stock were granted him for the maintenance of his position; and he had at all times to keep a hundred beds ready, with plenty of meat and other foods, for the entertainment of all strangers who came his way, who were to be received without question as to whence they came, whither they went or who they were. The poets, brehons and other professional men of honor could always claim free hospitality of him. The brughaidh, as he was called, was, by virtue of his position, entitled to dispense justice; and it was in his hostelry the king was elected.

It is not easy in the limits of a small space to deal adequately with what was a complicated and carefully elaborated civil polity. The general indications of it only can be given, care being taken to point out the noble sense of culture and dignity that prevailed always. The organization was not competitive but co-operative; and therefore the arts were held in honor. Therefore, too, as a corollary, a strong sense of aristocracy prevailed among the people. The system naturally tended in that direction; and the only way in which a man might fall from dignity would be by forfeiting his rights in the tribe.

And this brings us back to the basis of the whole organization: the possession of the land. "The Irish," declared an old English judge, "are more fearful to offend the law than the

English or any other nation whatsoever." "They observe and keep such laws as they make upon hills in their country firm and stable, without breaking them for any favor or reward." The reason for this was twofold: the first being that they, as holders of the common soil, had framed their laws and institutions for the common advantage; and the second follows upon this, since to break such laws, or to withhold oneself from their application, was simply to cut oneself away from the tribal unity, was to divorce oneself from the natural heritage in the land. For this reason it was not necessary to frame laws that were punitive in their application. In the old Brehon laws, punishments, as such, were not recognized. If a man offended, he offended against his fellow; he disturbed the balance of the civil polity; and it was required of him that he should re-adjust that balance by making compensation for his offence, by paying the "eric" demanded of him by the brehon, judging in a general assembly of the people, for them to approve or dissent, on hill-tops. In legal phrase an offence was not a crime but a tort. For every offence, according to the carefully elaborated system of the Brehon laws, there was an "eric"; and if the brehon did not judge with wisdom and equity, even though a king or queen were one of the parties, and one of the assembly called out a judgment that won the general approbation, his judgment was accepted instead of the brehon's.

There were therefore no prisons, even as there was judicially no capital sentence. Both such things belong to the idea of a punitive law, not to the idea of equity. Yet if a man refused to come to judgment, and would not abide by a judgment given against him, he put himself by that fact outside the law, which meant that he put himself outside the community. If he fled, he could only join some other tuath: not as a freeman; that was impossible, for he was not of that tuath; but as a slave or tenant-at-will. Had he come as an ordinary stranger he might have been granted a small holding till the next redistribution, with a right to reimbursement for his unexpired improvements in the land. Coming as a fugitive he could but become a slave to some freeman; or at best a tenant-at-will with no rights at all to the benefits of his toil in the land.

Consequently the coöperative organization of the tribe, based on a common possession of the land, not only created the ancient polity of the people, but was the instrument by which its sense of equity was maintained. Each tuath had its recognized borders; and within each tuath the land was divided into tribe-land and common-land: the former comprising the land cut by the plough, and the latter, moor-lands, mountain-lands and bogs, where all the people had the right to cut their turf or send their cattle to graze. So that if a fugitive took to the wilds he would still be within the territory of some tuath.

This sense of personal dignity, the basis of every instinct of aristocracy and conservatism, prevailed within the limits of the tribe, in its detailed relations, as truly as it prevailed outside the tribe in the larger national feeling. In marriage the woman brought her share of property to the union as well as the man. This she controlled personally, even as the husband controlled his own affairs; and if, through any cause, they parted, she took her own property with her, with its natural increments, even as she originally had brought it. Indeed, if she could prove (though she might have brought nothing to the union) that by her labors her husband's goods had increased, she was entitled to a percentage of that increase: even as, if the case were the other way about, the husband could make good such a claim against her. If any complications arose with regard to her property she made suit in her own name; and if any sale was proposed with regard to their joint property, their several consent would have to be given before it could be effected. If she married out of her tuath, however, she could take nothing with her save her movable stock, for the land was the tuath's before it was hers, and only hers as a member of the tuath.

Yet all this, it should be said, was not at the expense of rank and degree. Throughout the whole polity the conception of personal dignity, individual rights and freedom, held a strong sway, and formed, as has been said, the basis of a firm aristocratic emotion; but it did not obviate differences of status. In the pursuit of its mirage of civilization the western world has lost the conception of differing degrees that yet meet on a common plane of dignity and mutual respect. Rank has come to imply sycophancy;

and to repel this a new democracy has raised its head that will not conceive of differing degrees. In a very true sense the ancient polity of Ireland may be called a democratic conception; yet it was not democratic in the present meaning of the term. For one thing, the arts were held highly in esteem; and this was so in the large matters of the nation as it was in the tribe, as will be seen immediately. And there were other well-marked ranks. The king, or chief, for instance, could not only be drawn solely from the nobles, but from one family bearing the same surname; and in his election every freeman of the tuath had a vote. Then there were the nobles, marked out by the fact that they held land in their own names; that is to say, land that did not come into the common holding at times of re-distribution, but which, it would seem, still belonged primarily to the tuath since it was within the limits of the tribal demesne, and could not be annexed to any other tuath. There were two degrees of freemen: those who had considerable property, and could therefore rent land from the nobles; and those whose holding was confined to their portion of tribal land. Moreover there were three degrees of men who were not freemen, that is to say, had not tribal rights. These have partly been mentioned already. They were all tenants-at-will; and their position was decreed by the terms they could procure. The mass of the people, however, it is clear, lay among the freemen who were not nobles, even as the mass of the land lay at the disposal of the tuath; and it was they who gave their name to the laws that expressed and defined the general organization.

Such was the system on which was based the whole of the old Irish polity. The larger national system was but the binding together of these 184 unities; and each tuath being similar to the others, the weaving them together practically meant only the raising of higher authorities to which the lower were tributary. And it was in these higher authorities, consequently, that the arts had freer sway. Throughout the whole country the poet had honor accorded him: particularly the poet, though each of the *ollaves* (the musician, the historian, the doctor, for instance) was held in similar honor. His was an art that demanded a long and difficult discipline; and wherever he went he was entitled to open

hospitality and maintenance with a gift of value on his departure. Every king (and nobles according to their rank) was expected to be accompanied by a poet on his travels; and that this was a privilege accorded to the king rather than to the poet seems clear from the fact that the poet was entitled to sit at the same table as the High-King. When the Great Triennial *Feis* at Tara, the High-King's chief residence, was held, the great house for the poets was the first to be erected; and on his own travels for the sale of his poems he was accompanied by a retinue in accordance with his achievements in the schools of poetry. He was, in fact, regarded in a mystical light; and his verses were held to cast a spell on their hearers. This has been regarded as a curious superstition in the people, by those who can surely not have considered the strange transformation wrought in the unlikeliest of men by the reading of poetry in our own day. In the poet whose vehicle was satire this power was feared, and in the end keenly resented.

Taking the poet as representative of the *ollaves*, as he certainly was the most prominent of them, he may perhaps be considered the link between the higher authorities and the tuaths in times of peace, even as the warrior was in times of war. In the great Triennial *Feis* at Tara, that the High-King was expected to summon, only chiefs, kings of tribes and provinces, and the representatives of the arts and learning, were entitled to appear. At such times, apart from the sports and feats of prowess that chiefly attracted attention—prowess of culture as well as of daring—the whole laws of Ireland were examined, and, if need were, revised in the face of a new situation and newer precedents. Thus the *Feis-Temrach* became a manner of parliament, where the representatives of art, learning and authority met to dispute and adjust institutions for the needs of the nation. It was first established by the High-King, who was also an *ollave*, Fóla, some time after B.C. 714, when he began his reign. It is, one may perhaps suggest without perversity, a tolerably ancient precedent for an Irish parliament.

It is not to be expected that the relations of the various tuaths one with another, and with the provinces of which they formed part, were always of the most harmonious. A people cannot

have an organization that enables them to possess, and express, a strength of individuality, without finding that individuality sometimes in violent contrast, whether of petty jealousy or worthier contention. It is admitted that a person without a firm and effective will is a person without character, and therefore a person without interest; whereas the possession of such a will is an exceedingly uncomfortable thing for all concerned: and the same is true of nations. Petty wars were not so numerous, certainly they were not so widespread, as some prejudiced writers have tried to suggest. And they were emphatically not so humiliating to man's dignity as the commercial war that is waged without stint every twenty-four hours of a modern civilized day. Nor were they so destructive of his common decency and honor. There was always something of honor and chivalry in the wars that were waged for the least worthy of motives. A modern bloodless age has come to think of the shedding of blood with feverish horror, whereas it will view the turning of Man, with divinity on his brows, into an industrial slave, with calm and equanimity; and therefore it is necessary to say that, because tribal and provincial wars took place, to speak of such a state as uncivilized, is to use words that are without any meaning.

There were no schools for the warriors as there were schools for the poets and the brehons, but every freeman was trained to arms, and served under his chief in time of war. Besides these, kings and chiefs kept bodyguards of professional soldiers, such as hired themselves out for the best payment. Those might be Irish or they might be foreign. Each chief, or king, was obliged to serve his superior, to whom he was a tributary, in all his wars, with a sufficient number of men; as that superior was in turn bound to the High-King. These bonds were sometimes repudiated under particular circumstances; and thus troubles arose. Moreover jealousies arose because some tribes, by strength of numbers, were able to command immunity of service at times of harvest and tillage.

But more usually warfare was with foemen outside the borders of Ireland, and this raises at once the question of the title of the country. For the words Ireland and Irish are of much later usage. Then the land was known as Erinn, as the Gaels

who constituted its people were spoken of as Scots. In the fifth century they invaded Alba, inhabited by the Picts, and colonized it in such numbers that it came in the end to be known as Scotland. But not only was Alba so invaded. Large parts of Wales were colonized in similar fashion. The name of one of the High-Kings, Niall of the Nine Hostages (A.D. 379), indicates the extent of Irish conquests: he was so called "because he took hostages from the five provinces of Ireland, and also French, Saxon, British and Alban hostages."

In its larger system and in its more detailed economy this briefly was the ancient polity, the old Irish civilization and constitution. A contrast with the countries lying round about it, reveals a race of distinction and culture. A contrast, even, with the constitutions of modern peoples, with their complete neglect of all that strikes for culture, dignity and nobility, makes the constant boast of progress (a word breathed by a travailing people till it has hypnotized the sense) seems a somewhat hollow affair. Yet whatever the virtues of the ancient polity, the question arises as to what happened to it, as the expression of national instinct, in the years that lay before it; and, above all, in what way can it be said that the Ireland that exists to-day is derived from it. Irish ideas, Irish institutions, an Irish civilization, are seen to be breathing realities (and Scottish institutions are seen to be derived from them, though a Scotsman deny their reality). A nation is found in Ireland behind the discovery of history. It is already complete and distinguished where research has come upon it. But in what measure has it perpetuated itself?—for its value is only, or at least chiefly, antiquarian if it have not perpetuated itself. What happened to it in the day of prosperity, spiritual and material, that succeeded? What happened in the night of adversity, when such ruthless cruelty and oppression was meted out to Ireland as few nations in the whole course of history have ever suffered? What has emerged to-day in the result? These are questions that immediately assail us; and they will be examined in turn in succeeding papers. But it is necessary first to lay bare the origins, for it is only in the light of them that the succession may be understood.*

* The next paper will be on *The Times of Prosperity.*

THE SOILED ROSE

D. H. LAWRENCE

IT was a mile nearer 'through the wood. Mechanically, Syson turned up by the forge and lifted the field-gate. The blacksmith and his mite stood still, watching this self-assured trespasser. But Syson, dressed in stylish tweeds, looked too much a gentleman to be accosted. They let him go on in silence across the small field to the wood.

There was not the least difference between this morning and those of the bright springs, six or eight years back. White and sandy-gold owls still scratched round the gate, littering the earth and the field with feathers and scratched-up rubbish. Between the two thick holly bushes in the wood-hedge was the hidden gap whose fence one climbed to get into the wood; the bars were scored just the same by the keeper's boots.

Syson was extraordinarily delighted. It is a wonderful thing, at twenty-nine, to have a Past. Like an emigrant he had returned, on a visit to the country of his past, to make comparison. The hazel still spread glad little hands downward, the blue-bells here were still wan and few, among the lush grass and in shade of the bushes.

The path through the wood, on the very brow of a slope, ran easily for a time. All around were twiggy oaks, just issuing their gold, and floor spaces diapered with woodruff, with patches of dog-mercury and tufts of hyacinth. The two fallen trees still lay across the track. Syson jolted down a steep, rough slope, and was again upon the open land, this time looking north as through a great window in the wood. He stayed to gaze over the level fields of the hill-top, at the village which strewed the bare upland plain as if it had tumbled off the passing wagons of civilization, and been forsaken. There was a forlorn modern little gray church, and blocks and rows of red dwellings lying at random; at the back, the twinkling headstocks of the pit, and the looming pit-hill. All was naked and out-of-doors, not a tree! It was unaltered since his childhood.

Syson turned, fied, to follow the path that sheered down-

hill into the wood. He started. A keeper was standing a few yards in front, barring the way.

"Where might you be going this road, sir?" asked the keeper. The man was inclined to be offensive. Syson looked at him with an artist's impersonal, observant gaze. The keeper was a young man of four or five and twenty, ruddy and comely. He had large, dark blue eyes which now stared aggressively. His black moustache, very thick, was cropped short over a small, rather self-conscious, almost feminine mouth. In every other respect the man was unusually virile. He was just above middle height; the strong forward thrust of his chest and the perfect ease of his erect, proud carriage gave one the feeling that he was taut with life, like the thick jet of a fountain balanced at ease. He stood with the butt of his gun on the ground, staring insolently and questioningly at Syson. The dark, restless eyes of the trespasser, examining the man as if he were a tree or a flower, troubled the keeper and made him angry.

"Where's Naylor, and his velveteen skirts?" Syson inquired.

"You're not from the House, are you?" asked the keeper. It could not be, since everyone was away.

Syson's mobile mouth broke into a laugh.

"No, I'm not from the House," he said. It seemed to amuse him.

"Then are you going to answer my question?" said the keeper disagreeably.

"Which?—oh, certainly—I beg your pardon!" Syson was laughing all the time. "I am going to Willey Water Farm."

"This isn't the road." The man was certainly a bully.

"I think so. Down this path, paddle through the water from the well, and out by the white gate. I could go blindfold."

"Happen so, but you'd be trespassing all the same; did you know that?"

"Did I? Well, how strange! I am sorry. No, I used to come so often in Naylor's time I had forgotten. Where is he, by the way?"

"Crippled with rheumatism," the keeper answered reluctantly.

"I say!" Syson exclaimed in pain.

"Might I ask who you are?" asked the keeper, with a new intonation.

"John Adderley Syson, late of Cordy Lane."

"As used to court Hilda Millership?"

Syson's eyes opened with a curious smile. He nodded. There was a very awkward silence.

"And you will introduce yourself?" asked Syson.

"Arthur Pilbeam—Naylor's my uncle," said the other.

"You live here in Nuttall?"

"I'm lodgin' at my uncle's—Mester Naylor's."

"I see!"

"Did you say as you was goin' down to Willey Water?" asked the keeper.

"Yes!"

"Well, at that rate—I should like you to know as I'm courtin' Hilda Millership."

The keeper looked at the intruder with a blaze of defiance, almost pitiful. Syson opened new eyes of astonishment.

"No-o?" he cried, with incredulous irony. The keeper went scarlet to the ears. But:

"And she," he said, huffed, "is keepin' company with me."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Syson.

The other man waited uncomfortably.

"And is it a fixed thing between you?" asked the intruder.

"What do you mean by that?" retorted the other, sulkily.

"Well—is she—are you thinking of getting married before long? Let's put it that way."

It was evidently a sore point. The keeper kicked at a sod.

"We sh'd ha' been married afore now, if—" Pilbeam was full of resentment.

"Ah!" Syson expressed his understanding in the monosyllable.

"I'm married myself," he added, after a time.

"You are!" exclaimed the other, incredulously, with a touch of contempt.

Syson laughed in his brilliant, quick way.

"This last fifteen months," he said.

The keeper stared at him with heavy, sulky, inscrutable gaze, apparently thinking back, and making connection.

"Why, what of it?" asked Syson.

"Nothing," said the other sulkily, turning away. There was silence for a moment.

"Ah, well!" said Syson, "I will leave you. I suppose you don't intend to turn me back."

The keeper paid no attention. The two men stood high in an open space, grassy, set round with small sheaves of sturdy blue-bells; a little open platform on the brow of the hill. Syson took a few indecisive steps forward, then stopped.

"I say, how lovely!" he cried.

He had come in full view of the downslope. The wide path ran from his feet like a river, and it was full of blue-bells, save for a green winding thread down the centre, where the keeper walked. Like a stream the path opened into azure shallows at the levels, and there were pools of blue-bells, with still the green thread winding through, like a thin current of ice-water through blue lakes. And from under the twig-purple of the bushes swam the shadowed blue, as if the flowers lay in flood water over the woodland.

"Ah, isn't it lovely!" Syson exclaimed, a world of regret in his tones; for this was his past, the country he had abandoned, in which he was now only a visitor. Wood pigeons cooed overhead, and the air was full of the brightness of myriad birds singing.

"If you're married, as you reckon you are, what do you keep writin' to her for, an' sendin' her all them poetry books, an' things?" asked the keeper resentfully. Syson stared at him in astonishment for a time, then he began to smile:

"You see," he said, "I was not aware that she—that you—"

Again the keeper flushed scarlet: "But if you reckon to be married—" he charged.

"And then—?" queried the other mockingly.

But, looking down the blue, beautiful path, Syson felt he had been wrong. "I have been keeping her—a sort of dog-in-the-manger," he said to himself. Aloud: "She knows I'm married and all that," he said.

"What do you keep on with her for, then?" urged the keeper.

"But why shouldn't I?" Syson returned. He knew quite well. There was silence. Syson suddenly struck his thigh with his gloves, and drew himself up.

"Good-day," he said, bowing, very polite and distant. He strode off downhill. Now, everything seemed to him ironic: the two sallows, one all gold and perfume and murmur, one silver green and bristly, reminded him that here he had taught her about pollination. And now, in the paths sacred to their youth, he was walking under smart of condemnation from a game-keeper, for interfering with the latter's girl.

"Ah, well," he said to himself; "the poor chap seems to have a grudge against me because she won't marry him. I'll do my best on his behalf." He grinned to himself, being in a very bad temper.

The farm was less than a hundred yards from the wood's edge. Almost, the wall of trees seemed to form the fourth side to the open quadrangle. The house faced the wood. With many pangs, Syson noted the plum-blossoms falling on the daffodils and on the profuse, colored primroses, which he himself had brought here and set. How they had increased! There were thick tufts of scarlet, and pink, and pale purple primroses, under the plum-trees. He saw somebody glance at him through the kitchen window, heard men's voices.

The door opened suddenly: very womanly she had grown! He felt himself going pale.

"You?—Addy!" she exclaimed, and stood motionless.

"Who?" called the farmer's voice. Men's low voices answered. Those low voices, curious, and almost sneering, roused the ironic spirit in the visitor. Smiling brilliantly at her he bowed low:

"Myself—in all humility," he said.

The flush burned very deep on her cheek and throat.

"We are just finishing dinner," she said.

"Then I will stay outside." He made a motion to show that he would sit on the red earthenware pipkin that stood near the door among the daffodils, and contained the drinking water.

"Oh, no, come in," she said hurriedly. He entered with re-

luctance. In the doorway, he glanced swiftly over the family, and bowed. Everyone was confused. The farmer, his wife, and the four sons sat at the coarsely laid dinner-table, the men with arms bare to the elbows.

"I am sorry I interrupt your lunch," said Syson.

"Don't mention it. Sit down and have a bit," said the farmer, trying to be free and easy.

"It's early for me," said Syson.

He noticed the women were uncomfortable, and would rather he did not accept.

"Why, what time *do* you reckon to have your dinner?" asked Frank, the second son, insolently.

"Dinner?—usually at half-past seven."

"Oh!—ah——!" sneered the sons in unison. They had once been intimate friends with this young man.

"We'll give Addy something when we've finished," said the mother, an invalid.

"Do not let me be any trouble. Lunch does not matter to me."

"He allus could live on fresh air an' scenery," laughed the youngest son, a lad of nineteen.

Syson went round the buildings, and into the orchard at the back of the house, where daffodils all along the hedgerow swung like yellow, ruffled birds on their perches. He loved the place extraordinarily, the hills ranging round, with bear-skin woods covering their giant shoulders, and small red farms like brooches clasping their garments; the blue streak of water in the valley, the bareness of the pasture on the home-hills, the sound of myriad-threaded bird-song, which went mostly unheard. To his last day, he would dream of this place, when he felt the sun on his face, or saw the small handfuls of snow between the winter twigs.

Hilda was very womanly. In her presence, he felt boyish. She was twenty-nine, as he was, but she seemed to him much older. As he was fingering some shed plum-blossoms on a low bough, she came to the back door to shake the table-cloth. Fowls raced from the stackyard, birds rustled from the trees. Her dark, auburn hair was gathered up in a coil like a crown on her

head. She was very straight, imperious in her bearing. As she folded the cloth, she looked away over the hills.

Presently Syson returned indoors. She had prepared eggs and curd cheese, stewed gooseberries and cream.

"Since you will dine to-night," she said, "I have only given you a light lunch."

"It is perfectly arcadian and delightful," he said. "I almost look for your belt of straw and ivy buds."

Still they mocked each other with irony. He knew it hurt her. But—she was courting the gamekeeper and she should marry him.

In his private heart he was thinking: "What a woman she is—what a lot older she is!" He was afraid of her now, seeing her so much altered. Her curt, sure speech, her proud, hard bearing, her reserve, were unfamiliar to him. He admired again her gray-black eyebrows, and her lashes; he quarrelled with her set mouth, with the expressionless composure of her face. Their eyes met. He saw, in the beautiful gray and black of her glance, tears and bitterness, and, at the back of all, calm acceptance of sorrow.

"She's much older than I," he said to himself. With an effort he kept up the ironic manner.

She sent him into the parlor while she washed the dishes. The long low room was refurnished from the Abbey sale, with chairs upholstered in claret-colored rep, many years old, and an oval table of polished walnut, and a fresh piano, handsome, though still antique. In spite of the strangeness, he was pleased. Opening a high cupboard let into the thickness of the wall, he found it full of his books, his old lesson-books, and volumes of verse he had sent her, English and German. The daffodils in the white window-bottoms shone across the room, he could almost feel their rays. The old glamour caught him again. His youthful watercolors on the walls no longer made him grin; he remembered how fervently he had tried to paint for her, twelve years before.

She entered, wiping a dish, and he saw again the bright, kernel-white beauty of her arms.

"You are quite aristocratic here," he said, and their eyes met.

"Do you like it?" she asked. It was the old, low, husky tone of intimacy. He felt a quick change beginning in his blood.

"Ay," he nodded, smiling at her like a boy again. She bowed her head.

"This was the countess's chair," she said in low tones. "I found her scissors down here between the padding."

"Ay—! Show me."

Quickly, with a lilt in her movement, she fetched her work-basket, and together they examined the long-shanked old scissors.

"What a ballad of dead ladies!" he said, laughing, as he fitted his fingers into the round loops of the dead countess's scissors.

"You are the only man who could use them," she said, with a little thrill. He looked at his fingers, and at the scissors:

"The only one of *your* men, perhaps," he said, putting the scissors aside with a sudden darkening in his soul. She turned to the window. He noticed the fine, fair down on her cheek and her upper lip, and her soft, white neck, like the throat of a nettle flower, and her forearms, bright as newly blanched kernels. She was being discovered afresh to him, who thought he knew her so thoroughly.

"Shall we go out a while?" she asked softly.

"Ay!" he answered. But the predominant emotion, that flooded over the daring and the ecstasy in his heart, was fear. Something big was going to happen to him and to her, unless he took care, his soul warned him.

She put no covering on her head, merely took off her apron, saying: "We will go by the larches." As they passed the old orchard, she called him in to show him a blue-tit's nest in one of the apple trees, and a sycock's in the hedge. He rather wondered at her surety, for she had been one to go dreamily unob-servant.

"Look at the apple buds," she said, and he then perceived myriads of little scarlet balls among the drooping boughs. Watching his face, she laughed. He was dumb and stupid, and at the bottom, afraid. If he were going to fall in love with this old lover, whose youth had marched with his as stately, religious nights march beside reckless days, then it would be a

love that would invade many lives and lay them waste. His soul realized this, not his reason. His mind was almost paralyzed.

For her part, she was brilliant as he had not known her. She showed him nests: a jenny wren's in a low bush.

"See this jinty's!" she exclaimed.

He was surprised to hear her use the local name. She reached carefully through the thorns, and put her finger in the nest's round door.

"Five!" she said. "Teenty little things."

She showed him nests of robins, and chaffinches, and linnets, and buntings; of a wag-tail beside the water:

"And if we go down, nearer the lake, I will show you a king-fisher's. . . ."

"Among the young fir trees," she said, "there's a throstle's or a blackie's on nearly every shelf—hundreds. The first day, when I had seen them all, I felt as if I mustn't go in the wood. It seemed a city of birds: and in the morning, hearing them all, I thought of the clamor of early markets. I was afraid to go in my own wood."

The wasted poet in him did honor to her. He felt weak as water in her hands. She did not mind his silence, but was always a brilliant hostess entertaining him in her wood. As they came along a marshy path where forget-me-nots were opening in a rich blue drift:

"We know all the birds, but there are many flowers we can't find out—I can't find out," she quickly corrected herself.

"We?" he questioned.

She looked dreamily across to the open fields that slept in the sun:

"I have a lover as well, you know," she gently reprimanded him, dropping again into the intimate tone.

This woke in him the spirit of combat.

"I think I met him. He is very bonny—also in Arcady."

Without answering, she turned into a dark path that led up hill, where the trees and undergrowth were very thick.

"They did well," she said at length, "to have various altars to various gods, in old days."

"Ah, yes!" he agreed. "And which have you turned to now?"

"Do you think I have left the old one?" she asked pathetically.

"No, not really. It was your highest, the one you kneeled at with me——"

"But *you* have left it," she said. A quick, painful frown came on his face.

"Ay, but the man doesn't matter so much," he said. There was a pause.

"And you are mistaken. I *have* turned away," she admitted in a low, husky tone, averting her face from him.

There was silence, during which he pondered. The path was almost flowerless, gloomy. At the side, his heels sank into soft clay.

"No," she said, very slowly, "I was married the same night as you."

He looked at her a quick question.

"Not legally, of course," she replied, in the same grave, deliberate manner. "But—actually."

"'Tandaradei,'" he mocked.

She turned to him brightly.

"You thought I could not!" she said. But the flush was deep in her cheek and throat for all her seeming assurance.

Still he would not say anything.

"You see"—she was making an effort to explain—"I had to understand also, to keep pace."

To keep pace, she meant, with Syson, whom she loved with the deepest part of her nature.

"And does it amount to much, this *understanding?*" he asked, cynically. She was shocked.

"A very great deal:—does it not to you?" she replied.

"And you are not disappointed?"

"Far from it!" Her tone was deep and sincere.

"Then you love him?"

"Yes, I love him." She was tender, and gentle, in her thought of the keeper.

"Good!" he said.

This silenced her for a while.

"Here, in his own world, I do love him truly," she said.

His conceit would not let him be silent.

"And me?" he asked bitingly.

"So different!" she cried.

He laughed shortly.

"You turned opportunist!" he said.

"'Tis your doing," she replied.

For a moment, the hearts of the two stood still with despair.

They came to a place where the undergrowth shrank away, leaving a bare, brown space, pillared with the brick-red and purplish trunks of pine trees. On the fringe was the sombre green of elder trees, with flat flowers in bud, and bright, unfurling pennons of fern. In the midst of the bare space stood a keeper's log hut. Pheasant-coops were lying about, some occupied by a clucking hen; some empty.

Hilda walked over the brown pine needles to the hut, took a key from among the eaves and opened the door. It was a bare wooden place with a carpenter's bench and form, carpenter's tools, an axe, snares, traps, some skins pegged down, everything in order. Hilda closed the door. Syson examined the weird flat coats of wild animals that were pegged down to be cured. She pressed some knots of wood in the side wall, and an opening appeared in the bare logs, disclosing a second, small apartment.

"Is he a romantic, then?" asked Syson, ponderingly.

"Perhaps so! He is very curious—up to a certain point, cunning—in a nice sense,—and inventive, and so thoughtful—but not beyond a certain point."

She pulled back a dark-green curtain. The apartment was occupied almost entirely by a large couch of heather and bracken, on which was spread an ample rabbit-skin rug. On the floor were patchwork rugs of cat-skin, and a red calf-skin, while hanging from the wall were other furs. Hilda took down one, which she put on. It was a cloak of rabbit-skin edged with white fur, and with a hood, apparently of the skins of stoats. She laughed at Syson from out of this barbaric mantle, saying:

"What do you think of it?"

"Ah—! I congratulate you on your man," he replied.

"And look!" she said.

In a little jar on a shelf were some sprays, frail and white, of the first honeysuckle.

"They will scent the place at night," she said.

He looked round curiously.

"Then where does your lover come short?" he asked. She gazed at him for a few moments.

"The stars aren't the same with him," she said, intensely. "You could make them flash and quiver, and the forget-me-nots come up at me like phosphorescence. I have tested long enough. I know it is true."

He laughed, saying:

"After all, stars and forget-me-nots are only luxuries."

"Ay," she assented sadly. "It is a pity."

Again he laughed quickly at her.

"Why?" he asked, mockingly.

She turned swiftly. He was leaning against the small window of the tiny, obscure room, and was watching her, who stood in the doorway, still cloaked in her mantle. His cap was removed, so she saw his face and head distinctly in the dim room. His black, straight, glossy hair was brushed clean back from his brow. His black eyes were playing a polite game with her, and his face, that was clear and creamy, and perfectly smooth and healthy, was flickering with polite irony.

"You are very different," she said bitterly.

Again he laughed.

"I see you disapprove of me," he said.

"I disapprove of what you are becoming," she said.

"But you have still hopes of me! Then what must I do to be——" he checked himself—"to avoid this calamity?"

She saw that he was always laughing at her.

"If your own soul doesn't tell you, I cannot."

"I say," he cried, mock-serious, "where have I heard that before——? Besides," he continued politely, "one cannot live in Rome without being Romanized—unless one is fantastically patriotic—and really you know, I am of no country."

"No——?" she said bitterly.

"Unless I have been adopted unaware." That, he felt, was insulting, and his spirit turned in shame.

"You are a Roman of the Romans," she said, sarcastically.

"Of the emasculated period," he laughed. "But 'twas you would have it so."

"I!" she exclaimed.

"You *would* have me take the Grammar School scholarship—and you would have me foster poor little Botell's fervent attachment to me, till he couldn't live without me—and because Botell was rich and influential, you insisted on my accepting the wine-merchant's offer to send me to Cambridge, there to chaperon his only child. Then you bade me go into the business until I had money—and then—and then—well, 'Now' is the realization. I have done exceedingly well for an orphan son of a village schoolmaster——"

"And I am responsible?" she asked, with sarcasm.

"I was a most plastic youth," he laughed.

"Ah," she cried, "I sent you away too young."

"But I am a *great* success—and really, I enjoy it. You keep preaching me the 'tongues in trees' business, and 'good in everything' that is not London. But I assure you, there's quite a lot to be said for my side. 'I would not change it.'"

"You are too glib," she said, in very cutting tones.

"I always had that defect," he said, bowing.

There was a rattling at the outer latch, and the keeper entered. The woman glanced round, but remained standing, fur-cloaked, in the inner doorway. Syson, quite indifferent, did not move.

The keeper entered, saw, and turned away without speaking. The others also were silent.

Pilbeam attended to his skins.

"Have we finished our duel?" asked Syson.

"I have nothing more to say," she replied.

"Then I give you 'To our vast and varying fortunes.'" He lifted his hand in pledge.

"'To our vast and varying fortunes,'" she answered, bowing gravely, and speaking in cold tones.

"Arthur!" she said.

The keeper pretended not to hear. Syson, watching keenly, began to smile. The woman drew herself up.

"Arthur!" she said again, with a curious upward inflection, which warned the two men that her soul was trembling on one of those sudden changes that are so striking in women; as when a drop of acid suddenly throws out a black, turbid precipitate in a clear liquid.

The keeper slowly put down his tool and came to her.

"Yes," he said.

"I wanted to introduce you," she said, cold and deliberate.

"I know him—I've met him before," growled the keeper.

"Never mind—I want to introduce you formally. Addy, Mr. Pilbeam, to whom I am engaged to be married. Arthur—Mr. Syson, who was an old friend of ours." Syson bowed, but the other mechanically held out his hand. The two men shook hands.

"Allow me to congratulate you heartily," said Syson. In his heart he was saying bitterly, "Mrs. Pilbeam—Good God!"

He bade her good-bye.

"Which way will you go?" she asked.

"Over Foster's," he replied.

"Arthur, you will go with Mr. Syson to the gate," she said. They went all three together down the gloomy path.

"Ah!—

'Les beaux jours de bonheur indicible
Où nous joignions nos bouches. . . .'"

quoted Syson, half-sincere, half-mocking.

"*C'est possible!*" she replied, in the same spirit.

"Good!" he cried. "We might have rehearsed it. I never could help being sentimental. How does it go on?—

'Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir.'"

"I never liked farce," she replied, cuttingly. "Besides, *we* cannot walk in *our* wild oats. You were too modest and good to sow any at that time."

Syson looked at her. He was shocked that she could sneer at their young love, which had been the greatest thing he had

known. Certainly he had killed her love at last, as he had often wished he could. Now he felt a great sense of desolation.

At the bottom of the path she left him. As he went along with the keeper toward the open, he said:

"You will let me know when you are going to be married, will you?"

"Why?" asked the keeper.

"Because she will not write to me—at least till after—I know."

"Well—" said the keeper, disagreeably, but hesitating.

"I shan't be in Nuttall again for years—perhaps never. I shall want to know your news, for all that. So if you'll write to me, I will write to you. All the correspondence shall be between us two."

He handed the young keeper his card.

"All right then—we'll let it stand at that."

They were at the gate. Syson held out his hand. When he was a dozen yards across the field, the other called:

"I say. I s'l only write when there's something definite."

"Quite so!" said Syson, and each turned his separate way.

Instead of going straight to the high road gate, Syson went along the wood's edge, where the brook spread out in a little bog, and under the alder trees, among the reeds, great yellow stools and bosses of marigolds shone. Threads of brown water trickled by, touched with gold from the flowers. Suddenly there was a blue flash in the air, as a kingfisher passed.

Syson was extraordinarily wretched. He climbed the bank to the gorse bushes, whose sparks of blossom had not yet gathered into a flame. Lying on the dry brown turf, he discovered sprigs of tiny purple milkwort and pink spots of lousewort. He began to count his losses. In spite of himself, he was unutterably miserable, though not regretful. He would not alter what he had done. Yet he was drearily, hopelessly wretched. After a while he had got it clear.

"She always knew the best of me, and believed in the best I might be. While she kept her ideal 'Me' living, I was sort of responsible to her: I must live somewhere up to standard. Now

I have destroyed Myself in her, and I am alone, my star is gone out. I have destroyed the beautiful 'Me' who was always ahead of me, nearer the realities. And I have struck the topmost flower from off her faith. And yet it was the only thing to do, considering all the other folk. . . ."

He lay quite still, feeling a kind of death.

Presently he heard voices: the keeper was coming down the path with Hilda.

"Say what ails thee?" Syson heard the keeper ask gently, but with a touch of resentment.

"I am a bit upset—don't bother me," pleaded the woman.

Syson turned over. The air was full of the sound of larks, as if the sunshine above were condensing and falling in a shower. Amid this bright sound, the voices sounded like horn-music.

"Yes, but what upsets thee?" persisted the man.

"Go home now, Arthur. I will talk to you to-night."

Syson looked through the bushes. Hilda was leaning on the gate, tears running down her face. The man was in the field, loitering by the hedge, and, Syson at last made out, was catching the bees as they settled on the white bramble flowers, crushing them in his palm, and letting them fall. He did not know what he was doing.

There was silence for a while, in which Syson imagined her tears among the brightness of the larks. Suddenly the keeper exclaimed "Ah!"—and swore loudly. He was gripping at the sleeve of his coat, near the shoulder. Then he pulled off his jacket, threw it on the ground, and absorbedly rolled up his shirt sleeve right to the shoulder.

"Ah!" he said vindictively, as he picked out the bee and flung it away. He twisted his fine, bright arm, peering awkwardly over his shoulder.

"What is it?" asked Hilda quietly.

"A bee—crawled up my sleeve and stung me," he answered.

"Come here to me," she said.

The keeper went to her, like a sulky boy. She took his handsome arm in her hands.

"Here it is—and the sting left in—poor bee!"

She picked out the sting, put her mouth to his arm and

sucked away the drop of poison. As she looked at the red mark her mouth had made, and at his arm, she said, laughing winsomely out of her tears:

"That is the reddest kiss you will ever have."

He put his arms round her, and was kissing her. When Syson next looked up, at the sound of voices, he saw the keeper with his mouth on the throat of his beloved, whose head was thrown back, and whose hair had fallen, so that one rough rope of dark brown hair hung across his bare arm.

"No," the woman answered. "I am not upset because he's gone. You won't understand. . . ."

Syson could not distinguish what the man said. Hilda replied, clear and distinct:

"You know I love you. He has gone quite out of my life—I don't know what I should do without you. . . ." She ended plaintively. He kissed her warmly, murmuring. She laughed quickly.

"Yes," she said indulgent, but slightly bitter. "We will be married, we will be married. You can tell people, and make arrangements." He embraced her again. Syson heard nothing for a time. Then she said:

"You must go home now, dear—you will get no sleep."

"Shall we be married at church, or chapel, or what—?"

"We will be married at church."

It was the first time she had used the plural pronoun in that way. It moved the keeper to embrace her fervently. At last he pulled on his coat and departed. She stood at the gate, not watching him, but looking south over the sunny counties toward London, far away.

When at last she had gone, Syson also departed, going south.

EUGENICS AND THE CHILD

NORMAN BARNESBY, M.D.

ALTHOUGH there is a very true saying that the child is father to the man, it is equally and universally true that the man is father to the child, and must begin to recognize, much more clearly than he has done, all that is implied in that relationship. Long before Eugenics became an organized science—or, according to Mr. G. K. Chesterton and others, an organized nuisance—the average man and the exceptional man were in the habit of transmitting to their children what they themselves had inherited in the way of sound or unsound bodies and minds. But they did not, as a rule, think particularly about the matter. We have learnt, in recent years, that it is precisely about such matters that we may with exceeding profit do our most persistent and intelligent thinking.

The inquiries of Eugenics reach down to the very bases of human life. As the results of those researches become more widely known, the inevitable result will be the enactment of laws to correct deteriorating influences. Wise laws of this kind, and their honest administration, can do good; they can do much good: but they cannot deal with anything like the whole problem of mental, physical and moral health. Not laws, but men and women, must build up public opinion and develop private action if the results are to be vital and permanent; and the main hope lies in the spreading of essential knowledge amongst all classes, instead of confining it to a small and often comparatively powerless minority.

The best time to begin to acquire such knowledge is, of course, during childhood and early youth. It is almost impossible to commence too early, if the information is given by degrees, wisely, lovingly, comprehendingly. In early years our brains are more plastic and impressionable, and what we learn then becomes a matter of conviction, almost of conscience. What we have been taught—if we have been taught wisely and not narrowly—of good or evil, in youth, becomes second nature in later life.

The principles of Eugenics are half at least of the modern

Decalogue. Parents who are still ignorant must learn the essentials painstakingly, and then, to the best of their ability, with tact and judgment and a high sense of responsibility, impress them upon the minds of their children—both boys and girls.

It is now known as surely as anything can be known that certain mental, moral and physical traits are transmitted from parents to children, and to later descendants. Insanity, moral obliquity, criminal tendencies and mental defects are thus transmitted, and the laws under which they are so transmitted are beginning to be well understood. Careful study has been made of the family histories of hundreds of insane, feeble-minded, criminal and alcoholic inmates of public institutions, and it has been made clear that the births of defective children follow settled laws. Our knowledge is now so accurate that it is possible to predict almost exactly the kind of children that will be born to parents whose heredity and mental habits are known. If both parents are defective, *all* their children will be defective. If one parent only is defective, a certain percentage of the children will be defective.

These things are no longer matters of conjecture, but of definite scientific knowledge. How shall we use this knowledge for the benefit of our children? First, try to make their environment such as will coöperate with nature and permit the normal development of the children; and while you are developing strong and beautiful bodies, try to train the minds to keep pace with the physical development. Diet, exercise, play and education require the most intelligent and yet the most common-sense supervision. Give plenty of good, wholesome food, but teach clearly the evils of gluttony and faddism. Remember that in early life a sound body is more important than an over-cultivated mind, with its possible consequences of nervous derangement. Be careful, therefore, not to ruin the child's proper and harmonious development by premature and unduly severe educational efforts. Be patient. Teach the fundamentals quietly, thoroughly. In all things, try to preserve the ideal of normality, avoiding forced growth, excitement, unnecessary stimulus and straining.

Most children are normal and inclined to play and romp; but sometimes we see timid, gentle or diffident children who find it

hard or even impossible to hold their own against stronger and more aggressive playfellows. Such children are often of rare and beautiful types mentally and spiritually. Their fine natures are jarred or hurt by the relative crudeness, roughness and thoughtlessness of other children of their own age, who cannot understand them and often persecute them. These remarks apply chiefly to boys of this type. Their bringing up is a matter of serious importance, and the intelligence, or lack of it, shown by the parents means much for the future attitude of the diffident or backward child toward others. Such a boy is indeed fortunate if he has a father who possesses patience and discrimination. As a rule his diffidence and seeming cowardice indicate a mere lack of confidence which could easily be given to him by a sympathetic and sensible father. What he needs is not protection from rough and rude boys, but self-confidence; and this must be instilled into him practically. He must be taught to use and believe in his own strength, to become self-reliant and thoroughly able to defend himself. This is not said to encourage rowdyism in boys; but it is absolutely necessary to teach gentle and finely strung boys to protect themselves and not to submit to the humiliation of being browbeaten by bullies. There is no more blighting, and even fatal, handicap to a young man than lack of self-confidence—a reasonable and sound confidence in his physical ability to take care of himself.

If you have provided for your children a good heredity and an environment which has permitted nature to give them strong, healthy bodies, the next duty is to educate them in the essential facts of life. It is not merely useless, it is utterly pernicious, to ignore sex conditions; and teaching should be begun while the mind of the child is plastic and pure, able to accept natural facts with perfect simplicity, and to absorb and incorporate in character the sense of beauty, fitness and naturalness that will be associated with such truths by all healthy and decent men and women. A child can be taught the facts of love, union and reproduction as simply as he can be taught his alphabet; he will accept unquestioningly the teaching that is given to him with insight and affection. The false shame that comes from the false secrecy so long habitual amongst adults, is entirely absent from a child whose

nature has not been vitiated by wrong training, undesirable companions and an unhealthy environment.

The best and most natural teaching is along biological lines. Begin very simply with the reproductive processes in plant life, passing to the insect and lower animal life, thence to the higher animals, and finally, by natural and easy transition, to reproduction in the human kingdom. This method of teaching sex relations has been tried by many teachers, and invariably with complete success. Sincere workers in this field have repeatedly told me of the wonderful improvement in the minds, manners and sympathies of boys and girls fortunate enough to have had sex matters explained to them in this sane and simple way, instead of through the vile channels by which children, especially boys, usually get their perverted ideas of this supreme fact in physical nature.

The important objects of sex knowledge for young people are: First, to enable them to understand themselves, their desires and passions, and to learn to control these in their relation to themselves and to others. Second, to enable them, as the lessons of childhood come to maturity and bear fruit, to bring more than blind and temporary attraction to the choice of their life-comrade. Third, by teaching them the truth and the essential beauty of nature, to safeguard them from the false or vicious hints and teaching of those whose minds are distorted, and who still regard the simple facts of natural life as unclean and impure. Fourth, to prevent, by the clear counsel that will supplement in youth the lessons of childhood, the terrible afflictions of venereal disease.

Morality is not an accident. It is the result of sound heredity, rational training, and healthy environment.

Immorality, so long considered inevitable, is no more natural in the race than consumption. But enlightened and persistent treatment is as necessary to eliminate the one disease as the other.

Most parents are unaware that sexual immorality among school children is common and widespread. Two factors are chiefly responsible—ignorance, due to the deplorable neglect of parents; and perfectly natural curiosity as to sex matters. Not one only, but both of these causes of growing degeneration must

be ascribed to parental neglect, indifference, dulness, or so-called modesty. Of all false conceptions, the false conception of modesty is the most deplorable. Parents who for any reason have neglected the supremely important, and indeed sacred duty of training their children to understand the primary facts of life, and essentially of sex life, are simply preparing the way for the corruption and degeneration of youth. The things which are forbidden or tabooed, without any lucid or convincing explanation, are invariably attractive in a morbid and almost irresistible way. No boy, and few girls, of spirit and strong personality, will be satisfied with vague and flimsy reasons for the prohibition of impulses and pleasures which they soon learn are occupying the better part of the attention of most people. Rebuffed by their "modest" parents, they will soon find out from other and secret or insidious sources.

It is deplorable that owing to the perverse stupidity of many parents, the youth of both sexes are usually denied sex education from their most natural teachers, so that their first and most lasting impressions of sex relations, derived from ignorant or vicious sources, are almost hopelessly distorted and perverted. Instead of the true conception of sex as the most profound, important and beautiful fact in human life, there is substituted a conception involving secrecy, shame and "nastiness." I wish to emphasize, as emphatically as I can, the entire responsibility of the parents. A true and noble view of sex relations broadens and ennobles all life. A perverted and abnormal view degrades or obscures the higher self and shuts the door against all that is most beautiful and inspiring.

The foundation of sex education must be placed in utter confidence between parent and child. Very gradually, the child must be guided to see that there is nothing secret or shameful in the functions of the body. True modesty must be sacredly safeguarded, but false modesty must not be allowed to develop. It is not natural; it is merely a perversion due to distorted and unhealthy conventions. When the child has accepted unquestioningly, as it will accept, the true, clear-eyed view of its own body and the facts of human life, more definite and detailed instruction can be given. The meaning of puberty should be explained in

due time, and then, carefully and wisely, the temptations and inevitable penalties of promiscuous sexual intercourse must be unfolded. Every year, the venereal diseases, syphilis and gonorrhœa, ruin tens of thousands of lives, and sterilize and deteriorate the race. No boy or girl should pass through the years of youth without being made familiar with these fundamental facts, as naturally and obviously as they are made familiar with a thousand and one facts of general knowledge and daily custom. But far too often we find a boy who is considered fit to grapple with the Binomial Theorem and the laws of chemical combination, or a girl who is studying the psychology of apperception or wrestling with the intricacies of the Aristotelian Sorites, utterly and wickedly ignorant of the elementary processes of life—except for vicious and corrosive suggestions from the crude and unbalanced prompters of evil. These are always only too eager to convey in their own way the information withheld by the parent or guardian. Definite instruction in sex matters must be no longer a matter of individual choice or neglect. It is an absolute and fundamental duty.

Children who have been wisely brought up in the understanding of the teachings of Eugenics, and in the fulfilment of those teachings in their daily life, will reach maturity with strong and definite convictions as to the importance of keeping up the standard of the race, or, rather, of insuring its continued progress and betterment. They will realize their own responsibility to posterity. They will learn to distinguish between true and false love, between temporary attraction and permanent affection. Those who are under the influence of passion do not usually reflect as to the future consequences, to themselves or to others; but those who have been taught that their future life-comrade should be not only lovable in himself or herself, but entirely fit to be the parent of healthy children, will at least be more likely to choose well and happily, and less likely to be carried away by impulse and passion, than those who do not understand the supreme significance of Eugenics.

It has been shown that mental defects may "skip" one generation, under certain conditions, but reappear in the next. Hence it is unwise to marry a member of a family in which there

is any record of insanity, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, criminality, or marked eccentricity. Marriages of people of good stock with those associated with such defects are strongly liable to yield at least one or more defective children. No temporary impulse should be allowed to over-master the sense of duty and prepare the way for future intolerable remorse.

With regard to alcohol, there can be no temporizing, from the eugenic point of view. While many men who indulge too freely during youth do straighten up more or less completely in after life, the majority do not. Alcoholic indulgence is playing with fire for even the best kind of youth. Even in moderate quantities, alcohol invariably lowers the coefficient of efficiency, retards the mental processes, dulls the keenness of vision and hearing, diminishes the sensitiveness of touch and smell; in a word, it interferes with all physical and mental action, and is thus distinctly a poisonous and habit-producing drug, always dangerous and often deadly.

It is important to remember that normal individuals do not naturally and of choice indulge to any large extent in alcohol—unless they have unfortunately been thrown frequently into the company of undesirable self-styled “sports”; and even the acquiescence in this kind of companionship indicates some degree of mental inferiority. Hence young men who are frequently seen under the influence of alcohol, or with the odor of it upon their persons, may, as a general rule, be classed as belonging to inferior types, either through heredity or environment. A young girl is therefore taking a long and dangerous chance when she marries an habitual drinker. Such a man is deteriorating, slowly, perhaps, but surely, in all ways—morally, mentally and physically. This deterioration by means of alcoholism is transmissible to offspring, and the children of a drunkard are apt to inherit all of their father’s bad tendencies and weaknesses, with little, perhaps, of his original strength, which has been altogether vitiated by the poison. Nearly every girl who falls in love with a “drinker” tries to make an exception in her own case, and has confidence in her ability to reform the man she admires for his other qualities. Some millions of women, altogether, have married with this idea, looking forward confidently to the future; but

a baby could count the number who have not paid the penalty that they invited—a wrecked life and a dreary home.

It is advisable here to refer to marriages between cousins. Eugenics has thrown a new light on this subject. When two defectives marry, all their defects are emphasized in their children. When sound persons of good stock marry, their good qualities are emphasized as they are transmitted to their children. Here is the explanation of the common opinion that the children of parents who were cousins are apt to be defective. When cousins marry, their children are prone to inherit and combine, in a marked degree, the family traits, good or bad. Hence when cousins of a defective or neurotic family marry, they will probably produce children in whom the worst tendencies of the family will reappear, emphasized. When normal cousins of good stock marry, they will have good, or even superior, children.

It is quite clear from this that cousins should not marry unless they are themselves normal, with altogether sound heredity.

Strong corroboration on a large scale of the principle that inbreeding tends to deterioration by emphasis of defectiveness is shown in the Jewish race. The latest New York statistics reveal that the Jews furnish by far the largest racial percentage of the forms of insanity and mental deficiency which have their basis in constitutional inferiority. This must be ascribed to inbreeding, especially as the Jews present almost no cases of mental disease or defects depending upon syphilis and alcoholism.

The golden rule of medicine is, Prevention is better than cure. The best way of curing disease is to prevent it. The best and most certain way to improve the race is to see that we have no defective children. Defectives and criminals should not be allowed to marry, unless previously sterilized by a surgical operation. As a matter of fact, the laws of several of our States now provide for the sterilization of habitual criminals, for the protection and purification of the race.

Instruct your children in the principles of Eugenics. Give them the knowledge that will help to make them wiser and stronger and better men and women; that will guide them to a sure happiness in marriage and bless their homes with the noblest kind of children.

THE GIFT OF ASIA

CLAUDE BRAGDON

It is summer in the Adirondacks. The disc of the rising sun is just appearing above the summit of the mountain, which enfolds with its long arm of shadow the sleeping lake.

In a rustic kiosk, two men, a Poet and an Actor, stand looking at the growing glory of the sunrise, which, like a torch, lights up tier after tier of distant trees.

Presently the Poet takes a book out of his coat pocket, seats himself, and begins to read.

THE ACTOR. [A little scornfully] Why do you bury your nose in a book, at this hour, and in this place? Has the sunrise already begun to bore you?

THE POET. [Absentely] The sunrise is here, in this book—and in my heart.

THE ACTOR. [Surprised and a trifle disconcerted] And what, pray, do you mean by that?

THE POET. The sun, you know, never rises. You have succumbed again to an ancient illusion. You are aware, I take it, that it is only the axial motion of the earth which has brought our hemisphere into an ever-existent light.

THE ACTOR. Of course; but that doesn't answer my question. Besides, you contradict yourself. The sunrise in your "book and heart"—isn't that an illusion too?

THE POET. [Oracularly] Yes, for many an eager heart to-day there is the illusion of an orb having risen, simply because the soul's dark hemisphere has wheeled into the ever-shining Presence, after a night of troubled sleep. The spiritual light of the world, like sunlight, streams forth periodically from the East. That light is in this book, which contains the stored-up wisdom of the East.

THE ACTOR. [With some impatience] Why should a good American like you go to such far, strange sources for inspiration? Have you exhausted all that there is in the teachings of Christ?

THE POET. I might answer that Christ himself was an Oriental, but I'll content myself with stating my belief that the West has so ignored or misconceived Christ's message that to understand it aright we must go back to the pure source whence it was derived.

THE ACTOR. [*With suppressed sarcasm*] And what is that, pray, according to your notion?

THE POET. The Ancient Wisdom of the Aryan race; for as the Aryan is the source of our western races, and its language, the Sanskrit, the source of our western languages, so is the ancient religion of India the fecund mother of all religions that have since appeared in the world.

THE ACTOR. [*Incredulously*] Do you mean to tell me that all religions are the same?

THE POET. Exotically, no; esoterically, yes. All the differences between religions are differences of form and not of content: colorations caused by the mind of man in reflecting the white light of a truth implanted in him from the beginning of his life on earth.

THE ACTOR. [*At last interested*] And why have we lost this truth—since I infer that you think we have lost it?

THE POET. We have not lost it: it has only been overlooked and overlaid. In the strange narrowness of mid-Victorian materialism we had come to conceive of life as a laboratory full of things awaiting classification. We were industriously proceeding to affix the proper labels and to arrange our bottles when—something occurred; the birth of WONDER. Then the labels we had written became silly or meaningless and the bottles broke in our hands. In the air of that mysterious morning, amid the ruins of our system, did we interrogate the dark. There was a moment of suspense, of wonder—then light broke in the East.

THE ACTOR. [*Again sarcastic*] When you say "we," for whom are you speaking? Not for me, surely, or you wouldn't be speaking *to* me. And when, pray tell me, did this great event occur? I've seen no reference to it in the magazines or papers; it hasn't yet been made into a play or a tale.

THE POET. I speak for those to whom the Ancient Wisdom of the East became the particular sun of their salvation, and its

dawning occurred—so strange seem the ways of the Masters of Wisdom—when their faithful disciple, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, that stormy petrel's soul in a woman's body, brought the Gift of Asia to this land, destined to bring forth in travail the sons and daughters of a great new race.

THE ACTOR. [Puzzled but interested] And what is this "Gift of Asia"? I confess I quite fail to understand.

THE POET. It is the oldest and the greatest of all sciences, the Science of Release. Release, the Upanishads say, exists in the soul like the quality of clearness in a mirror. Cleanse the mirror and it reflects an image: so in the soul, beneath the karmic accumulation of centuries of vain self-seeking, exists ever that quality of clearness which will one day reveal the Divine Image. For the soul bears in itself its own salvation; it has no need for ritual or observance, nor for the midwifery of minister or priest.

THE ACTOR. [Impressed] That is beautiful, and somehow familiar, though I can't say that I ever heard it put in just the way you put it. Go on, tell me more.

THE POET. [Warming to his subject] According to the ancient teaching, man is himself the Eternal Thinker, thinking non-eternal thoughts. The Self in man, the Knower, the Enjoyer, being one with the Great Self, is not born, nor does it die. That which we call birth is but the assumption, by an immortal individual, of a physical limitation—a perishable personality—for the purpose of experiencing certain reactions. That which we call death is the withdrawal from the self-imposed limitation, no more an end than birth is a beginning.

You are an actor. Well, just as at the end of a play you lay aside, with the clothes you have worn, the character you were assuming, and forgetting for a time the part and the playhouse, resume your proper and true life; so, at the death of the body, the immortal individual discards the transitory personality which it has animated. It resumes its life—like your own never really intermitted—on planes of being of which, because of the limitation of its consciousness to lower spaces, it has been unaware.

THE ACTOR. And does this thing go on indefinitely: does the individual incarnate again and again, just as I return to the

theatre night after night, assuming different parts on different nights?

THE POET. That's the idea, exactly. The individual, related to its successive personalities as you are related to the characters in your répertoire, comes again and again upon the lighted stage of the world in different bodies; and for an analogous reason: for enrichment, for enjoyment, for self-realization.

THE ACTOR. Why, then, do we not remember our incarnations just as I remember my parts?

THE POET. In its free state, in ampler spaces, the soul does remember. When we have mastered the art of life we shall remember without intermission, for there are those who do remember, here and now. But for the most part we are too immersed in the precarious business of living to be conscious of aught else. To have recourse again to our analogy, you yourself once told me that every good actor "psychologizes" the part he happens to be playing; that is, he so identifies his consciousness with a character as to experience the thoughts and emotions proper to it, and the vicissitudes of the rôle become his own. That he may truly realize and render a fiction, he permits it for the time being to hold sway over his soul. Only at the fall of the final curtain does the memory of all that he has shut out flow back into his mind. Even so the soul is overcome by the illusions of the world.

THE ACTOR. [Admiringly] Well, I must say that's a clever way of presenting the doctrine of Reincarnation to a man of my calling. But you don't mean to tell me that it's all put so neatly and completely there in your "Sacred Book of the East"?

THE POET. [With enthusiasm] It is stated far better than I can state it. Listen. [Reads] "And as a goldsmith, taking a piece of gold, turns it into another newer and more beautiful shape, so does this Self, after having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, make unto himself another newer and more beautiful shape." [Reads] "An eternal portion of me it is, which becoming an individual soul in the mortal world, draws the senses with the mind as a sixth." That is to say, in order to live in a world such as ours a physical body is necessary. The Higher Self, working through the individual soul, plans

such a body and brings it to birth through ordinary generation. Throughout the lifetime, the body is tempered into an even finer, firmer, and more sensitive vehicle for knowledge, for enjoyment, for self-expression. When the Higher Self has worn out one such vehicle, it destroys it, and repeats the process until it has taught the soul the precious secret of Release.

THE ACTOR. [Puzzled] Release—I don't know just what you mean by release.

THE POET. Sleep is release, death is release, for in these states the soul returns to its immortal source; but the Great Release is that which liberates from the round of births and deaths, and many lives are consumed in its achievement. [Reads] "If a man can not understand it before the falling asunder of the body, then he has to take bodies again in the worlds of creation."

THE ACTOR. [Eagerly] And how may one come to understand it?

THE POET. To "understand it" is to recognize no reality save the Great Self; to look upon sin, sickness, suffering, as illusions of the personality; born of ignorance and limitation.

THE ACTOR. That sounds suspiciously like Christian Science. It certainly reduces life to a very simple formula—too simple—for how then do you account for that ceaseless warfare between good and evil impulses, which constitutes the very warp and woof of life, and the reality of which it is impossible to question?

THE POET. The Ancient Wisdom accounts for this sharp conflict in a manner curiously in accord with the ideas of Schopenhauer, who, by his own avowal, was deeply in debt to Eastern philosophy. The parallel is so striking that I have copied here what Schopenhauer says. [Reads] "The one will which objectifies itself in all ideas always seeks the highest possible objectification, and has therefore in this case given up the lower grades of its manifestation after a conflict, in order to appear in a higher grade, and one so much the more powerful. No victory without conflict: since a higher idea or objectification of will can only appear through a lower, it endures the opposition of these lower ideas, which, although brought into subjection, will

strive to obtain an independent and complete expression of their being."

These husks of the embodied Self, the objectifications of old thoughts, old habits, old desires, are animated by the reflex action of the aspiring soul, and grasp at it with ghostly fingers in order to repeat the old delight. They are like the *succubi* of the Middle Ages, which in the semblance of beautiful women visited young men in their sleep and then disintegrated before their eyes. Thus do the living strive ever against the vampire embraces of their dead. It has been said that "The Devil is composed of God's ruins"—the only antagonist of the soul is that which it was yesterday.

THE ACTOR. How do you explain what we Christians call "sin," and have you anything in your system which corresponds to what we name the crucifixion and the redemption (I use these terms in their mystical sense) and to those other hallowed and familiar ideas embodied in what I shall have to call "enlightened" Christianity, to distinguish it from old-fashioned Orthodoxy?

THE POET. The body, organized and animated by the soul, is built of that "elemental essence" which has a tendency downward toward form, instead of upward toward spirit: the father of this flesh was the fire mist, the mother was water, and in obedience to the law of its being it is hastening toward those states, forms and conditions which the soul itself has long ago transcended and left behind. Only by overcoming this downward tendency of its vehicle can the soul redeem its world, which is the body. Hence it must immerse itself, must crucify itself in matter. It must redeem its body from sin. This crucifixion is the price of redemption. Its peril is lest the divine fragment will itself be drawn (for a time) into the vortex of the descending stream of evolution, and so forget the Great Self, its *Âtma*, or "Father in Heaven."

In the confluence of these two contending streams, of sense and soul, matter and spirit—in this love which is still warfare, and this warfare which is still love—a lower or reflex personality is engendered, which in Eastern literature receives the name of the Elemental Self. Oriental imagery is taxed to the utmost to

make plain the difference between the Higher Self, "without passion and without parts," and its inverted image, the Elemental Self, a plexus of irrational impulses and desires—for in a proper understanding of this difference lies the whole solution of our human problem.

THE ACTOR. [*A little anxiously*] I am afraid I do not get clearly this distinction upon which you say everything depends.

THE POET. Listen, then. It is thus that the Upanishads describe the Higher Self. [Reads] "In the highest golden sheath there is Brahman, without passion and without parts. . . . When he is in union with the body, the senses and the mind, then wise people call him the Enjoyer. . . . He is pure, firm, stable, undefiled, unmoved, free from desire, remaining a spectator, resting in himself."

The Elemental Self, on the other hand, is thus described: "There is indeed that other different one, called the Elemental Self, who, overcome with bright and dark fruit of action, enters a good or bad birth. . . . He is overcome by the qualities of nature. Then because he is thus overcome, he becomes bewildered, and because he is bewildered he sees not the creator, the holy Lord, abiding within himself. Carried along by the waves of the qualities, unstable, fickle, crippled, full of desires, vacillating, he enters into belief, believing, 'I am he, this is mine,' he binds his Self with his Self as a bird with a net."

This, then, in brief, is the Eastern teaching: the infinite exists potentially in each being. The Great Self without Selfishness is the only Reality. The Elemental Self is a falsity, a lie, a mirage. By the total decomposition of this false self, by a tearing away of veil after veil, the Infinite Vision comes. This reversal of the poles of consciousness whereby release is attained is that "far off, divine event toward which the whole creation moves," the crowning achievement of a long series of effortful lives.

The sun, now fully risen, banishes the mountain's shadow and burnishes the lake with gold. Both men sit absorbed in the contemplation of the familiar miracle of the release of Earth from the bondage of Darkness. The book slips from the Poet's hand. The Actor takes it up and slowly begins to turn its pages.

LAFCADIO HEARN: A FRENCH ESTIMATE

MICHAEL MONAHAN

THREE has lately appeared at Paris from the press of the *Mercure de France*, "Lafcadio Hearn: *l'homme et l'œuvre, par Joseph De Smet*," and though the book, a generous volume of 257 pages, has been out only a few months, it has already reached a second edition.

The furore both of eulogy and disparagement which arose not long after the death of Hearn in 1904 has scarcely yet died away. In the noble simile of the Roman poet, we tread here on ashes that are still burning. The passions aroused by that bitter controversy are still active, though a truce has been called to their expression in the public press. The witnesses of hate and the witnesses of love have both been heard: turn we now to the impartial arbitrament of those who neither love nor hate. For that, as in the case of every contested reputation, we shall have to await the deliberate process of time. But according to a famous dictum, foreign judgment of a writer settles the question as to posterity. If this be so, Lafcadio Hearn is already assured of his place in the Pantheon of Letters. I have long since expressed my faith that his place therein will be a high one, and I am confirmed in it by M. De Smet's judicious appreciation. At the very outset of his work he declares that few writers will be so fully known to posterity, and he speaks of Hearn as "a man whose singular destiny was one of the most painful and significant of our time"; whilst he thus notes his artistic achievement:

"Lafcadio Hearn's literary fame, undisputed in America, was in England established solidly enough (at the time of his death) for one to consider it as definitely acquired. In fact, it was of the purest kind: awarded by the suffrage of an *élite*, it had nothing of that inferior popularity, entirely of circumstance, which belongs to Conan Doyle. If one examines the character and the quality of the appreciations which Hearn's books have evoked, he will recognize by indisputable signs that they are of a species only elicited by works of the first order." And he adds: "In studying the man we shall find that he was of those artists

avoided by false fame (*la réclame*). His entrance into the literary pantheon was made quietly and in a manner wholly natural. He found himself one fine day consecrated as a great, a very great writer, without anybody being disturbed about it." . . . Evidently M. De Smet attaches little importance to the *émeute* raised in this country by the question of Hearn's literary merits, as well as that of his moral character. This is no doubt owing to that peculiar advantage of viewpoint which the foreign observer in these matters shares with posterity.

M. De Smet's work is far the best in itself and the best for Hearn's reputation that has yet appeared. Looking through its close-packed, terse and brilliant pages, and feeling the grip of its nervous, sustained style, one is bound to exclaim, after the Rev. Mr. Sterne, "Surely, they order these things better in France." Such books are not written in this country and indeed we have neither the art nor the measure of them. Perhaps because among us there is no finely keyed, discriminating public for such work, of the very essence of literature, and also no doubt because the attitude of our publishers, with few exceptions, is most distinctly unfavorable toward it. The value of this tribute to Hearn is the greater that, as is well known, French critics care little for English books, and, as a rule, only the most aggressive reputations succeed in crossing *La Manche*. Secure in the possession of the most incomparable literary tradition in the world, the French are not easily shaken from their customary mood of indifference toward English authors, especially new ones. Their position might be satirically contrasted with the American eagerness to acclaim as GREAT the very latest unfledged authorling of Britain. Doubtless this is largely owing to the snobbish Anglomania in favor of which our publishers are inclined to disparage the work of native writers. Whatever the true reason, it has put a seal of inferiority on American authors which few or none of them are able to avoid. Hence the more or less disparaging and contemptuous tone of our English critics. Stevenson noticed that the foremost American authors wrote like "amateurs," and the same weakness was imputed to Mark Twain in the midst of the ovation which attended his last visit to England. There is surely

something to be reformed amongst us, but it may help matters if both our writers and publishers will try to free themselves from their present apish subserviency to British prejudices. In other words, let us avoid that vice whose simplest and most intelligible name is snobbery. How unbecoming it is to our literary folk and how little it avails them, the wise Thackeray told us many years ago.

M. De Smet's cursive account of Hearn's life and the various passages of his checkered career which have given rise to censure or controversy, is commendably accurate and not less satisfactory than his *critique*. The book is manifestly a labor of love (M. De Smet through excellent translations has helped to introduce Hearn to his French public), and the story is carried on with such ordered art and unflagging interest, withal such unity of purpose and subtle interpretation, that, as I have suggested above, one is not minded to limit his praise. It is all "as interesting as a novel" (a phrase that may not be worth as much as formerly), and so all of a piece that I found myself reading with a new pleasure the author's translation of sundry selections from Hearn with which I had long been familiar. These are, I conceive, the marks by which we know a veritable literary achievement.

Having said this much of the work in general, I want to mark the author's position as to some of the more important points raised in the "Hearn controversy," which not long ago raged in our literary and newspaper press.

And first let us take his attitude toward his friends, about which we have heard so much in condemnation and in defence. Liberally discounting the journalistic legend on this head, it may yet be freely granted that if ever there lived a man with whom it was difficult to maintain an equable friendship, that man was Lafcadio Hearn. His hair-trigger susceptibility to offence, his appalling frankness toward friend and foe alike, his tarantula-like readiness to strike, his exacting though just conception of what was due to himself, his touchy independence, his hatred of merely conventional amenities, and, above all, a morbid distrust confirmed by many years of experience only too bitter, conspired to render his friendship a perilous if inestimable gift. In nothing was he more *difficile* than in his terrible candor—the unsparing

exercise of this trait cost him some friends who remained silent when they should have defended his grave.

He compares himself, says M. De Smet (in regard to his passion for places and new friends), to those legendary lovers who with the first light of morning see the beautiful enchantress they had held all night in their arms collapse into dust and ashes.

All his life Lafcadio Hearn experienced these alternations of enthusiasm and disillusion. He knew them at each of his migrations, which were many. He knew them equally and under a form no less painful in almost all his affections. In one of his last books (*Japan: an Attempt at Interpretation*) he relates an old Japanese legend which he deemed very expressive in its strangeness. It is that of *Izanagi*, the Japanese Orpheus. His wife *Izanami* died in giving birth to the god of fire. *Izanagi* followed her even into the country of *Yami*, the land of the dead. *Izanami* having appeared to him, he begged her to return. Then she promised to address herself to the gods of *Yami* and obtain their consent to her return, adding that she would bring the response as soon as possible. In the meantime he was forbidden to follow her. But *Izanagi* soon grew impatient and went in quest of her, lighting, in order to show his way, *a tooth of a comb which he carried in his hair*. He found her at last lying on the ground, swollen and eaten by worms, but still alive. The gods of thunder were squatted upon her body.

A score of times in his life Lafcadio Hearn, having started in pursuit of a lost ideal, found it again as *Izanagi* rediscovered *Izanami*. But each time also the beauty of the first seduction, like the horror of the final discovery, was his own work, the work of his soul at the same time confiding, affectionate and cruelly clairvoyant; the work also of his poetic imagination.

All his correspondence, it is pointed out, shows him opening his whole heart with the utmost frankness and sincerity to friends of whom after a little while he will never speak again. He has been accused of fickleness, of inconstancy, and, beyond doubt, all the appearances are against him. The truth is that at the first shock his heart closed again like a sensitive plant, and two or three "rubs," though slight, imposed on him a constraint which afterward he could never overcome. Our author cites Basil Hall

Chamberlain to the effect that the cause of these estrangements was the very idealism of Hearn, and he regards his testimony as the nobler that Chamberlain was himself a victim of Lafcadio's inability to overcome an attack of distrust. And yet the touchy, suspicious little Irish Greek, half-nettle, half-flower, did certainly arouse everywhere in his passage the most ardent sympathies,—the more significant that his approach was difficult,—and preserved solid friendships intact during the term of his pilgrimage. That Hearn with all his "anfractuosities" of temper and disposition was capable of both feeling and inspiring a genuine friendship, is validly attested by the relations referred to. M. De Smet mentions his long and unclouded intimacy with Elizabeth Bisland (Mrs. Wetmore), who has done an excellent biography of Hearn and in divers ways labored devotedly to clear his memory from odium and to establish his literary repute; with his zealous friend and executor, Capt. Mitchell McDonald, and his no less attached friend and champion, Ellwood Hendrick. The page is one of the most cheerful in a life that never was over-bright and that had known too few such passages; the letters which Hearn poured out during many years to these trusted friends form perhaps the most humanly interesting part of his literary legacy.

Clearly it is M. De Smet's view that nothing is hereby proven against the moral character of Hearn, which has been so violently attacked by some journalists whom he had outgrown and a few other persons whom his instincts had warned him to avoid, as set forth above.

Most notorious, most aggrieved and most vindictive of these is Dr. George M. Gould, of Philadelphia, a former friend and correspondent of Hearn, who published a book about him after his death which, though not wanting a certain ability, has been generally regarded as a piece of spite-work and personal defamation. M. De Smet thinks its like cannot be found in the annals of literary criticism, and it recalls to him Baudelaire's use of the censure passed upon Griswold, the slanderer of Edgar Allan Poe: "*He has perpetrated an immortal infamy!*" Our critic shrewdly observes that Gould has only a single grievance, that of having been one day disdained. He is amazed that Gould

should pretend to oppose his own virtue and respectability to the bohemian immorality of Hearn. He pronounces this essay in uncharity "*bizarre et odieux*," which utterly fails, too, of its purpose, for as he keenly remarks: "In this very pamphlet, in spite of all his hateful insinuations, his efforts to ridicule the excessive nervousness, the weaknesses, even the physical infirmities of the man, or to rouse opinion against the boldness of his thought, Gould is despite himself dazzled by the brilliancy of his intended victim. His book is full of exasperated and reluctant homage to Hearn, the more singular that it has no real critical value, but which proves at least that the bitterest enemies of our author ignorantly felt and perforce acknowledged his greatness." M. De Smet affirms his conviction that to every intelligent and unprejudiced mind Hearn will seem precisely the opposite of what Gould wished to see in him.

If, outside the vulgar crowd, there are readers to approve this malignant performance of Dr. Gould, the French critic would ask, where does America stand in the scale of civilization? It is certain, he affirms, that in Europe Dr. Gould's book would be ridiculously impossible.

Far more important, in a literary point of view, is the question concerning the fidelity of Lafcadio Hearn's interpretation of things spiritual and material in the strange country of his adoption. M. De Smet lays this doubt in a few pages that seem to offer a model of delicate criticism and just observation. He notes first that the essential integrity of Hearn's work has been endorsed by Basil Hall Chamberlain, the foremost occidental authority in Japan, and then points out that the Empire of the Rising Sun is being transformed with such rapidity that verification of the question seems no longer possible. He asks, can a complete and faithful picture of a people be drawn, especially when the soul of this people is as essentially strange to us as that of the Japanese? One can require an observer only to be attentive and sincere; for the rest his testimony will be worth what he is worth himself. Nobody can see all. Each notes in passing through life the coincidences and associations which interest him. There are creatures who turn instinctively toward the shadow; others who must leap toward the light: Lafcadio Hearn belongs

with these latter. What he saw in Japan does himself honor as much as it honors the country. M. De Smet does not scruple to pay him the superb tribute that he revived the national virtues of Nippon by the fact of revealing them to the western world. Mark the significant words of Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet:

"We Japanese have been regenerated by the magic of his work and rebaptized by his enthusiasms. Imaginations, forgotten during generations, again thrilled the living air, and the antique beauty, long hidden beneath the dust, rose before us with a new splendor."

M. De Smet draws an interesting contrast between the real Japanese woman depicted by Hearn with such marvellous insight and sympathy,—perhaps the most delicate fruit of his observations in the East,—and the type representing her as sketched by Pierre Loti in *Madame Chrysanthème* and other books. Admitting the exquisite art of the French novelist, the advantage of truth and beauty, especially a moral beauty with which Loti has not concerned himself, remains with Hearn.

Dismissing this aspect of his theme, M. De Smet makes the following pregnant observation upon the idealism of Hearn, so imperfectly understood by most of his critics:

"In spite of so many pages of his work which appear sombre and pessimistic, Hearn passed his life in a long series of enthusiasms and of disillusionments always renewed, and which never discouraged him. Don Juan pursued the woman whom his imagination had invested with such perfection that, after a short illusion, there remained to him only disgust. So Lafcadio Hearn went from country to country, seeking a humanity too beautiful to be true."

To Lafcadio Hearn the literary artist our author devotes the most interesting and valuable pages of his book. Noting the long and painful discipline to which he had subjected himself in translating masterpieces from Flaubert, de Maupassant, Gautier, Anatole France and others (the first work of his pen to fall under the eye of the present reviewer was the volume of short stories vividly translated from Gautier under the general title of *One of Cleopatra's Nights*) the French critic observes:

"Understood as it was by Hearn and applied to masterpieces of form, translation constitutes for the writer the best possible gymnastics. It compels him unsparingly to precision and the quest of the right word. . . . Baudelaire does not forfeit caste when he applies himself with his best literary conscience to give a perfectly adequate French version of Edgar Allan Poe."

Hearn came to apply to his own thought the treatment which he had so long applied to that of his adored French masters. As showing the rigorous artistic motive behind his ordinary practice, the following is quoted from one of his letters to the Japanese Amenomori:

"When you are dissatisfied with what you write I think it is probably due not to what you suppose,—imperfection of expression,—but rather to the fact that some latent thought or emotion has not yet defined itself in your mind with sufficient sharpness. You feel something and have not been able to express the feeling—only because you do not yet quite know what it is. We feel without understanding feeling, and our most powerful emotions are the most undefinable. . . . *Unconscious* brain work is the best to develop such latent feeling or thought. By quietly writing the thing over and over again I find that the emotion or idea often *develops itself* in the process,—unconsciously. Again, it is often worth while to try to analyze the feeling that remains dim. . . . If you have any feeling—no matter what—strongly latent in the mind (even only a haunting sadness or a mysterious joy) you may be sure that it is expressible. Some feelings are, of course, very difficult to develop. I shall show you one of these days a page that I worked at for months before the idea came clearly. . . . When the best result comes it ought to surprise you, for our best work is out of the *unconscious*."

Hearn's literary style has rarely been so delicately analyzed and never more highly appraised than by this French critic, whose competency in English, by the way, must be extraordinary in view of this performance. He recognizes in it no English influence directly discernible, and the French influence remains in the state of a distant memory or rather a very slight and lingering perfume. Always it is of a perfect simplicity. Nothing is more luminous than the prose of Lafcadio Hearn: no writer

gives a clearer vision of the things of which he speaks. Those who said that Hearn could see the exterior world only through a mist and in vague outlines are contradicted on every page of his books. As often happens with those of like disability, he makes a marvellous use of his imperfect sight. Of a thousand persons with perfect eyes, for how many of them can it be truly affirmed, in Gautier's famous phrase, that "the visible world exists"? M. De Smet remarks that the physical causes which reduced Hearn to acute but rapid observation obliged him also to fall back upon himself, so that to picturesque notation was added a constant reflection. Thus the man mingles himself with the nature he evokes; a man who allows himself to drift with his dreams and to be moved by them; a philosopher interested in every advance of thought; a loving man, too, athirst for sympathy, unquiet and very apt to suffer!

Many years before real fame dawned for Lafcadio Hearn he wrote these words expressive of his artistic faith and purpose:

"You tell me that the idea of toiling for years, simply for the love of the task, without hope of recompense, is repugnant to you. I have known that despair, often and long. And notwithstanding I believe that there is in this world true art; that all which is immortal was made in this way. And I believe also that nothing which is brought to perfection from the pure love of art can perish, save by rare and strange accident. . . . One must never abandon the pursuit of his artistic vocation for any other task, however lucrative—even though the Divinity should remain dumb and blind to his efforts. As long as one is able to persevere in this way without dying of it,—and as long as he believes in the possibility of final success,—his duty is not to abandon it. And every time that one labors at any other thing than his own work, he robs from his God!"

Large popularity, the vogue of a Kipling or a Conan Doyle, was never dreamed of by Hearn and indeed is never the portion of a genius so fastidious and eclectic as his. M. De Smet notes that his earnings would have been much greater had he listened to the "suggestions" of his editors. The single literary sin with which he had to reproach himself in this regard was his having made too hastily and "to order" his translation of *Le Crime de*

Silvestre Bonnard (reckoned, by the way, a highly competent piece of work). His fidelity to his literary ideals was to him a very religion. As he grew older he became the more fixed and intractable in these views of his art. His later books are less and less calculated for the general reading public; yet our critic bids us note that he has produced nothing more perfect than the last pages to which he set his hand.

In the light of such testimony as M. De Smet offers we are now able to judge with no small assurance what this heroïc theory of consecration to art for art's sake was ultimately worth to Lafcadio Hearn. M. De Smet affirms that his work is unique in English literature and integrally sure of immortality. No writer in the English pantheon offers any real affinity to him, in this French critic's view, and one can admire him without reference to literary precedent. And yet we are asked to note that the style of his books is not in the least revolutionary; they are not signalized by audacities of form or an angry revolt against the past. His art is harmonious and tranquil; he never dreamed of imposing violently a new doctrine of æsthetics. And notwithstanding, there are few examples of an art so truly isolated, so free from obligations in the *milieu* to which it belongs.

But one is always the son of somebody. No artist presents himself as a wandering meteor. Whence does Hearn come? By race he is only half English. His dreams, his memories, a thousand causes favored by his sojourn at New Orleans and in the Antilles, bring him back to his Latin origins. His style exhibits the Latin quality *par excellence*: clarity. It is this which enables him to render the most secret impressions, the most delicate movements of the soul, the most subtle nuances of thought. The rare and exquisite originality of his artistic form is, after all, only the originality of his thought, to which it is absolutely adequate. To M. De Smet this appears the highest and worthiest praise.

But it is time to have done. M. De Smet's book, written with that inimitable art whose secret the French alone possess, tempts quotation on every page and is not easily laid aside. The lovers of Nippon's adopted son will put it down at length, as I did, with an unwonted feeling of gratitude to the author for the service to

literature so splendidly performed, and of exultation at the final award which, after so much misery and toil and long slighted devotion, crowns now with enduring glory the fame of Lafcadio Hearn.

THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. EVERETT HARRÉ

IX

"Turning softly, she found a tiny naked baby . . . Annadoah leaned forward, gazing at it intently, wildly—then uttered a scream as though she had been stabbed to the heart . . ."

The sun rose above the horizon and flooded the earth with liquid gold; again the sea ran with running light; the melting glaciers shimmered with burning amethystine hues; the snow-covered mountains took fire and glowed with burning bars of chrysoberyl and sapphire, while on the limpid sea the moving bergs glittered like monstrous diamonds electrically white. On the sequestered slopes of the low mountain valleys green mosses once more carpeted the earth, buttercups and dandelions peeped pale golden eyes from the ground, in the teeming crevices of the high promontories delicate green lichens wove a marvellous lacery, and wherever the sun poured its encouraging springtime light beauteous small star- and bell-shaped flowers burst into an effulgence of pale rose and glistening white bloom. A very faint sweet aroma pervaded the air.

Above the promontories millions of auks again made black clouds against the sky,—eider ducks floated on the molten waters of sheltering fjords,—along the icy shores puffins, with white swelling breasts, sat in military line,—guillemots cooed their spring love songs and fulmar gulls uttered amorous calls,—on the green slopes the white hare of the arctic gambolled, and tiny bears, soft and silken flossed, played at the entrances of moss-ensconced caves. Out of the sea unexpected herds of walrus lay sleeping on floating ice; harp seals sported joyously in the waves; a white whale spouted shafts of blue water high into the air. From the interior mountains came the howl of wolves and foxes, the sound of rushing waters and the roar of released glaciers. Nature was vocal with awakening life.

In her igloo Annadoah lay alone—for with spring the time of her trial had come.

In the customary preparations for the coming of Annadoah's unborn child Ootah had entered with rare tenderness and solicitude. When a little one is expected among these northern people, new clothing, of the rarest skins of animals and the feathers of birds, must be made for both mother and child; a new igloo is built for the event by the happy father, for the little one they believe should come in a house unspotted and white as the driven snows. Annadoah was deserted, husbandless; the women of the tribe remained aloof from her; Ootah alone stood by her. And Ootah helped her with unselfish eager gladness.

For several summers, in anticipation of the day when he might be a father, Ootah had gathered exquisite and delicate skins. These he now brought to Annadoah. There were silken young caribou hides, soft fluffy white and blue fox pelts, as well as the skins of hares and the young of bears. Of these, Annadoah, in the last week of fading winter, made, according to custom, new garments for herself. Then, as the sun rose

in early spring and the birds mated, Ootah went away to the high cliffs, where the auks nested, and jumping from crag to crag, hundreds of feet above the sea, gathered a thousand tiny baby auks, with crests of wondrous down, of which the hood for the unborn child was made. In these high crevices, from which at any moment he might be plunged to death, Ootah gathered mosses of ineffable softness, which were placed in the hood as a cushion for the little one.

Near her winter home, Ootah built a new igloo for Annadoah, and never was one made with more infinite patience and greater care. Inside it was immaculately white, and when he lighted the new lamp the walls glistened like silver; over the light he placed a new pot of soap-stone, for everything in that place in which a new life was to come into being must by an unwritten law be freshly made and never used before. He built a bed of ice, laid it thick with moss, and over this tenderly placed in turn first walrus hides, then thick reindeer and warm fox skins. He brought to the igloo a supply of walrus meat, and then, fearful to be present at an event in which he had no right of participation, prepared to depart to the mountains to hunt game.

Before leaving he crept half fearfully into Annadoah's old igloo and told her all was ready. She smiled fondly and reached forth her little hands. "Thou art very kind, Ootah," she said, "thou art brave and kind." Ootah was at a loss for words, but his heart beat very high, and he was very glad.

The natives watched Annadoah, as, arrayed in her immaculate garments, she made her way, with bowed head, to her new home; they whispered among themselves as they saw the *ilisitok* (wise woman) follow later.

When she sank on the new and wonderful couch, gratitude filled Annadoah's heart, and she murmured over and over again: "Thou art very kind, Ootah: thou art brave and kind." Somehow the bright igloo became black and she seemed to be floating on clouds. She remembered the Eskimo women wailing in the moonlight . . . by the open sea . . . and the curse they invoked upon her through the dead. She trembled and felt very cold. But she knew it was spring, for outside the igloo, with ineffable and silvery sweetness, a bunting was singing.

When Annadoah awoke from her delirium of agony she saw that the wise woman had left her. The walls of the igloo sparkled as the flame of the lamp flickered. Over it a pot sizzled with walrus meat frying in fat. In her half-waking condition Annadoah realized that something lay by her, and turning, softly, she found a tiny naked baby. Its skin was pale golden, its hair, unlike that of other babies, was of the color of the rays of the sun. With half-fearful gentleness she turned it over and over. Speechless with wonder, an inexplicable stirring in her bosom, she regarded its face—she observed its nose, the contour of its cheeks, the arrogance of its little chin; she noted in her child that curious and often brief resemblance of the new-born to the father—and this immediately recalled vividly and achingly the face of Olafaksoah. This was her child, and his. Surely, surely, with great joy she understood. With this thought, an impetuous longing for the father filled her. Passionately pressing the little creature to her breast she gave vent to the homesickness and ache of her heart in wild convulsed sobs. The touch of the little one, the resemblance of its tiny face to that of the blond man—these

brought back the old passion and longing in all their bitterness. Yet at the same time the child brought a new satisfying solace to her; it filled an immeasurable void in her heart. Now and again she held it from her, and suppressing her violent sobs, solemnly regarded its face. She could not get over the wonder and half-surprise that possessed her. With utter abandon she finally fiercely clutched it to her. The infant began to cry. Annadoah laid it down, scared, amazed. Thereupon the baby for the first time opened its eyes. Annadoah leaned forward, gazing at it intently, wildly—then uttered a scream as though she had been stabbed to the heart.

When the wise woman—who had left Annadoah alone for a long sleep—returned to prepare food and to seek of the spirits the destined name of the child, she saw Annadoah lying still, her face upturned, tear drops glistening beneath her eyes. The wise woman placed some of the fried walrus meat, or *seralatoq*—the prescribed food for a mother the day her child is born—into a stone plate and put it on the floor within reach of Annadoah. Then she melted some snow and placed it by the couch. Slowly approaching the bed she lifted the naked infant.

"When thy mother wakes," she muttered, "I shall call upon the spirits. I shall give thee the name they gave thee in the great dark ere thou camest hither—the name which was born with thee and which shall be as thy shadow."

As she laid the little creature by the unconscious mother she saw a strange and frightful thing. The curse! She knew she would not be called upon to learn of the spirits any name for this unhappy child—it had, indeed, been named by the dead and with it the unuttered name must soon return to the great dark. With set lips, and the grim determination of duty on her face, she crept softly from the igloo.

Annadoah awoke. At first she gazed about dazedly. Then she realized that the *ilisitok* had been with her—she observed the meat and warm water by her couch. She realized also that the wise woman must have seen the horror which had gripped her heart like the claws of a hawk—the horrible and monstrous evil the women had called upon her as they spoke to the dead in the moonlight! Annadoah's child was blind. And she knew that according to the inviolable law of her people, a child born blind, or defective in limb, and without a father, is doomed to immediate death.

A wild tremor of fear shook Annadoah. With it a grim determination rose within her. All the tremendous urge of that mighty mother-love which had beautified and ennobled the world clamored in the heart of this simple woman that her child *must not die*.

As she touched the infant with a sacred tenderness, her very hands warmed with the impassioned affection that throbbed through her with every heart-beat. As she gazed upon the features, faintly suggestive of its father's, she felt that she could never part from this familiar and intimate link with the spontaneous and powerful passion of her girlhood. When she peered into those piteous, sightless eyes, mighty sobs of pity shook her; but she felt that she must be silent, and she forced back the tears. Outside, the spring bunting was still singing, sweetly, ineffably.

As she caressed it, the child's face twisted as if in pain.

"Well do I know, little one, thou dost desire thy name—*ateqarumavdlune*," she said. "Thou dost desire it as that which is as precious as thy shadow. But the *ilisitok* has gone and never will she breathe o'er thee

the name I know . . . the name I felt stirring within me since the night . . . when the women addressed the dead . . . Sweetly didst thou sing within my heart—but thy song came from the darkness. Yea . . . from the darkness. *Ioh-iooh!*"

Very tenderly she pressed her fingers upon the baby's sightless eyes.

"I shall call thee little Blind Spring Bunting," she softly murmured, lifting the baby and pressing its tender face to her own. "Poor Little Blind Spring Bunting." She soothed its face, infinite pity in her eyes. "Thou wilt never see *sukh-eh-nukh* nor the *ahmingmah*, nor the birds that fly in the air, Spring Bunting. All thy days shall be as the long night, and thy whole life shall be without any light of moon. But thy heart is warm and bright as the sun in the south, whence Olafaksoah came, and it makes the heart of Annadoah very warm. Poor Little Blind Spring Bunting!"

Murmuring softly she rocked the little baby gently in her arms. Then she heard the ominous sound of a native rushing by the igloo and voices upraised. What were they saying? That Annadoah's child was blind?

A frantic determination to escape filled her. The danger was immediate—she must act at once. But what should she do? Where should she go?

She rose and moved bewilderedly about the igloo. She felt weak and dazed. At any moment they might break into her immaculate new home and seize the child from her arms. At any instant they might come with wicked ropes to wrap about the baby's tender neck. That she must flee she knew—but where? Where? She thought of Ootah. But Ootah was in the mountains. And not a moment could be lost. In these matters the natives lose little time. Moreover, she knew the women hated her; and that they had succeeded in making the men gradually bitter.

"Olafaksoah! Olafaksoah!" she called tragically. Then she recalled with a start that Olafaksoah had summer headquarters some twenty miles to the south. It was a boxhouse, built on a promontory of the Greenland coast. She remembered it, as she had seen it on a journey south some summers before; the way thither, dangerous at this season of the year when the ice was breaking, she well knew.

"Perchance Olafaksoah hath returned—did he not say he would return in the spring? When the buntings sing?" She laughed spontaneously. "Yea, yea! We will go there, Little Blind Spring Bunting."

Quickly she adjusted her own new garments, and then she took the little golden baby and over its head and shoulders laced a tight-fitting hood of soft young fox skin. This done she gently placed the child into the hood on her back. Inside this was lined with the breasts of baby auks and made downy with fibrous moss. She hurriedly secured the child to herself by means of a sinew thread which passed about its body and which in turn she tied about the upper portion of her waist. The voices outside had ceased.

Suppressing her very breath, she crept through the long tunnel leading from the igloo and peeped cautiously from the entrance. She could hear her heart throb. She feared the natives might detect it.

Five hundred feet to the north a group were engaged in excited conversation. Annadoah's brain whirled with the fragments of what they said. She knew the moment had come to depart. She emerged and on all fours crept to the protecting lee of her igloo where she was hidden from their view.

An open space of six hundred feet lay between her and the cliff around which the trail to the southern shelter lay. Annadoah summoned all her strength of will, and then proceeded to walk slowly, with her head bent and her face concealed, so as to avoid arousing suspicion, over the dangerous area. Her heart trembled within her—at any moment she expected to hear the savage cries. When she reached the cliff she felt as if she were about to faint.

Looking fearfully backwards, with a sigh of immeasurable relief, she saw that she was unobserved. Raising her head heavenward she breathed her thanks to the dead father and mother who were undoubtedly watching. She turned about the cliff, her heart bounding tumultuously, and, panting the words of the magic spell, asked that her legs be given the swiftness of the wind spirits. She was very faint, she had scarcely any feeling whatever in her limbs; but summoning all her courage, bringing to bear all the love of this child she sought to save, she turned and ran.

It was not long before she heard—or imagined—the angry cries of pursuing natives behind her.

X

"A frail pitiful figure Annadoah stood on the cliff, wringing her hands toward the declining sun . . . 'I-o-h-h-h,' she moaned, and her voice sobbed its pathos over the seas. 'I-o-h-h-h! I-o-h-h-h, Sukh-eh-nukh! Unhappy sun—unhappy sun! I-o-h-h-h, Annadoah—unhappy, unhappy Annadoah!'"

Twenty miles to the south, on a great cliff which stepped stridently into the polar sea, stood a house built of stray timber and boxes which, for a half decade, had been the summer headquarters of parties of Danish and Newfoundland traders who came north annually and scoured Greenland for ivories and furs. The hulk of a house was weather-beaten, dilapidated, and scarred black by the burning cold. A more desolate habitation could not be imagined in all the world, a more devastated land could nowhere else on all the globe be found. For leagues and leagues to the north and south, the scrofulous promontories lay barren under the blight of the merciless northern blasts. Over the corroded iron rocks strata of red earth and deeper crimson ore ran like the streaky stains of monstrous and un-human murders committed in aeons past. Not a particle of vegetation was visible; there were no lichens nor starry flowers. There was no life save that of the black birds which winged restlessly about the sky and squawked in grotesque mockery at the region and its doom. In strange contrast, the sky was as blue as the limpid skies of Umbria,—and nearly two hundred feet below the gnarled gashed cliff the ocean broke in terrific cascades of diamond foam.

The top of the cliff on which the house stood overleaped the sea, so that, looking below, one saw only the recoiling waters of a rich deep gold, capped with silver crescents of broken spray. From the sheer precipitous receding face of the cliff, knife-like granite spars projected, and in the crevices and nooks of these countless birds nested. Hungry, desirous, insatiate—the voice of that fearful and balefully luring world—there sounded eternally the roar and crash of the breaking golden waves.

Over the uneven scraggy promontory, blinded by the fierce sunlight, Annadoah staggered. The world reeled about her; the sky above her had become black. Before her—a small speck in the distance—she saw the black wooden house silhouetted against the molten sea. She could scarcely move her legs; she ached in every limb; every moment she felt as if she would swoon, but the frenzied fear in her heart urged her on. She suffered intolerably.

Of that long tortuous journey Annadoah had no clear remembrance—with each step her one urging, predominant thought had been to forge ahead, to keep from swooning,—to escape those who were angrily calling far behind.

Leaving her village, along the difficult broken coast her trail lay; it crept painfully up over the slippery sides of melting glaciers, some of them a thousand feet high, and made sheer descents over places where the ice was splitting; it writhed about hundreds of irregular sounds and twisted fjords.

In her desperation to escape, Annadoah, without a thought of the danger, essayed to cross fjords where the ice was breaking. As she sped over deceptive unbroken areas the ice often split under her feet. In one of the sounds jammed ice was moving. To go around it she knew would mean a loss of three miles. She leaped upon the heaving ice. It rocked dangerously beneath her feet. As she left the shore the current increased, the ice moved more swiftly. From cake to cake she leaped with the agility of an arctic deer. The ice floes swirled under her and tilted as her feet alighted. Half way across, her foot slipped—the ice fragment eluded her wild grasp and she sank into the frigid water. She felt herself sinking; for a moment she seemed unable to continue the struggle—then she recalled the dear burden upon her back. She fought the swift current and grappled madly with the jamming ice. It gathered about her—she feared she would be buried by the force of the impact. But with a mighty struggle she finally grasped hold of a fortunate ridge on a cake and clambered to its surface. The baby was unscathed. It was crying loudly in its hood. Although her hands were almost frozen, the cold water had not entered her garments. She leaped into the air and fled. She next scaled the rocky face of a precipice to gain time—the rocks cut her face and hands. Swarms of birds, frightened from their nests, surrounded her. Their cries filled her with terror. Reaching, on the farther side, shallow streams over which thin ice lay, she bravely forged ahead—the ice broke—her feet sank into the mud. Her breath gave out—she felt paralyzing pangs in her lungs. Yet the cries behind—which had become somewhat more distinct—urged her on. Again and again, in crossing water moving with broken ice her feet slipped into black treacherous streams, and, swimming with native skill, she saved the child from the least harm. By degrees its cries ceased and it fell into slumber. Occasionally, Annadoah was compelled to rest, to regain her breath. Her reserve strength—as is that of her people—was tremendous. Staggering slowly ahead, she often sank into engulfing morasses where the earth had melted and willows were sprouting. Panting, trembling in every limb she fought her way out. For the better part of the journey her legs moved mechanically—she was only half conscious. Urged by her super-human determination, the little woman struggled over twenty miles, and when she reached the great promontory where the house stood, her

kamiks were torn, her clothing was soaked with frigid water, and her hands were bleeding from wounds inflicted by the sharp rocks.*

Behind her, in her delirious flight, she ever heard the raucous and threatening cries of pursuing tribesmen.

As she approached the wooden house she staggered to and fro, and at one time was perilously near the edge of the cliff.

Upon her back the infant slept peacefully.

"Olafaksoah! Olafaksoah!" she struggled to call, but her voice fell to a whisper.

The windows of the grim house were as black as burnt holes; they glared at her unseeingly, without welcome, like blind eyes.

Desperately she raised her voice. Only a panting, breathless plaint quavered over the dumb unreplying rocks. The sea licked its yellow hungry tongues below.

At the door of the frame house Annadoah paused and still without losing hope again essayed to call. Her voice broke. The house was undoubtedly vacant. There was no reply.

She bent her head to listen. She could hardly hear because of the pounding of blood in her ears.

Surely he had come—did he not say he would come in the spring?

She tried the door. It was locked.

She beat it frenziedly with her fists. She beat it until her fingers bled.

Then she threw her body against it like a mad thing. With crooked fingers she clawed savagely at the wood. At last she quelled the tumult in her bosom and found voice.

"Olafaksoah — Olafaksoah — Olafaksoah — *i oh-h-h! Ioh-h-h!*" she screamed. She sank to her knees and pounded at the door-sill with her fists.

When the native tribesmen, furious at her flight, at her temerity in trying to evade their inevitable law, clambered up the cliff, they saw a dark, stark figure lying still before the door of the box-house. Their voices rose in a raucous clamor.

Like wolves descending eagerly upon their prey they bore down upon the unconscious woman. Some of the women of the tribe had accompanied them. Their voices rose with eager glad calls to vengeance; they demanded the life of Annadoah's child without delay. The shrill howl of the dogs was mingled in that vindictive, savage chorus.

"Little Blind Spring Bunting," Annadoah murmured, awakened from her trance by the approaching calls.

Opening her eyes she saw the troop descending. Staggering to her feet she stood with her back against the door, facing the clamoring crowd defiantly. In their veins the savage blood of fierce centuries was aroused, in Annadoah's heart all the primitive ferocity of maternal protection.

They surrounded her. The struggle was brief. In a moment—while strong hands held her—they cut the sinew lashing and rudely tore the baby from its hood. Annadoah fell back, half-stunned, against the floor; in their midst the merciless howling natives had the helpless infant.

* Annadoah's flight, extraordinary as it is, is not without even more remarkable precedents. In one case a woman who had been rejected by her husband made a forty-mile journey during winter to a spot south of her village where a child, some years before, had been buried. There the woman wept and thus consoled herself. Having exhausted her grief she returned to her people. On the trip she had no food whatever.

As they bore it over the promontory Annadoah uttered a savage, snarling cry, as of a mountain wolf robbed of its youngling, and furiously rushed after them.

Grasping hold of two of the men, she piteously begged them to give her the child. She made frantic promises. She pleaded, she sobbed, she raved incoherently. Holding to the men with a fierce grip she was dragged along on her knees. Then letting go, she cursed the tribe; she called upon them the malediction of all the spirits. Her voice broke—she could only scream. She tore her hair and fell prostrate, her body throbbing on the rocks.

Above the clamor Annadoah suddenly heard a strangely familiar voice shouting from the distance. Raising herself slightly, she saw a well-known figure bounding over the promontory toward the murderous natives. Her heart leaped—she recognized Ootah.

Having returned from the mountains Ootah learned of Annadoah's flight and the pursuit; and with an unselfish determination to save the child immediately followed.

At the very edge of the cliff the natives had paused. In his hands, Attalaq, the leader of the pursuit, held the crying babe. Their voices were raised to an uproar; the women were chattering fiercely. With quick dexterity Attalaq loosely twisted a leather thong about the baby's neck, and in haste to finish the tragic task began swaying it in his hands so as to give the helpless creature momentum in its plunge to death. Ootah bounded toward them.

"Aulate! Aulate! Halt!" Ootah cried. "I will be father to Annadoah's child."

The crowd turned—for a moment they gazed with mingled feelings of awed surprise, half-incredulous wonder and speechless admiration upon this man who offered to make the greatest sacrifice possible to one of the tribe; to become the father, protector and supporter of another man's helpless, defective infant. For according to their custom they just as spontaneously grant life to a defective child when a member offers to assume sole responsibility for its keeping as they are implacably determined upon its death if its mother is husbandless. But seldom does any man make this sacrifice; in this land of rigorous hardship and starvation it means much.

Ootah fought his way among them. They gave way and a low groan arose—his noble offer had come too late!

On the crest of a golden wave a tiny white speck of a baby face gazed in open-eyed frightened astonishment skyward, and in a lull of the intermittent rush of waters a thin piercing baby cry arose from the golden sea.

Awe-stricken, abashed, suddenly overwhelmed with regret and shame, the natives silently drew back . . . Ootah paused at the very edge of the cliff . . . he saw Annadoah's pleading white face . . . he extended his arms as a bird opens its wings for flight and brought his hands together above his head. For a moment his body slightly swayed, then poising to secure unerring aim, he leaped into the dashing sea . . .

Still and statuesque as a figure of stone, but wild-eyed, Annadoah stood alone on the extreme edge of the precipitous cliff and watched the struggle in the dizzy depths below . . .

Awed by the splendor of a heroism so dauntless, a love so overwhelm-

ing, unselfish and great, the natives retreated to a far distance and waited in silence.

The prolonged infinity of suspense and horror of many long arctic nights was concentrated in the brief spell that Annadoah tensely, breathlessly, watched the struggle of the man to save her child.

Annadoah saw Ootah disappear in the waters after his desperate dive from the cliff and rise with unerring precision on the surface near the sinking babe. The sea came thundering against the jagged rocks in long, terrific swells, and were hurled back in a torrential tumult of breaking foam. Ootah fought the seething waves in his effort to grapple the living thing which was to Annadoah as the heart of her bosom. The tiny speck had begun to sink—Ootah made a dive under the water—and rose with the infant clasped in his left arm. With only one hand free, he made a desperate struggle against the onslaught of the terrible watery catapults as they hurled him, nearer and nearer, toward the rocks beneath the cliff. Annadoah saw his white hand, glistening with water, shine in the sunlight as he tried to climb against the impetus of the sea. Sometimes his head sank—then only the struggling hand was seen. She crept dangerously closer to the edge of the cliff . . . Slowly, but steadily, Ootah and the child were being swept backwards . . . By degrees the steady strokes of Ootah's arm began to waver. Annadoah saw him being carried further and further under the cliff by the irresistible momentum of the waves . . . To be dashed against the jagged rocks beneath she knew meant death. Her heart seemed to stop . . . but presently, swirling helplessly in the foaming cauldron of a receding breaker, she saw Ootah, still clasping the baby, emerge from under the rocks. He still lived. He still fought. Annadoah watched each desperate, failing stroke. She saw his strength giving out in that unequal struggle, saw his arms frenziedly but ineffectually beating the water, saw his head disappear . . . for longer and still longer periods . . . She caught a last vision of his white upturned face, of his eyes, filled with importunate devotion, gazing directly at her from out the blinding waters . . . Then she fell to her knees, and lowering her body, gazed wildly, for a long time, into the sea . . .

No, there was nothing there—nothing—on the aureate waves was no speck of life.

Rising, Annadoah gazed with wide-open solemn eyes seaward; for the moment she felt in her heart only a dull ache.

Along the horizon to the east the sun, irradiant and magnified, lay low over the heaving seas. Over its face, like a veil of gold, translucent vapors—the breath of *Kokayah*, the god of waters—rose from the melting floes. A strange spell seemed suddenly to have fallen over the earth. Out on the ocean the great bergs, which had majestically moved southward like the phantoms of perished ships, seemed to pause. The little birds which had clustered about the rocks disappeared. High in the sky above her, a black guillemot poised motionless in the air.

At her feet the roaring clamor of the waves seemed resolved into the solemn sobbing measure of some chant for the dead.

Slowly and by degrees the utter realization of her loss dawned upon the soul of Annadoah. And to her in that magical spell the spirits of nature and the souls of the dead began to manifest themselves.

Out of the crimson-shot vapors mystical forms took shape. Annadoah saw the beautiful face of *Nerrvik*, and in the mists saw her watery green

and wondrous tresses of uncombed hair. She saw the nebulous shadow of the dreaded *Kokoyah*, the pitiless god of the waters, to whose cold compassionless bosom had been gathered Ootah and Little Blind Spring Bunting.

Along the horizon Annadoah saw the clouds moving to the south. Higher up they moved to the west, and toward the zenith stray flecks moved to the north. The spirits of the air were not at peace among themselves. And dire things were brooding. From the inland highlands of Greenland now came a series of swift explosions, and in the brief succeeding interval there was an unearthly silence. Then a grinding crash rent the air. The spirits of the mountains had engaged in combat. And in the swift downward surge of the glacial avalanches Annadoah saw tribes wiped from existence and villages swept into the sun-litten sea. But Annadoah knew that the sun-litten sea was a treacherous sea; she knew that *Kokoyah*, whose face in the mist was wan, whose lips were golden, had no love for men, and she knew that the spirits of the air, who moved in the diversely soaring clouds, were engaged in some fell conspiracy against her helpless race.

A vague realization of the impotence of humanity against fate, against the forces that weave the loom of life within and without one's heart, weighed crushingly upon her.

Radiant indeed was the sky and softly molten golden the glorious sea, but yet, grim and grisly, behind this smiling face of nature Annadoah, primitive child of the human race, shudderingly felt the malevolent and evil eyes of *Perdlugssuaq*, the spirit of great evil; he who brings sickness and death. Annadoah felt that instinctive fear which humanity has felt from the beginning—the superstitious terror of tribes who confront extinction, in the face of famine; the quiet white tremor of the hard working hordes of modern cities in the face of poverty and starvation; the dread of savage and civilized races alike of the incomprehensible factor in the universe which wreaks destruction, that original and ultimate evil which all the world's religions recognize, interpret, and offer to placate—the force that is hostile to man and the happiness of man.

On the smooth tossing waters, reflecting the glory of the sky, there was no sign of those who had perished.

Then, after the first crushing sense of helplessness, an instinctive, insurgent hope that would not be defeated asserted itself. Annadoah called upon *Nerrvik*, for surely *Nerrvik* was kind to men. She pleaded with *Kokoyah*. She importuned the spirits of the sea and air to return her beloved ones to her.

"*Nerrvik! Nerrvik!*" Annadoah supplicated persuasively, "gentle spirit of the sea, lift Ootah unto me! Thou who art kind to man and givest him fishes from the deep for food, give unto Annadoah's arms Little Blind Spring Bunting."

She shook her frail body to and fro and in a tremulous, plaintive chant told unto the gentle and gracious spirit of the waters all that Ootah had been, all that he had done for the tribe; of his prowess, of his love for her, of her own hardness, and how she had turned a deaf ear to his pleading. Incident after incident she recalled. She told of the long night, when Ootah went by moonlight into the mountains, how he had braved the hill spirits, how they struck him in the frigid highlands, and how the beneficent *quilanialequisut* brought him home. Her exquisite voice rose to a splendid crescendo as she described that valorous adventure,

and in the chant ran the *motifs* of the hill spirit's anger, the brave leaping steps of Ootah, the tremor of the mountains as they were struck, and the deep tenderness of Ootah's love. In that customary chanting address to the spirits, Annadoah told of Ootah's return from the mountains, of the suffering he endured, and how, when she soothed him, she thought of the great trader from the south. She recalled how he had staggered from the igloo, of the agony in his eyes, and how she heard him sobbing his heart-break in the auroral silence without her igloo through the long sleep.

Extending her arms over the sea, Annadoah reiterated, after each statement of Ootah's bravery, her plea to *Nerrvik* that Ootah be given back to her.

"*Nerrvik! Nerrvik!*" she called, "surely thou art kind! O thou whom, when the great petrel raised a storm, wast cast into the depths of those thou didst love, thou whose heart aches for affection—hear me, hear me, and Annadoah will surely come to thee very soon and comb thy hair in the depths of the cold, cold sea."*

Tears fell from her eyes. With self-reproach she told of her old longing for Olafaksoah, the blond man from the south, whose grim fierce face had cowed her, yet whose brutality had thrilled her, to whose beast-strength and to whose beast-passion all that was feminine in her had surrendered itself. But he had left her—he said that he would come back in the spring. Now, she knew he would not come back—and she did not care. As if to convince the spirit of this, she compared Olafaksoah with Ootah; she knew now that he had used her to rob her people, that his heart was as stone. Ootah, she had once said, had the heart of a woman; but now she realized the difference between them. She knew the arms of Ootah were strong, that the words of Ootah were true, that the heart of Ootah was kind. And she felt stirring in her bosom things she could not express; a vague comprehension of the pure spirituality of the man who had died to save her child, a response to the love that had stirred in the bosom now cold beneath the sea. All the primitive deep profundity of the devotion of that wild-hearted man who had brought a wealth of food to her from over the mountains, who had faced death for her on the frozen seas, who had tended her in her time of trial with the gentleness of a woman, his indomitable heroism, the splendor, the dauntless unselfishness and bravery of his offering to father her sightless child—all this—all this, and more—welled up in the heart of Annadoah.

"*Nerrvik! Nerrvik!* To him who loved her Annadoah lied. Dead,

* *Nerrvik*, a beautiful maiden, according to the legend, married a storm-petrel who had disguised himself as a man. When she discovered the deception she was filled with horror, so that later, when her relatives visited her, she determined to escape with them. When the petrel returned from a hunting trip and discovered that his wife had gone, he followed, and flapping his great wings raised a terrible storm at sea. Water filled the boat in which *Nerrvik* was escaping. When they realized that *Nerrvik* was the cause of the storm her brothers cast her into the sea. With one hand she clung to the boat; her grandfather lifted his knife and struck. *Nerrvik* descended into the ocean and became the queen of the fishes. Possessing only one hand she cannot plait her hair. A magician who can go to *Nerrvik* in a trance and arrange her tresses wins her gratitude and can secure from her for the hunters quantities of fish. It is interesting to note the similarity of the legend of *Nerrvik* to that of Jonah. But just as the Eskimos have changed the masculine sun of southern mythologies to the feminine, so the victim of the mythological sea storm in the arctic becomes a woman.

she told him, was her heart as a frozen bird in wintertime—but her heart was only sleeping! And now the wings are beating—beating within her breast! *Ootah! Ootah! Ioh-h! ioh-h-h-h!*"

Her voice broke. She beat her little breasts. She bent over the sea and listened. For a long while she watched.

Then, from the shadows in the clouds, the answer came. Truly Ootah was brave, and his heart was marvellously kind; unsurpassed was his skill on the hunt and of every animal did he kill; and great was his love for Annadoah. Even the spirits had marvelled and spoke of it among themselves; but Annadoah had chosen her fate; she had denied the love that had unfalteringly pursued her, and now that she desired it, even so to her was that love to be denied. That was fate.

Then in a clamorous outbreak did Annadoah plead with *Kokayah*. She grovelled on the ground. She called upon all the spirits of the winds and air. In a tremulous heartbroken plaint she finally called upon the spirits of her father, her mother, and those who had gone before them.

But unrelenting, passionless, the answer came—from the shadows in the clouds, from the winds, from the moaning sea. To warm the wild heart under the water was beyond the power of all the spirits. They repeated to her, as in mockery, all that she had told them that Ootah had done, of his mighty love for her; but nevermore might she soothe his injured limbs, nevermore might she touch his gentle hands, nevermore might she look into his tender and adoring eyes. His hands were cold, his eyes were closed, his heart was still. It throbbed with the thought of her no more—and that would be forever. That was fate.

A frail, pitiful figure, Annadoah stood on the cliff, wringing her hands toward the declining sun. In the midst of that wild golden-burning desolation, Annadoah felt her utter loneliness, her tragic helplessness. In all the universe she felt herself utterly alone.

Far away, awed by the heroism, the very splendor of the bravery of the man who had perished, the tribe stood murmuring. In their hearts was no little unkindness toward Annadoah. But, forsaken, outcast, she did not care.

Over the aureate shimmering seas she wrung her little hands and into the waves lapping at her feet her tears fell like rain. For the heart of Annadoah ached. Nothing in the world any more mattered. All that she had loved had perished in the sea. And she loved too late.

Gazing at the low-lying sun, veiled as in a vapor of tears, an instinctive wild world-understanding of that tragedy of all life, of all the universe perchance—of that unselfish love that is too often denied and the unhappy love that accents only too late—vaguely filled her primitive heart.

Sinking to her knees, convulsed sobs shaking her, she wrung her hands toward *Sukh-eh-nukh*, the sun.

"I-o-h-h-h!" she moaned, and her voice sobbed its pathos over the seas. "I-o-h-h-h! I-o-h-h-h! I-o-h-h-h, Sukh-eh-nukh! I-o-o-h-h, Sukh-eh-nukh! Unhappy sun—unhappy sun! I-o-o-h-h-h-h, Annadoah! I-o-o-o-h-h-h-h-h, Annadoah! Unhappy, unhappy Annadoah!"

Annadoah's head sank lower and lower. Her weeping voice melted in the melancholy sobbing of the aureate sea. One by one the natives departed. She was left alone. To the north the sky darkened with one of those sudden arctic storms which come, as in a moment's space, and blast the tender flowers of spring. A cold wind moaned a pitiless lament

from the interior mountains. Yellow vapors gathered about the dimming sun. Ominous shadows took form on the shimmering sea.

"*I-o-h-h-h—iooh!* Unhappy sun—unhappy, unhappy Annadoah!"

Taking fire in the subdued sunlight—and descending from heaven like a gentle benediction of feathery flakes of gold—over and about the dark crouched figure, softly . . . very softly . . . the snow began to fall.

FINALE

According to the legends of the tribes, not for many long and aching ages shall the melancholy moon win the radiant but desolate Sukh-eh-nukh. For having refused love she is compelled to flee in her elected lot from the love she now desires but which she once denied, and this by a fate more relentless than the power of Perdlugssuaq, a fate which they do not comprehend, but which is, perchance, the Will of Him Whose Voice sometimes comes as a strange whistling singing in the boreal lights, and Who, to the creatures of His making, teaches the lessons of life through the sorrows and punishments which result from the errors and acts of their own choosing . . . Sometime—when, they do not know—the sun and moon will meet. They will then, having endured loneliness and long yearning, be immeasurably happy, and in the consummation of their desire all mankind will share . . . For as ultimate darkness closes, all who have been true to the highest ideals of the chase will be lifted into celestial hunting grounds where no one is ever hungry nor where it is ever cold; all who have done noble deeds will be hailed as celestial heroes. He who died to save another will attain immortal life and never be compelled though successive incarnations to suffer death again; he who gave of his substance to feed the starving will find ineffable food and in abundance; he who loved greatly, who suffered rejection uncomplainingly, and who sought untiringly—even as the moon pursued Sukh-eh-nukh for ages—will in that land where the heart never aches and where there are no tears, see the very fair face of his beloved smiling a divine welcome, and her eyes filled with a radiant response, gazing into his own. The end of the world will come, and with it will cease the suffering struggles of all the world's races. And then all the highest hopes of men will find their realization in an undreamed-of heaven to which all who have lived without cowardice, ingratitude or taint of selfishness in their hearts, will be translated as the world's last aurora closes its mystic veils in the northern skies.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Woodrow Wilson

WITHIN a few days after the publication of this number of THE FORUM, Woodrow Wilson will be inaugurated as President of the United States.

He goes to the White House at a critical time in the history of his country, and of the world. It is not merely temporary political problems, or temporary commercial problems that he will have to deal with. Other men have dealt—some in a big way, others in a little way—with the political or commercial questions of their day or generation; and some have had their reward, and some less or more than their reward. But grown-up men and women are becoming tired of tinkering with effects, or comparative trivialities: they wish to get down to causes; to understand fully, and to change, where change is necessary, fundamentally and adequately. Progress, it is true, is not an affair of a few minds or a few years. But the preliminary work has already been done, in large degree; and the time has come when one dominating personality can revolutionize the social and political system as we have known it.

It is not a little thing that we ask from Woodrow Wilson. We ask him, in the first place, to be in reality, as in name, President of the United States—not a political pawn moved to and fro on the board of state by veiled players. We ask him, in the second place, to help to make this country a Republic in fact, as in theory; a country where the people shall govern, and shall fit themselves for that responsibility. We ask him, in the third place, to do what lies within his power to sweep away the shameless political traditions that have given us thieves instead of administrators, and corruption instead of decency, so that our daily papers teem with reports of scandals and probes, and everywhere there is bartering of men for money, of principles for profit.

And the country is tired of chicanery, dishonesty, incompetence. It wants, and will have, a public life which honest men can enter, and in which only honorable men may remain. The

little men have told us that corruption is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Where, now, are those unalterable laws? Gone, with the empires that produced them and the kings who decreed them; as corruption shall go, with the corporation tools and the underworld vampires who have maintained and battened upon it.

Not tariff revision—important as it is; or the duration of Presidential terms; or the enforcement of an income tax; or the remoulding of the Monroe Doctrine; or the independence of the Philippines; or any one of the planks from a party platform; is the leading question at this moment. For men's minds are turning, not to this detail or to that, but to the one essential fact—shall this country have a new birth of freedom, or a new flouting of its aspirations, a new denial and negation of national liberty and true national life?

One man cannot do everything; he cannot attend to the thousands of details that must be considered before any measure of progress can be completed. But he *can* give such an impetus to the new movement that no barriers of the reactionaries, the grafters, the self-seekers and self-satisfied, can withstand or divert it.

Woodrow Wilson will be told that the people are supine in the hands of the financiers. He will be threatened with panics, menaced with commercial manipulations. But Woodrow Wilson has too clear an understanding of the people, and too clear a comprehension of economic conditions, to be deceived or intimidated. He commences his administration with the confidence of the people. Many things will have happened before the close of the administration; but it will be strange, indeed, if a man with the strength, ideals and integrity of Woodrow Wilson does not write a page of national history that will be read and remembered in other years.

Civilized Commerce

IN connection with the rubber atrocities in the Putumayo region of Peru, Mr. J. R. Gubbins, chairman of the Peruvian Amazon Company, has recently been giving evidence before a

committee of the British House of Commons. He admitted that there had been 30,000 murders in twelve years—a mere 2,500 a year. The atrocities, however, had diminished consistently since the end of 1909. Mr. Gubbins had been a director of the company since July, 1908—quite a considerable time before the atrocities “consistently diminished.” He stated that he had joined the company at the invitation of Mr. Reid, an old and esteemed friend. “What was good enough for Mr. Reid was good enough for him.” He knew nothing of the atrocities until a complete exposure appeared in *Truth*. Obviously, it was not his business to know how his business was conducted. But when public opinion and the Government brought unpleasant pressure to bear, even the chairman of the company could no longer preserve his placid ignorance. However, he was “under the impression that things were steadily improving.” Even now it was absurd, of course, to expect him to have definite and accurate knowledge of the horrible conditions. He had contrived to secure a vague “impression.” That was quite sufficient. He had an idea, no doubt, that things might somehow or other, at some time or another, come out all right—with a clean sheet and a creditable balance sheet for his desirable company.

This is the attitude that we are all familiar with—the “outward decency” attitude. Crime, vice, corruption, oppression—what do they matter to a certain type of civilized gentleman if the scene of action be sufficiently remote or the sepulchre be duly whitened?

In the Putumayo region we have 30,000 Indians done to death by torture in twelve years—flogged to death, burnt to death, drowned, starved, shot, mutilated. This is the price paid for civilized commerce. There was a demand for rubber. The demand had to be supplied.

How many have been done to death in New York City and in the other cities of America, in the service of that other civilized commerce—prostitution? But there is a demand for the prostitute. Obviously, the demand must be supplied and the price paid. What does it matter so long as “outward decency” is maintained? The perfectly respectable Mr. Gubbins type is always satisfied and always indolent—until public opinion tears the re-

spectability into shreds and calls the indolence by its right name—criminal neglect of duty.

But until the exposure comes, the old proverb is relied upon. "Where ignorance is bliss. . . ." There must be many blissful administrations in our cities, and many hysterically happy directorates of corporations.

The New York Subway Conflict

THE amenities that have recently been exchanged by Mr. Gaynor and some of the more prominent critics of the subway contracts, are very helpful and interesting. They indicate clearly the high standard of courtesy prevailing in public affairs, and the exceptional degree of public confidence that the city administration has gained by its handling of the various problems and scandals that have unfortunately confronted it. Mr. Gaynor's scheme for settling the strap-hanger difficulty was denounced by the Hearst newspapers as a subway "steal." Mr. Gaynor denounced the denouncer as a "scamp," and thoughtfully threw in the Pulitzer brothers to give weight to the accusation. These pleasantries, it will be noticed, occurred in connection with the adjustment of a purely business transaction of large magnitude, which should have been settled by a committee of business men of unimpeachable integrity. It should be easy to decide whether the city is securing a good bargain, or accepting an absurd proposition, conceived mainly in the interests of the traction corporations. Unfortunately, committees of business men of unimpeachable integrity are extremely rare; and the traditions of the city government show no tendency to regret that rarity. So the Mayor, Mr. Sulzer and Mr. Hearst have been playing their political game, with the Public Service Commission in the foreground, Tammany in the background, and the public, as usual, preparing to pay the piper. It is fortunate that the people of New York can place implicit faith in their Chief Executive, who has shown so clearly by his conduct of the police scandal whether he fears the fierce light of publicity on any administrative measure or administrative department.

Votes for Violence

THE civil war in England goes merrily on its way. Damage to the extent of several thousand pounds has been done at Kew Gardens; pepper, it is reported, has been brought to bear upon Cabinet Ministers; telephone wires have been cut; and the familiar and favorite devices of mail-destruction and window-smashing have been extensively employed. In other words, the appeal to reason has been complete, and the Cause has been endeared to all true idealists.

It is very gratifying that women have arrived at the barbaric stage in which men have so long rested happily. The women smash windows to call attention to an argument; men bombard cities. The women, for advertising purposes, refuse to be fed: men, without any advertising at all, have established starvation wages as the rule of life for a large percentage of the human race, and starvation itself, as the rule of death, for the encouragement of the submerged. Women uproot flowers and threaten the art treasures of the nation: men have uprooted nations themselves, turned fertile countries into deserts, depopulated towns and massacred those with whom they had a little difference of opinion. During the last twelve years, in one district of South America alone, men have committed 30,000 murders in order to secure an adequate supply of rubber.

The women have not the worse of the argument, if comparisons be instituted. But the pity of it is that there should be any comparisons: that the women should not find finer ways for the achievement of their fine cause, refusing to stultify themselves by the adoption of petty, stupid methods. "Votes for women" is becoming a shibboleth, with the real meaning of which half the women who clamor for it are totally unacquainted. Votes will not bring the millennium. The education which makes votes effective has more millennial possibilities.

THE FORUM

FOR APRIL 1913

POLITICAL MILITANCY

Its Cause and Cure

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

I HAVE been told by my friend, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who has known me for more than twenty-five years, that I know nothing about politics, nothing about militancy and very little about the woman question at all. According to her, it is as appropriate for me to write on the cause and cure of political militancy as it would be for a sailor to argue on surgery or a physician to hold forth on painting. I am quite willing to agree with Mrs. Lawrence that the first step in knowledge is to know that we know nothing, but that surely is no reason why one should not try to grow closer to the apprehension of any truth through revealing one's limitations, and inviting others, through discussion and opposition, to enlarge our outlook and perception. I have worked at these questions for more than thirty years, but I know that does not imply that I am what Mrs. Lawrence would call "sound" on them.

I am not going to defend politics or militancy, nor to deride or belittle them. Anything is better than apathy, and, once we have ceased to be lukewarm, there is hope. However bad a thing may appear, understanding the reason for its existence must help to eliminate the worst in it. However *good* a thing may appear, there is reason for finding out its weakness lest it give the enemy occasion, not only to blaspheme, but to destroy. We want to understand the cause of the political militancy amongst women, and to keep our heads cool and our hearts warm while we are investigating.

It would be absurd for me to enter into the question as to

whether women should have the vote or not. If the vote represents equality—not likeness but equality—if the vote represents equality of men and women, and also equality of opportunity for both sexes, then every intelligent and justice-living person can have only one answer as to whether women are to be represented in politics or not. The vote might be some soul-destroying force, to hear some people talk, instead of being a very inadequate means towards a large end. The vote will neither give redemption nor paradise to women, any more than it has to men; but it is just that if men have a vote, women also should have one, and it is significant of the trend of civilization that, if the paternal voice is heard in the State, the maternal one should be heard, too; the one without the other is inefficient, and retards the balance of progress. The static and the dynamic in politics and sex balance and counterbalance one another. We have long ago conceded that women have souls. If we are creditable enough to possess a soul, why not a vote! The whole question seems too absurd to argue over: the vote means so little, and yet, by opposition, it is made to mean so much.

Women have been trying for years to get the vote, as an expression of justice. The little and somewhat lethargic leaven of the older suffrage movements scarcely stirred the lump of parasitic women who, in their luxury or their prostitution or both, had accepted the state of things as they are, as being evidence of what they are obliged to continue to be. Luxury always deadens, as overwork deadens; so between the parasite and the slave the recognition of equal rights for men and women scarcely stirred the community at all. It was the same in the religious world. The great truths were being droned in monotonous voices. The hood-winking of conscience had fallen into a habit of Sunday precepts and week-day falsifying of the same. The spirits of religious people seemed asleep instead of being stirred to fine issues. It was the same in suffrage as religion—torpor. In the question of the suffrage, women themselves, the very advocates of suffrage, grew lethargic in their attempt to break down the traditions of men and the superstitions of women themselves on this question. The mystic nature of woman seemed, in her first political awakening, to be a barrier to any vital dealing with her own

problems in connection with those of man. A woman, physiologically and spiritually, works from within outward—a man from without inward. It is a law of nature and has to be reckoned with in dealing with these questions. The day dawned at length, however, when a section of women at last realized that justice is justice and that the vote is as much the woman's right as it is her right to drink wine or to smoke if her taste lies in these ways. It is, however, not insistent upon her to vote, to smoke or to drink if she dislikes these things. It is, however, insistent upon men and governments to give her equal *opportunity* with men to serve the public good in the same way that man thinks he is serving the commonwealth by voting for what he considers right as against what he considers wrong.

The women who saw the truth of their cause were bent on convincing other women who had never even thought about this matter at all. The process was slow and dull but distinctly worth while. The educative process of the deliverance of women from mere man-made law had begun. A little advance was made year by year, but so little that even *Punch* was not moved beyond caricature. Few daily papers ever spoke of the suffrage as it concerns women. Then suddenly, the militant suffragettes alarmed all London by a raid on the House of Commons. Now, whatever people may say or think about political militancy, we must remember the fact that, but for the W. S. P. U., the apathy of the parasitic women in our midst and the ignorance of many men would have remained just where they were till now. Jog-trot methods were suddenly eclipsed in a dramatic onslaught of the militant suffragettes. If the drama does nothing else, it generally keeps people awake. The first attack of the W. S. P. U. was efficient, almost educative, and more or less dignified. It has led to results which ought not to be minimized and cannot be ignored or derided. The awakening was terrific in importance and magnitude. It spread like an infection—this rebellion of distinguished and cultured women in our midst—this apparent outrage on womanhood itself to gain a recognition of womanhood. Many of us were stirred to our depths and ignored all the cheap talk about self-advertisement and hysteria. People can advertise themselves in more popular and less painful ways than by going

to prison; and though many of us deplore the recent tactics of the W. S. P. U., we nevertheless recognize the immense importance of the fact that the mass of women who, six years ago, had not weighed the question of parasitism among themselves or prostitution among others, are to-day struggling to solve those questions in their own homes and in the lives of others. That men are helping women in this question on the one hand, and frantically deriding them on the other, is a sign that men, as well as women, are awakening to the urgency of the situation.

The average men and women who have so severely criticised the militants have concentrated their attention more on the actions than on the motives of the militant section. This point is often overlooked. It is true that women must be educated to know really what they *do* want and why they want it, and not make a wild plea for a vote because men say they shall not have it, or because some women say they must have it. But women are educating themselves day by day in the only way education is worth while, by experimenting and organizing, and they are also slowly proving their worth by doing the work efficiently in the posts they have already won in public work. Women must not only be judged by their mistakes but by the less dramatic but more effective results in educative and municipal work, which is hastening the greater emancipation of women by leaps and bounds. Neither men nor Governments can resist persistent efficiency as an argument for the opportunity to do wider work. The educative work is proceeding more quickly than many of us realize and once women are organized, there will be no need for drastic militarism to gain their ends. Militancy, from Lucifer to the present hour, has savored somewhat of vanity, and has always had a reactionary period of loss and repentance. Force is surely not only a wrong method of gaining ends for women by women, but it is even a wrong method for advanced men to use to gain great ends for the State. When the leaders of the W. S. P. U. face this fact and have the courage to change their tactics because of a general change of front in the majority on this question, we shall have reason to believe that sanity can enter into the region of the women's political struggle.

When the militants made their first dramatic plunge, we must

remember that the majority of men and women laughed at the idea of women having votes at all, as they laughed at impossible situations in comic opera. All that is changed and tactics must alter with the new average attitude toward votes for women. Compare, for instance, the remarks made by the onlookers at the first women's procession, and the notable restraint maintained at the last. The difference is almost wholly due to the splendid organization, the educative process and the loyalty of women to each other evoked by the enthusiastic band of the W. S. P. U.

Militancy, then, as a challenge, has had its use. I say *had*, because, as an organized modern device through which intelligent women choose to insist on justice, it seems to me not only ineffectual but wasteful; wasteful in time, and in energy, and bad in a certain vindictiveness of attitude toward men and Governments. All reforms are fluid and not rigid things. What is good to-day may be bad to-morrow: what is strong to-day may be weak to-morrow. Militant methods, like all war, belong to the savage more than to the civilized. War, vindictive and brutal as it always is, is loved by the populace and dreaded by the prophet. Violence will always have its defenders in a nation which once loved bull-baiting and cock-fighting, a nation which still loves prize-fighting, gambling and hunting better than music or painting or dancing.

The arguments brought forward in defence of political militancy seem to me so often arguments *against* militancy instead of for it. The instances of men losing control either to gain a small right or to cure a big wrong are surely not for women to follow but to avoid. I have yet to be enlightened as to whether there is a precedent in history in which men leaders of a *political* movement have *organized* violence in the same way that the W. S. P. U. leaders have organized it. Spontaneous violence is one thing, autocratic and organized violence another.

I am not a political militant, but that does not prevent me from loving the courage, the forgetfulness of personal aims in the common good, the solidarity of the W. S. P. U. women and the generally heroic attitude they take toward the cause of women. My regret is that such splendid energy and such magnificent organizing power should not be used in directions which

seem more worth while. Even in the game of politics there are certain rules and the women, even the unemancipated women, must play fair. It is not playing fair to break the laws of a country or to rob peaceful citizens by destroying their property and then protest at not being allowed to starve to death or to revolt violently at life being saved by the only means available.

Lawlessness and disorder are what women wish to abolish. Why introduce new methods of old abuses? The argument that the hunger strike was to enforce the proper treatment of prisoners as political offenders is illogical. Window smashing is not a political offence any more than burglary. However honest the motive behind it, it still remains an anti-social act. The imprisonment of the Syndicalist, Tom Mann, is an example of imprisonment for a purely political offence.

The winning of the vote, imperative as it is, is surely secondary to the way it is won. The vote is only a paltry means to an end: it is not the end itself. It has been sarcastically said that when man gives woman the vote he will give it because he knows its uselessness. It is only of use because it assures a hearing in that babel of strife, bribery, corruption and commonplace we call political life. Its best use for women and perhaps its only use will be to destroy politics as they exist to-day, and introduce measures by which equality of opportunity can be the birthright of every citizen of the State, whether they are male or female. When spirituality and common sense have eliminated party greed and organized monopolies, then the vote will be useless to both man and woman. It is imperative to keep this in mind, or we are liable to get obsessed by the vote as some people are obsessed by the imaginary omnipotence of gold. The vote is imperative because it is one point in a circle of justice. It is not and never can be the circle itself. It is one of the means by which woman can at last realize herself as an entity and not as an appendage. The terrible part of the position of woman to-day is that neither her body nor her time nor her individuality actually belongs to her. Though her position is infinitely better than half a century ago, she is still handicapped from producing her perfect self or her perfect child because she is not her own. She must own herself in order to be able to give herself, either to a man or to a child or to the race.

Woman is awake and her demands will be met in spite of man and in spite of herself, for we must remember that she is as traditionalized in many ways as her comrade man. He is as absurd a slave to superstitions on the woman question as woman on the man question or the labor question. Lives are being dwarfed, brutalized, minimized and degraded for the want of united action and a realization that the Cornish motto of "One and All" is significant of the need of women and laborers. The labor question and the woman question are twins. The laborer is awake, the woman is awake and the problems of both are in many ways alike. Freedom must be gained for both, and with it, equality of opportunity.

Though lethargy, wrong tactics, and the opposition of men may retard the vote, it is certain that before very long women will have it. The claim of woman to-day should be to do the work men leave undone or do badly. It is chiefly in women's hands how long or how short a time it will be before we actually have the franchise. We can retard it for years by mistaken tactics, we can hasten it by a joining of forces with the labor movement in a determined but dignified demand for equal opportunities and equal recognition. I would not go so far as Mr. Upton Sinclair and say that the labor movement and the woman's movement should join hands in order to get their rights actually together. They must each insist on justice, not only for their own sakes but for the sake of the whole community. Men, however,—the majority of them at any rate,—are not emancipated enough to be trusted not to use women as means to get the ends for labor, and then rest content with what they have gained. Woman must first be freed as woman, as man must be freed as worker. They must be economically independent first, so that they can later be interdependent, just as every self-respecting woman to-day cannot be financially dependent on any man, not even her husband, in order that the true law of love and interdependence shall be hastened for all women.

With regard to the question of capital and labor, woman must insist on her own emancipation as a separate freedom because she means later to join forces with labor and get the true equality of the workers and the women in one. Serfdom is

doomed for both the woman and the laborer. It is only a question as to signing its death warrant in politics and the home. It is women themselves, without violence or sex hatred, who must organize and courageously carry through this terrific reformation in the lives of the individuals who, as men, women and co-workers, constitute the State.

Woman had grown so desperate just before militant methods snared her, desperate through the lethargy of man and the apathy of woman, that she violated her own nature and eventually minimized her power by adopting small means for her great end—the means of force and spite and artifice. She simply could not get a hearing, so she reverted to the methods opposed to her make-up in soul and body. She became, as a militant suffragette, an imitator of her child, instead of drawing on her maternal nature to gain her maternal ends. What was she to do? She could not get a hearing from men at all. The first onslaught of the organized militants was really a cry of exhausted patience. "We want justice—attend to us. Meekness has not sufficed. Neither arguments nor intelligent reasoning have availed, so we will scream and kick in order to gain your attention." They certainly got attention at any rate, from every side and party. The older suffrage societies were loyal and grateful, and put prejudices aside in a wholehearted way and acclaimed the younger and more ferocious of their sisters in their attempts to be heard.

Now the more orderly and matronly sections of the suffrage societies are nonplussed. They not only declare that two wrongs cannot make a right, but they are beginning to wonder what is the right when so many conflicting voices are raised and serenity about this subject seems impossible. Surely, what we women have to face is this, that any action which is fundamentally off the lines of its true and ultimate purpose (for it is surely not the ultimate hope of even militant women to bring this warring spirit to stay, either in politics or domesticity), any action, I say, which is *fundamentally* off the lines of the ultimate intention and purpose woman has in view, weakens her cause and hinders emancipation. The methods which were allowable for awakening the dead are out of date at the actual moment of resurrection.

Let us recall for a moment the first organization of the Sal-

vation Army. In many points this militant movement in politics is similar to the first onslaught of General Booth upon conventional religion. The drum and fife of the Salvation Army woke many a lass and lad to the wonders of their own spiritual heritage. It made the public think; it aroused criticism. It was clever enough to appeal to the average in human nature, to the love of noise, to the inherent cry of the leader to lead and the followers to follow. Its autocracy, its definiteness, its dogma, its hero-worship and its capacity for collecting huge sums of money to save the lost were similar to this woman's movement in politics. It was vital and dramatic and made use of the need for sacrifice and martyrdom which is in the make-up of us all, and it used the apparently waste material which came to its hand, and made it a usable product for the good of the community. It appealed alike to palaces, slums and brothels, because it had a fundamental truth to deliver—the truth that no single creature is beyond redemption. At first its discordant and purposely vulgar cry to the slums agitated gentility and culture. Gentility and culture are easily shocked at a vigorous protest of any kind. Armchair sophistries and kid glove tactics, however, are quite as open to criticism as violence and vulgarity. I remember well how the Salvationists cried in the streets in the first years of their propaganda: "Why give tenpence a pound for lamb when you can get the Lamb of God for nothing?" It jarred terribly, just as militant tactics jarred; but the cry caught many a slum lad and lass, as militant tactics have taught many a half evolved man and woman to think out the woman question for themselves. When, however, the serious work of the Salvation Army came on, a process of education came with it, and less and less emphasis was put upon the original methods, which were practically methods of advertisement.

Window smashing and such tactics have become as revolting to the general public to-day as that Lamb of God plea in the militant religious movement. The jar comes in, in both cases, because religion and womanhood are intimate and wonderful things and cannot be ultimately connected with vulgarity or rowdyism. That we understand why militancy had its day is the very reason why we know that it must cease to be. Just because it was tried

as a tactic of war for great ends is the very reason it must be renounced when the great end is at closer range. The latter day methods of the militants are unworthy of their great organization and of their brilliantly clever women. To persist in them now is a suicidal policy. The hour has surely struck for mightier deeds than these. No great movement, like this woman's movement, can afford to waste time and energy on either petty ambitions (for in *this* sense it does not matter by which society the vote is won) or on petty actions or antiquated and rowdy methods. If men have done these things, and if men are still doing them in a spirit of hatred to the women who are claiming their freedom, then this is an added proof that we must go on other lines and forsake these limited means to a huge end. That the militants have, in their excellent organization and with their able reckoning with average human nature at its weakest and at its strongest, built up a policy of pugilistic politics, no one can deny. But pugilistic politics have not come to stay. The vitality behind this new manifestation of the suffrage question, however, the heroism, not affected but real, which counts prison and even death little and justice much, has come to stay and is every day drawing into the suffrage movement those women who hate militant tactics, but who love bravery. The reviving thing about these militants is the way they are approaching a solidarity unknown among women in the same degree before now. This and the prison reforms they have consciously and unconsciously introduced ought to reconcile the fastidious for the little loss sustained by their eccentric methods of trying to gain a hearing. It is a very significant fact, this solidarity of women, and is a militancy of the true order, as the solidarity of women and men is beyond all need of militancy. This is the *fact* to be emphasized about these fighting women, rather than the temporary aberration of window smashing. For let us be brave and declare it *is* an aberration as war itself is an aberration. War is antiquated and ridiculous in the light of modern religious and ethical feeling, and militancy of the window smashing order is not only farcical but a waste of precious time and energy. Whatever else we women lose in this great contest, we must not lose our sense of humor. It is a gift of the gods, and saves more situations than guns and padlocks.

The suffrage has become an obsession to some of our strongest women, as it has become a fashionable fad to some of the weakest. The balanced woman neither hastens nor rests, but avails herself of all the material at hand, and there is a great deal of hitherto unused material which can be utilized by the militant and non-militant women alike.

We all know that revolution, though by no means an ideal way of reconstructing society, is sometimes the easiest of all methods to bring about destruction. Its ineffectuality is proved by the fact that it more often than not leads to reaction. France had its reaction in Napoleon. The tyranny was merely diverted, not destroyed. Revolution is better than apathy, but wanton destruction wastes time. What we must aim at is construction. When it is time for the apple-blossom to disappear, there is promise of the fruit. A wild beating of the tree to hasten the fruit merely kills it. That is the method of tomboys and unintelligent politicians, and is as stupid as an opposite method would be of trying to delay the fruit till midwinter by obstructing light and rain. To haste is as disastrous as to rest in these matters.

Woman should be, by spiritual and physiological laws, a constructive agent in the world's work. She is a maternal force. As this is even conventionally granted to be her legitimate sphere in the home, then why not in the State? It is not a matter of actually bearing children. The women who have children of their own are often less truly maternal than those who are not mothers in the accepted meaning of the word. In the future we have to give the maternal force full play, for we are badly in need of a new home and a new State. The stuffy, ugly and limited habitations we call homes are ceasing to appeal to the modern woman. The slave in the drawing-room is disappearing and the slave in the kitchen has practically disappeared already. Home in the future will neither be a doll's house nor a cage to a woman. It will mean neither the drudgery nor idleness of the past, nor the unorganized restless muddle of the present. Woman being maternal has the feeling of home in her very make-up. Being maternal she has to educate herself into a larger maternity than she has ever realized, the maternity which makes her resolve that every son and daughter of the State shall ultimately be as well

equipped as the son and daughter she cherishes within her four tiny walls. This is surely the underlying feeling in woman's need of the vote, the need to use her maternal powers in the State as well as in the home, the need to emphasize motherhood in the laws as well as fatherhood.

The maternal element in woman is almost beyond finding out, and so she is often called a mystic. So she is, and it is this mystical maternity within her that will gain her not only the vote but those stronger and more beautiful things which no vote can give.

The first thing it will do will be to give her to herself, a self never realized in her as yet, either as a savage, a domestic drudge, a mere breeder or as a politician. It is just this self she must always reckon with even during her frenzy to get the vote. The vote to her should be an *enlargement* of her maternal feeling and not a limitation of it. It may naturally be said: "Oh! yes! this is all talk and theory. It is how the old suffrage women argued. What is to be done now? What is this constructive policy?"

Surely the first thing women have to do is to realize that they are maternal and that maternity is no limitation of work, but the biggest means toward the greatest work. It is the redemption from slavery of all the human family.

In woman's struggle to get the vote she must never lose sight of the fact that, though she is man's equal,—possibly his superior in some things, as he is hers in others,—she is ruling her nursery, and must steer clear of anything approaching sex hatred. This is trite advice; but it is very essential. Anything approaching sex hatred is retrogression, is ludicrous. The worst men are our babies, the best our lovers and comrades. They are as much to be pitied in monopolizing affairs of state as we are to be pitied when limited laws either dwarf our usefulness or crush us to hell. We must always bear in mind that man is as far from his true kingdom of manhood as woman is from her true kingdom of womanhood. In all this struggle for the vote, nothing is so evident as this fact.

We must, then, keep our love of men as a mother keeps her love of her children, and never in speech or action depart from this maternal spirit. Sex hatred is quite as illogical as maternal

hatred. It is *with* men and not against them that the battle has to be fought and won. That men have done and are still doing insanely cruel and stupid things to women is true. The spirit is the enlargement of the birdnesting, hunting, shooting and caging spirit. The mother does not hate her son for this—she knows he will grow out of it as she has outgrown her doll. But though she does not hate him, she protects herself against his primitive instincts, and she protects not only herself but others from them through organization and also the limitation of his opportunities for irresponsible outbursts. The very love woman has for man must be her spur to defend herself and others from his ignorance and his gluttony. By gluttony, I mean man's possession of woman for his own ends. She must protect herself just as man must protect himself as a means of livelihood by women.

The saner war, if it still must be war, may consist in the breaking of hearts as mothers break their hearts, rather than in the smashing of windows. Woman must free herself from her present limitations, free herself for her three-fold maternal unfolding, an unfolding toward her lover, her child and the State. She must use every legitimate chance that comes to emancipate herself in order that she can free others. In these days it behooves women to cultivate every charm they possess, to dress well, to be well, and to be happy and desirable in the fullest and finest sense, in order that the rusty gates of prejudice should open and the prison doors be unlocked. Woman must be quick to use the chances which are hers in order to gain others which are not as yet hers. Her object should be to become a maternal stateswoman. Let her prove her capacity for this in even seemingly insignificant ways. Let her prove to the world that she knows what she is about. Every detail is significant, every honorable device worth while. Let her use all the votes she already has on municipal councils, let her home be the home of a capable citizen and not the home of a doll or a slut or a slave driver. Let her be as capable at making a pudding as at laying down the laws for the perfection of other people's lives, let her study eugenics and the wonderful art of living, and let her voice not be heard so much in the streets as in the every day matters she can and must organize. The little things really count the most in bringing a

final day of reckoning. For instance, if every woman who has studied the lives of sweaters bought at no shop underpaying its workers, and if she refused as far as she knew to use in her home goods produced by sweated industries, think how, in a few years, that would divert trade from the sweated and congested corners of commercial life and bring fair play trade into the open. These are *constructive* tactics. They are the tactics of a Felix Holt in the mouth of a George Eliot. "Well," said Felix, in answer to the favorite remark on this matter that if one does not do a certain thing, another will, "well, if some men must be thieves and liars—they may, *I won't!*"

After all, if we think of it, it is only cowardice and apathy which retard the millennium. In proportion as each one of us refuses to be a coward or an idler do we advance or retard the true civilization when man and woman can work together as free citizens. While, as maternal citizens, we women are trying to get our voice heard about the questions which chiefly concern us as women,—wage-earning and prostitution,—let us see to it that as individuals we are neither parasites nor sweepers. If we are keen for martyrdom, there is plenty of it to hand if we refuse to be kept by men or to sweat women. A sane boycott is a dignified attitude. It is easier to break windows and go to prison than to divide a house against itself by conscientious and determined action on what is right and true, whether we get the vote or not. The true emancipator is not a Jesuit, declaring a given end will justify any means. No end justifies some means, but some means, however apparently trivial, will surely in the long run insure a given end. The truly maternal woman sees beyond politics. She sees a day ahead when even if politics allowed sweated labor, war, the white slave traffic, monopolized corners in capitalized industries, there would not be men and women enough to avail themselves of the base opportunities given. For that day to come, every woman who sees must act according to the light within her, and the opportunity afforded her from outside. While she is busy smashing windows she may be neglecting her real chance, and real chances rarely offer twice. Woman must cease to be either a parasite or a slave and become economically free. To be economically free is to be rid of the *necessity* to be

a prostitute or a parasite. There are some who are parasites or prostitutes from choice and only education and eugenic ideals can alter in several generations these inborn traits. It is well for us to bear in mind that every woman who is kept by a man, whether in marriage or out, is either a parasite or a prostitute. The legality or illegality of the situation does not affect the fact. Woman can never be free and no vote can make her free till she is economically independent of man, first as a protest and then as a defence. The true protest of the moment is for every woman to refuse to be dependent on man till she is recognized as an equal citizen with him. Love can take or give anything, but in order to get love free, so that it can give and take righteously, woman must refuse to sell herself, even in love. We want to get rid of the very name dependence in this relationship, in order to get to the true interdependence. While a woman has to go to a man and ask for money, whether for dress or food, she is dependent. She is in the position of a slave or a parasite, and no love, however great, can exonerate her from aiding in the general implication that woman is not her own—that she is bought with a price. *She must neither be bought nor sold.* She must belong only to herself, in order that she can give or withhold herself as she will. Surely this is a matter more worth while doing than to go to prison for breaking windows. It is a greater sacrifice, too, for it may break hearts instead of windows; but the maternal woman, like the Spartan woman, would rather her children should die than that they should not be free and noble.

You will, perhaps, say that this is all slow and vague and that women want the vote first and independence through it. True economic independence for woman depends less on the vote than on education and immediate experiment on sound lines. All educational reform is slow, but it is sure, and the time is ripe for it and for immediate heroism on the lines which education and true morality suggest. Behind all the vague and dogmatic things women are doing now is the longing to do the right thing and at once. The right thing is a constructive thing. In order to effect a constructive reform every individual woman can do certain definite things to-day—now. It is imperative on each one of us in our different spheres to set our own and the State house in better

order. As all people like definite statements, I will name a few things women can do.

Women can, first and foremost, refuse to be dependent on any man. If this implies hard labor, well, what then? Freedom has never been won without it in one form or another.

Woman can, again, refuse to add to the sweating horror by buying where she knows there is no underpaying, and refusing to deal where grossly sweated goods are sold.

She can keep her own house in order by habitually organizing it as if she were already bound there by the laws she wants her vote to introduce.

She can, by persistent habit, and this needs particular emphasis, refrain from even a suspicion of mean trickery or wheedling in love affairs, in clubs or in business. Women are still traditionalized in these matters. If they want the privileges of an equal sexual equality with men, they must at least play the game as men play it.

There is one very important thing woman can do at the present crisis. She can make herself more desirable and more charming and more capable than ever before, in order not to lure men and sell or even give herself to him, but to refuse herself to any man till she has educated him, through her maternal wisdom, into the ways of health, cleanliness and justice. All this need not hinder her in her sane boycott as a tax resister or a capable organizer of a better social world which no vote alone can give her. The vote can only aid her to enter the vestibule of her real kingdom, and that is the one reason it is worth getting.

With these considerations I have suggested in her mind, woman can also educate herself, while getting the vote, to estimate its uselessness in the face of spiritual truth and her own maternal insight.

This may possibly sound like rebellion. Of course, it is rebellion, but neither of the strident nor armchair order. It needs intelligence, control, drudgery, patience and no concession. It is the rebellion of the maternal woman who wants to save, not only herself, but all her children.

THE NEW FEAR

M. P. WILLCOCKS

ON a certain Monday in Whit-week the staircase of the Musée de Picardie at Amiens was crowded with peasants standing at gaze before the painting by Puvis de Chavannes called the *Ludus Pro Patria*. There in front of them, meandering through a vast table-land of woods and fields, flowed a slow, tree-mirroring river of Picardy. On the banks of it were the folks at holiday, the young men throwing darts, the women preparing the feast. Not far away, in the *Ave Picardie Nutrix*, was net-weaving and apple-gathering; spinning and sheep-herding; the building of a bridge and the crushing of the grain; women bathing and a woman nursing her child: an allegory, not only of the pleasant poplar-land, but of toil and rest, sowing and harvesting, age and death, a shadow-picture of the passing of the gods of the earth.

But the subjects of the paintings, those whose toil had been the inspiration of them, stood in absolute silence, expressing neither surprise nor wonder. Quietly they stood and quietly they went away. And what they thought nobody knew but themselves. Probably they had no distinct thought at all, but a vague sense of familiarity tempered by unreality. For what the peasants saw in front of them was the spirit of beauty distilled from toil. But toil produces warped muscles, stunted frames, pallid or heavy bodies, slow-moving minds. And these facts they vaguely knew, though they could not follow the mystic change by which the familiar processes of labor had been transmuted. They were, in fact, looking at one of the latest expressions of that older world of art which lived to distil beauty from the present and to suggest it from the past. They were not only facing a sublimation of actual sowing and harvesting, building and fishing, but all the glamour that dreamers in the past, from Theocritus downwards, have thrown over the primitive task of earth-culture. And to the peasants this trailing glory of romance was simply non-existent. They were not afraid, for they were blind, though possibly rather puzzled.

Equally blind, equally puzzled, are probably most of the people in the crowds that gather round the Post-Impressionist pictures in front of Matisse and Cézanne, of Picasso and the rest. Nor are they at all afraid; yet what they regard so gaily, is, after all, when reduced to its essentials, a recoil in the face of fear, of that new fear which is directed against the things we have ourselves made. Post-Impressionism in painting, like Impressionism in sculpture, is neither health nor disease, but a symptom of a new mental condition found not only in art but in political and social life as well.

The first thing the Post-Impressionist throws overboard is suggestion, romance, that in fact by which the work of Puvis de Chavannes and of all older artists was inspired. The art of yesterday lived but to awake echoes in richly stored minds: the art of to-day, whether in Rodin's *Last Appeal*, in Matisse's *Capucins* or in John Masefield's *Widow in the Bye Street*, is made to appeal to the savage, the child, the Martian, to minds that have no background of æsthetic ideals held in common. It is a rebound in the face of achievement that we witness, not only in Post-Impressionism, but in many tendencies of the popular will to-day.

For the truth is that we are overweighted, overawed, reduced to timidity of initiative as long as we turn our eyes backwards toward the supreme expressions of early art. In painting, poetry and sculpture there always loom before our memories the awful haunting shadows of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Homer, Æschylus and Phidias; of Italian and Spanish schools; of Dutch, Miltonic and Shakespearian incarnations of beauty. We petty men walk under the huge legs of these things done superlatively well and done for all time, as we count time on this planet. Who for instance ever tried to paint the mystery of woman without seeing the mocking smile of the Mona Lisa before his inner eye? The trumpet notes of the hymn to beauty have rung once and for all; we can only echo it in ever fainter and fainter tones. And that is but a sorrowful task.

There is nothing for it but to start again; to make for the leaping-off place once more, this time with an entirely different objective before us. And the leaping-off place is the child's, the

savage's, absorption in life, movement, color-play, in sensation devoid of memory, either bitter or sweet. We return to the primitive reindeer scratchings: we will create a new world, not paint once more for the millionth time an illusory picture of an old, a very well-known one. As music hangs by the side of the actual an orb of creative sound, so the Post-Impressionists would hang by it a visual orb of color, a vibrating microcosm of the universe; an orb of human making hanging by the divine orb. Whereby, indeed, by comparison we may, as a cynic would observe, learn the immensely superior workmanship of the divine artificer!

All this means a new objective: back once more at the starting point, moving by instinct, not intellect, the painter becomes aware that the zest of life, which is art's pre-occupation, is by no means always concerned with beauty. The life, the vitality of our emotions is often a matter of terror, pain, squalor, agony and effort. The old academic ideal of reducing every sensation to one of beauty is gone for ever. The vibration of life itself is the new ideal where once only the vibration of beauty was sought. So, turning at bay in face of the new fear, we have learnt a fresh courage. We find that, after all, we have much to say, much that burns to be said, though in these things that we wish to say, only to the eye of the mystic, such as old Rodin, would it seem true that "there is no ugliness." We work only by the senses now, seeking, savage-like, the rage and vitality of the vibrations that make no world of beauty as the Academy of Art would see it, but a world none the less. We go back to the leaping-off place, the new start, and there Homeric epic drives us from the gods to *The Man with the Hoe*; from *Lear* we fly to *Hindle Wakes*; from the majesty of movement in the *Winged Victory* to the straining muscles of Rodin's *Last Appeal*; from the sun-shot landscape of Turner to the leaden seas of Bogaevsky; from the Madonna to the fragment that passion tosses aside on the scrap-heap, Rodin's *Old Hag*. We are passing from the high adventure of loveliness to the no less lofty adventure of pain. We are dealing with the other side of the shield.

And wound round these primordial things are dreams, the

primitive dreams of a child's vision of creation. Here the Russian surpasses all his European compeers, as the Chinese landscape painter surpasses the European in the suggestion of bizarre creation, a mockery of the divine as seen by the pygmy. The Russian is nearer to the savage, perhaps, than is the Englishman or the Frenchman, nearer to the true start. The Russian is in fact the primitive dreamer, and where the other European schools get back to the bones of savage sensation, the Russian has no need to fuss about bones, for the very blood of the thing is in him. He is, in these childlike matters, no anatomist, but a living, breathing man. Matisse's *Danseuses*, for instance, are such shapes as prehistoric man might have created in nightmare, their trailing feet an ancestral memory of the slime beasts of the primitive ocean. The drawing is right enough. But Roerich's *Night*, his *Priests of Beyond*, are the haunting instincts of a child's night terrors; Roerich's blue lights the original primitive, mind-stuff of fear itself. And the *Rex* of Chourlianis, its mystic central fire, its casting down of golden crowns, its glassy sea, is but a split in the curtain of a child's creative awe. The Russian Post-Impressionist is at once a prophecy and an explanation.

As far as art is concerned, out of fear has come the possibility, at any rate, of new mastery; for illusion we have creation; for beauty, the infinite vibrations of many-colored life. And if these things are not yet, they are at least potentially involved in the new impetus which is everywhere seeking a vent.

In politics and science the way is not so clear. Yet in those regions fear rules even more unmistakably. For men change the fashion of their fears as they change the cut of their garments. Once it was the animals, the wind and the sea that we feared. Now we harness the winds and outwit the trickery of the sea with a steam kettle. Nor is any affinity dearer to us than that of the animals whose love we have conquered in the long ages during which we were breaking the horse to the plough, teaching the dog to know the look in a human eye, or inducing the cat to bow her head in the kindly worship of the hearth. Of these things we have no fear; nor of the simpler creatures yet untamed that yield to a Martini-Henry rifle.

It is not the anti-human things outside us that we dread

nowadays, neither beast, nor storm wind, nor electric current; it is the Frankenstein of our own manufacture, a being before whose infinite unknown possibilities we stand aghast. From the art of beauty which does so obsess us, we can escape to a new creative world; but where is the power that will save us from the machine that enslaves where it was meant to free? How shall we escape the awful possibilities of our evolving scientific powers, from aerial warfare, from the tyranny of the anti-toxin, from the hypnotic gift that reads even the mind of the atom, from telepathic and clairvoyant powers from which no secrets are hid, and finally from the potentialities of creation which would follow on any discovery of the secret of life? As it is, we are already afraid of the race that we may make. And the great expression of that fear is the presence in our midst of those croaking prophets of evil, the Eugenists, who cry not "Corpse, corpse," like the raven, but a far more awful note, which is "Babe, babe."

But even these premonitions pale before the portents of the social engine we have created, only half consciously. No politician is likely now to underestimate the importance of international labor. The strangest feature of that is the rapidity of its movement. A mushroom growth no older than the beginning of the nineteenth century, it possesses for man the terror he always associates, since primitive jungle days, with that which is sinuous and swift-moving, a creature snaky yet panther-like. Trade-Unionism, Socialism, Syndicalism; will they re-make civilization, either by Anarchy or by the slow incalculable processes of growth? With dread we wait the answer. But if labor will deal with the frontiers of nations, will not the monstrous regimen of awakening woman reorganize the very fabric of the social structure itself? For ultimately the economic independence of woman, now no more than a cloud like a man's hand in the sky of Feminism, will overshadow all other questions. And the real economic independence of woman will mean not only a new basis of industrialism, but a fresh setting on the loom of life of that out of which the race is built—the relationship between man, woman and child.

Truly, we are not only Fear-driven, we are Hag-ridden. And Art, Science, Labor and Woman, these make our Frankenstein.

THE AGE OF CONSENT AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

“**T**IS not good that children should know any wickedness,” says Shakespeare. The general sentiment of mankind seems to be that children should at least be protected against the worst results of the wickedness of adults, yet the history of the “Age of Consent” legislation is one of sacrifice of child life to the legal protection and to the greed and lust of grown men. If we accept the custom of many nations to call those “infants” who are under seven years, we shall find that such infants have long been protected against the worst form of violent abuse. Children, however, those between seven and fourteen years, have but tardily received legal protection against debauchment; and youth, or “young persons,” between the ages of fourteen and sixteen to eighteen, have only recently been held as proper subjects for legal guardianship against the exploitation of vice and crime.

The age of consent is that period below which no girl can legally consent to “carnal relations with the other sex.” The crimes of rape, seduction, abduction for immoral purposes, and “procuring” for houses of ill-fame, have direct relationship to this age of consent; and for the reason that men committing these crimes are liable to heavy penalties, ranging in the various States from three months’ imprisonment to a life term, and to fine from a few hundred to several thousands of dollars. It is therefore highly important for men and women engaged in any form of criminality connected with the debauchment of young girls to have the age of consent so low that the plea of voluntary assent by the child or young person to that debauchment may take the male offender out of the category of these criminal charges and place him in the company of mere misdemeanants, to be punished very lightly, if at all. Immoral men, engaged in voluntary dealing with immoral women who know what they are doing and choose that relationship, are practically exempt from all statutory penalties. Hence, the interest of bad men and women is to keep the age of consent low and thus to lessen

the legal dangers of managing houses of vice, even when securing mere children as inmates for such houses.

In so far as prostitution is a business, it requires many fresh articles of merchandise each year. Since the average length of service in this business is shown by many testimonies to be between four and seven years, the supply must constantly be renewed, if the numbers are to be kept up. This fact, added to the demand for young and attractive women, leads inevitably to the exploitation of girl-children in the effort to meet the demand.

An inquiry conducted in 1858 in New York showed that among several thousand prostitutes, three-eighths of the number were between fifteen and twenty years of age, seven out of every eight were under thirty years of age, and one-fourth died each year. That inquiry is matched by later investigations all showing the same high ratio of the very young, the same high rate of mortality, and the same necessary recruiting of the ranks each year from among children and very young girls.

In a Lock Hospital at Edinburgh in which only prostitutes are treated, out of one thousand patients, six hundred and sixty-two were between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and only twenty-eight were over thirty years of age. This does not mean that all prostitutes die after a short period of immorality. Many, it is thought by good judges of wide experience, marry or take up other means of support, and are absorbed in the general life of the respectable classes. That a large majority do die prematurely is, however, a well-known fact. Mr. Tait, the distinguished surgeon, declares that in his opinion not one in eleven survives twenty-five years of age, and the average age of beginning the life is fifteen to twenty years; the average duration five years; and the largest number of deaths due to the conditions of the life occur between the ages of twenty to twenty-five years. In a Metropolitan workhouse in England a careful accounting of girls sent out to domestic service at fourteen years of age, shows that they come back in large numbers before they are twenty, corrupted and diseased.

A recent careful investigation in a western city showed that although an ordinance, strictly enforced, prohibited girls under

seventeen from being inmates of houses of prostitution, large numbers of the inmates of these houses had their apprenticeship to vice between the ages of ten and twenty years, when many of them "left home." The age of fifteen years shows a large proportion, the age of sixteen years larger, and seventeen and eighteen mark the climax, as they then enter the regular houses, after their career upon the street and in rooming-houses. The over-ruling majority of these girls were "coaxed" into the life by systematic approaches of those interested in securing them for the business.

This youth of the prostitute class has a direct relationship to the age of consent. If every man who debauched a child under fourteen or a young woman under eighteen were liable to punishment for rape, seduction, or procuring for immoral purposes, there would be more care taken to avoid such heavy penalties as these crimes entail. If, on the contrary, no child over seven years or ten years or twelve years is protected against the legal inference that she has consented to her own ruin, the number of men and women following the business of prostitution who are in any real danger of severe penalties is very small. This is the chief reason why every attempt to raise the age of consent has met with determined opposition, and why even fairly respectable men who frequent houses of prostitution have stood shoulder to shoulder with men and women who manage those houses, in expressing fear of "blackmail" and of all sorts of scandals, if little girls were to be legally prevented from consenting to their own debauchment. If the presence in a house of vice of children under fourteen and of young persons under eighteen were to be taken as proof that some one had been guilty of despoiling them before they had reached the age of full moral responsibility, then both the keepers and the patrons of vicious houses would be in serious danger. Hence the bitter opposition which has been encountered in every State of this Union, and in every country of the world, by those endeavoring to raise that age of consent from the period of childhood to full maturity.

This is the real significance of a low age of consent, that it makes possible an easy supply of material for vicious indulgence.

The fact that many children of tender years are debauched in mind and sometimes in body, and can be won to "consent" to acts, the consequence of which they cannot know in advance, is no mitigation of the indictment of humanity, that such a low age of consent implies; it rather magnifies the guilt of society, and increases the social crime of such neglect. Especially is this true when taken in connection with the fact that there have been, and now are, organized societies for the express purpose of debauching little girls to fit them for such "voluntary consent" to the life of prostitution; and that many men and women carry on a trade of enticing children by pennies and picture cards to acts, the consequences of which inevitably fit them for the acceptance of vile proposals and the life of shame.

Up to the year 1824 Paris registered little girls as young as ten years of age as "voluntarily consenting" to legal and licensed prostitution; and in all countries where public registration and so-called "sanitary control" are in use, the number of minors in licensed houses is large. That in such licensed systems there is sometimes found a requirement that the parents or guardians shall consent as well as the child is but adding infamy to infamy, a private shame of parenthood to a public shame of permitted evil.

The latest law in Berlin requires that the "antecedents of minors shall demonstrate that they have already become devoted to prostitution before they can be registered; that is, if they are native girls; "for foreigners who are minors it shall suffice to produce the passport or an official proof that they are addicted to prostitution." This provision introduces a third social crime, common in all countries, namely, the exploitation of the stranger child whose parents and guardians are far away, and whose enforced entrance into a life of vice cannot be easily proved. Where, as in Germany, the military spirit is strong, and the supposed need for a large class of young and healthy prostitutes is in consequence greatly increased, both in legal theory and police practice, there is "great freedom given to register women and girls against their will for the supply of the licensed houses." "Lack of means of support, and the presence of venereal disease" are taken as proof that the girl should be registered on

the books. This means her utter removal from decent society, and also placing her in the power of the worst elements of society and of the most corrupt officials of the State.

In Italy a certificate of birth is required from those who would "of their own free will register as licensed prostitutes," and "no minors under sixteen years may be enrolled." Thus even the State regulation of vice is now moving toward a longer period of protection for the girl-child.

The historic movement for raising the age of consent, however, has two sides; one turned toward prostitution. It is often forgotten that the ages which produced laws giving little children of seven years of age the power to consent to carnal relations with the other sex, also maintained by legal statutes the power of the father to give or sell his child in marriage. The slow development of the institution of marriage as a contract, has progressively given young girls and women the power to refuse to marry whom they would not, and to marry whom they would, even in spite of parental wish. But child marriages have lingered long as an expression of the sense of ownership of children by their parents.

The sale of women and girls in marriage was checked in the Teutonic line about the tenth century, when forms of contract gave women much power of choice. Yet, as a matter of fact, the old English laws speak of "buying a maid," and in Germany the phrase "to buy a wife" was a common one throughout the Middle Ages. In the second stage of wife-sale the "bride-price" was paid to the woman, and although usable by the husband, must be preserved intact as a dower for the widow. In this form of nuptial bargain, the "price of her maidhood" must be paid by law to the "daughter whom her father has sold into servitude if the son of her master cohabits with her," and "raiment also must be given her" as though she were a bride. And although a "valid marriage might arise in abduction," through subsequent payment of a fine, the custom of the eleventh and of the succeeding centuries was increasingly to give the freedom of choice to women in marriage. Canute forbade the marriage of a maiden against her will in these words, "and let no one compel either woman or maiden to whom she herself mis-

likes nor for money sell her"; and similar provisions were in Gothic and Lombard laws.

In the sixteenth century the Protestant ideal of civil marriage invaded the control of the Church over wedlock, but was not consistently administered, and there was much confusion in consequence, especially among the common people of small means.

In the "Early English Text Society," edited by Furnivall in 1897, we find from depositions taken in the Bishop's Court of the Diocese of Chester in 1561-66, amazing accounts of the marriages of children. The age of persons described as "married" and seeking either "confirmation" or "voidance of the contract" made for them as children, ranges from two to thirteen years. The cause in almost every case was a mercenary one, a money bargain being its basis on the part of the parents. The father of a boy of two gets from an older girl's father "money to bie a pece of land," and executes a bond "to pay the money back if his boy doesn't marry the girl." Children being infants-in-law until the age of seven, "spousals during infancy were declared void by the law." But spousals contracted between infancy and the "ripe years of twelve or fourteen" were only legally "voidable" when either of the parties desired, and expressed in court a desire for, such action. Either party, however, could cancel the contract made for them, sometimes by merely marrying some one else; and on the other hand child marriages could be ratified by simply living together as husband and wife when the possible age was reached.

By the Marriage Act of Cromwell's Parliament, the consent of parents to the marriage of any person under twenty-one was required, but the parties to the marriage contract were in all other matters held solely responsible for their act. By this same Marriage Act the Commonwealth, it has been said, "interfered in a manner hitherto unknown, for the protection of women from those forcible abductions and marriages" which had been common. The Tudor legislation had, however, previously declared that "if one take away a woman against her will whether she be maid, wife or widow, and marry her or cause her to be married or deflowered, or in any way aid or abet the same he shall be guilty of felony"; and the laws of Philip and Mary made

"the abduction of a maid under sixteen punishable by two years' imprisonment or a fine to be fixed by the Star Chamber, and the taking away and marrying or deflowering any woman-child under that age punishable with imprisonment of five years or fine as in the first case." These laws, however, were a dead letter for the most part, and the common theme of plays and fiction writing was the abduction of a girl, usually one of the lower class, the hero of the narrative being always the successful abductor.

The famous and infamous Fleet marriages, which were a travesty alike upon religious and civil ceremonies, were sought very often as a means of avoiding the necessity of obtaining the consent of parents for the marriage of girls under the legal age of marriage choice. Young girls were frequently abducted and carried before some rascally member of the clergy in the Fleet Prison, and forcibly married, to be consigned thereafter to any life their abductors might choose. In these enforced marriages the girl victim was often an heiress desired for her money.

As late as 1790 a brother of the Duke of Argyle caused to be abducted a woman whom he fancied, and married her against her will. By the middle of the eighteenth century the abuses were so great that radical reform was instigated, and one of the most important elements in that reform was a stringent rule against the abduction and forcible marriage of young girls, and against all legalizing of marriages between boys under twenty-one and girls under eighteen without the consent of the parents. "How often," said the then Attorney-General when advocating these new measures, "have we known a rich heiress carried off by a man of low birth or perhaps by an infamous sharper?" He does not speak of the greater evils endured by the girls of low birth who were misused by "dashing young bloods" of the higher classes! One writer, during the debate as to the legal prohibition of the marriage of minors without the parents' consent, spoke of the "inalienable right to marriage as the proper remedy for unchastity."

The law of 1753, however, which aimed at the remedy of so many abuses, was intolerant in its action toward Dissenters and those who could not conscientiously use the marriage ritual of the Church. Not until the Civil Marriage Act of 1836 were

the rights of all religionists to choose the ceremony of marriage allowed. The influence however of all the changing statutes among English-speaking peoples has been steadily toward making it more difficult for women and girls to be married against their will, more difficult for minors to form matrimonial alliances without the consent of their parents, and in general, to make the legal union of the sexes more and more a matter of definite formal choice between men and women of sufficient maturity to know their own minds and understand their new responsibilities.

Allusion to this historic evolution of marriage customs has place here, because, as the way to legal marriage has been safeguarded for girls and women, as fathers have lost their power to sell daughters to husbands, or to masters in servitude, as minors have lost power to contract marriages for themselves, and as parents and guardians have been deprived of their ancient right of betrothal pledges of their young children and the consequent disposition of their future sex-relationship;—as this development has gone on, the legal right of girl-children to form illicit sex relationships has been left untouched. That is to say, while the age of consent for marriage has been raised to eighteen years for girls, and twenty-one for boys in most civilized States, and the possibility of despotic disposition of minors by parents in nuptial relationship has been limited in the interest of free choice of adults in marriage, the girl-child has been left to dispose of herself in prostitution, with neither the full protection of parents, nor the complete guardianship of the State.

As Jeaffreson well says, in his *Brides and Bridals*: “To these ancient arrangements for the transference of women from their fathers to their matrimonial suitors as a chattel, subject to sale, and for protecting property in women against nefarious aggressors, must be referred the barbarous spirit in which the law still persists in regarding a certain class of atrocious outrages on morality as mere infringements of private right. We reflect with astonishment on the conduct of our distant progenitors who legalized marriage traffic in womankind, but we persevere so far as the law is concerned in dealing with the seducer as though his offence were nothing graver than a violation of personal privi-

lege for which a payment of money to one of the injured persons is the appropriate penalty."

The protection of girlhood as an interest of the State in regard to legal marriage has run so far ahead of the protection of girlhood as an asset of the State without regard to matrimonial connection, and as a right of girlhood itself to be safeguarded from outrage and wrong, that the very phrase "age of consent" has ceased to have general significance, except as related to the formation of illicit sex-relationship outside of matrimony altogether. This has given us that legal inconsistency, the most monstrous that the human mind and conscience have allowed, namely, that a girl shall be prevented from giving herself in honorable marriage until her legal majority, but may sell herself in prostitution while still a minor, and even when a tiny child.

In the year 1885, the Anglo-American world was startled by the revelations of Mr. William T. Stead, published in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, concerning the traffic in young girls as a source of supply for houses of prostitution. Since that time a constant movement has gone on to raise the age of consent to illicit sex-relationship. When Mr. Stead went down in the wreck of the *Titanic*, a noble and unselfish crusader for the protection of womanhood was lost to the world. Doubtless, had he not lifted up his powerful voice, some other would have been found to show the English-speaking people the need for extending the long-accepted protection of women within the family bond, to greater safe-guarding of girlhood outside that bond. But to him we are indebted for the first shock of awakening. When this revelation of the modern traffic in girlhood was first made, the Common Law ruled in England, by which thirteen years was the age-limit beyond which no girl-child was protected against the ignorant sale of her person. The old Common Law period of ten to thirteen years was common also in the United States, and in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories under the United States Government. After Mr. Stead's exposures England raised the age of consent to sixteen years. Mr. Gladstone advocated raising it to eighteen years, but sixteen was the final limit determined upon. In New York, at the moment when Mr.

Stead aroused the civilized world, a girl of ten years of age could legally consent to her own ruin, and in Delaware the age of consent remained, as in the most ancient laws, at the infancy point of seven years.

The immediate result of the agitation in England was a crusade in the United States, led by Helen Gardner, Frances Willard, and Aaron Powell, ably seconded by Mr. Flower, editor of *The Arena*, the columns of which were opened for the campaign. As a result, many changes were at once made in the laws of most of the States.

During the period between 1885 and 1898, a majority of the States of the Union raised the legal limit of girl protection. By 1904, twelve States had fixed the age of consent at eighteen years, the same as for free marriage choice. One State had fixed the period at seventeen years, and twenty-two States at sixteen years. Two placed fifteen years in their statutes, thirteen States fourteen years, two States still retained twelve years, and one State still fixed ten years as the period when a little girl could legally enroll herself in the prostitute class by "her own free will!"

The Middle Western States led in the radical change of raising the age of consent to eighteen years, and it is noticeable that the States in which women have suffrage became most prominent in this matter of child protection.

This raising of the age of consent by statutes has, however, in many cases, failed to constitute an actual protection on account of lack of penalties attached, or because of confusion between old and new laws, or by reason of loopholes concerning the "previous character" of the girl-child. So true is this, that many States having nominally high age limits, have actually low protection. For example, in Kentucky the law reads that "whoever shall be guilty of the crime of rape upon the body of an infant under twelve years of age shall be punished with death or with confinement in the penitentiary for life in the discretion of the jury." This seems to make the age of consent, upon which rests the liability of a man for punishment for rape, twelve years. Another statute, however, declares that "whoever shall unlawfully carnally know a female under the age of sixteen years

shall be confined in the penitentiary for not less than ten nor more than twenty years." This would seem to make the age of consent in Kentucky sixteen years, with especially severe penalties for abuse of a child under twelve.

In Maine, again, "the carnal knowledge of a female under fourteen, either with or without her consent, is punishable by imprisonment for any term of years, at discretion of the court," while "the carnal knowledge of an unmarried female between fourteen and sixteen by a person over twenty-one, is punishable by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or by imprisonment for not more than two years." This law would seem to place the age of consent at sixteen years, although the punishment for debauchment of girls over fourteen may be so slight as to be no deterrent.

In Alabama great confusion might result from even conscientious administration of the law, since one section provides for the punishment of rape but states no age of consent, although the cases decided under the law indicate that as "the consent of a child under ten years is immaterial," that period being past the man guilty of violent abuse may escape severe punishment. Another section, however, declares that "any person who has carnal knowledge of any girl under twelve years of age must on conviction be punished at the discretion of the jury either by death or by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than ten years." Still another statute states that "any person who has carnal knowledge of any girl over twelve and under fourteen or abuses such girl in the attempt to do so must on conviction be punished by a fine of not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars." The age of consent is therefore so elastic a period in this State that it is hardly credible that any life-term prisoners are to be found there under the indictment indicated, and doubtless the death penalty is reserved for men of black skin!

In South Dakota rape is more clearly defined than in most States, and the term includes a larger number of offences against chastity, "but no conviction can be had in case the female is over the age of ten and the male under the age of twenty unless it appears to the satisfaction of the jury that the female was not

sufficiently matured and informed to understand the nature of the act."

In Minnesota, one of the States advanced in placing the age of consent at eighteen years, there is a graduated series of punishments for violent abuse of a girl. If she is under ten the defendant must be sentenced to imprisonment for life; if between ten and fourteen he must be imprisoned for not less than seven nor more than thirty years; if she is between fourteen and eighteen, he must be sentenced to the State prison for not more than seven years or to the county jail for not more than one year, according to the circumstances. Other States have a similar graduation of penalty.

One point of concern for childhood was omitted from the first consideration which led to the crusade against the low age of consent, and that point was the need of protecting little boys and half-grown boys against debauchment. The terrible conditions affecting little girls, which started this movement to prevent their sale to keepers of houses of prostitution, fixed attention solely upon girl-children. Later on, the effect of raising the age of consent for girls while making no provision for the protection of boys against the full penalties for "rape" or "carnal knowledge" which these new laws imposed, was more clearly seen and justly estimated. If no age limit qualified the guilt of the man or boy involved, the better protection of the girl might lead to flagrant injustice. The new laws, therefore, which raised the age of consent for girls began to name an age limit for legal liability for boys: as for example in Louisiana, where the laws of 1896 provide that "If any male person over the age of eighteen years shall have carnal knowledge of any unmarried female between the age of twelve and sixteen years, even with her consent, he shall be deemed guilty of a felony." In 1908 the age of the boy liable to severe penalty was changed from eighteen to seventeen years; but the law of 1896, which fixed the age of consent for girls at twelve years in case of charges of rape, was left unchanged.

The recognition that boys and girls may tempt each other and be equally at fault in a situation of moral danger and social disgrace, is necessary to justice. As a rule, boys and girls grow

equally up to five years. Between five and ten years the boys outstrip the girls in maturity, and between ten and fifteen the girls outstrip the boys, and the boys again catch up and pass on beyond the girls between fifteen and twenty, while girls reach their full maturity earlier than boys. These facts give food for thought in considering the dark problems of juvenile delinquency and child vice. The period between ten and fifteen years, during which so many girls and boys suffer befoulement of mind and body, is one in which girls are often the tempters, consciously or unconsciously. On the other hand, the period between fifteen and twenty, when so many girls are ruined by seduction, by deceitful promise of matrimony, by decoy through lying advertisements of work, and through violence, is the period in which men, younger or older, are generally the aggressors. The truly enlightened statutes will take account of the sacredness of a boy's purity as well as of a girl's, and will safeguard for the race his future contribution to family life as a father, as they are now attempting to do in the case of potential mothers.

Meanwhile, the loud cries against raising the age of consent for little girls which come from grown men in legislative halls and in public discussions, on the ground of danger to their sex from unlimited "blackmail" by designing young girls of sixteen years and younger, are nauseating to one who knows the facts regarding illicit sex relations.

In these days of social "Exhibits" it would be possible to visualize the two classes that meet in the centres of prostitution. On the one side would be the buyers at whose demand these centres exist: men of all grades, old and young; ignorant and wise; strong and weak; wholly depraved, and "good fellows, only a little wild"; single men, excusing themselves for license because they "can't afford to marry," and married men, hosts of them, seeking variety in their experience;—on the one side, we would line up the multitude of men buyers in the market, most of them fairly well to do, almost all of them capable of earning a living wage, many of them rich to satiety in pleasures, all of them having free access to every elevating influence in life, good women, home enjoyments, mental stimulus, and moral appeals.

On the other side we would line up the women who supply

the demand these men create. They would be a far smaller number at most, for each wretched woman barters herself in sickening repetition to many men. They would be on an average so much younger than the men that it would seem almost as if their generation were sacrificed for the one to which their fathers and mothers belonged.

It would be a poverty-stricken crowd of those able to earn, on an average, in "honest" work, less than six dollars a week. It would be a crowd containing a majority of mentally defective girls, those below par forming from 75 to 90 per cent., in the judgment of those best acquainted with them. It would be a crowd of the physically weak and ill, many fatally diseased and doomed to early death. It would be a crowd of "outcasts" from whom every warmth and joy and upward leading of domestic and social helpfulness have been far removed. It would be a crowd of slaves, exploited, for the most part, as little girls by organized agencies to drag them down; slaves sold or pushed into the vicious life, and held there by iron bands. It would be a crowd of those whom all political corruption, all police graft, all outrage of the wicked, feed upon and despoil as in the case of no other human beings. It would be a crowd to which courts of law, by precedent and in common practice have denied equal rights of self-defence, since "goodness" in a woman has meant only one virtue, and unchastity has made her literally "abandoned."

Were we thus to visualize these opposite groups, the men and women who meet in the market place of prostitution, it would be utterly impossible to listen with patience to men of "property and standing" prating about the dangers to their sex of raising the age of consent to a vicious life for girls to the period when lawful marriage may be legally chosen! Men who behave themselves and exercise ordinary discretion in their relationships, are seldom in danger of blackmail, and men of known probity—and chastity—can find easy protection in law against the wiles of bad women.

But little girls, pursued by greed and lust as they go to and from school, remorselessly sought by all forms of deceitful evil,—young girls, snared by "cadets" whose business is their seduc-

tion, to meet the demand for fresh victims for vicious houses,—young girls who eagerly seek work, deceived and enslaved by employment agencies which are only markets of exchange for the procurers,—young girls, held as captives in dens of iniquity, both by the evil power of their keepers, and by the harsh judgment of the outside world which opens no way of escape,—ah! these no decent man need fear. They cannot compel him to share their wretched lot. The men who conspire to ruin them are the men of whom One of old might well have thought, when He said: It were better that a mill stone be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea than that one of these little ones should perish from cruelty and neglect!

EARTH DEITIES

BLISS CARMAN

THE poems printed herewith are taken from a number of *Studies in Greek and Latin Mythology*. They are brief monologues or descriptive poems in lyric measures, intended for recitation to the accompaniment of music and dancing or interpretive motion.

This novel art, a blend of reading, music and acting, has been gradually evolved in an attempt to find an adequate instrument of training for higher physical education or personal harmonizing,—an instrument which enlists ecstasy and intelligence in the play of physical exercise, just as they are always enlisted in desirable life. It is a true art, else it never would have served this comprehensive use. It is simple enough and untheatric enough to be adaptable for home use and for primary education, and yet comprehensive enough to be worthy of the complex and subtle skill of the best dramatic artist. It is more lyric than acting, more ornate than reading, more natural than opera, and effects the transformation of poetry into visible beauty in a unique and compelling way. It maintains and enhances the legitimate sorcery which dwells in poetry, by giving full value to its rhythmic quality, and it renders the instinctive and primal fascination of dance more rational and noble by supplying it with a theme worthy of its technique.

Poems written for the purpose of such presentation must necessarily conform to certain limitations. They cannot meander at will in the delightful fashion of long meditative lyrics. They must be full of action and movement as an old ballad. Even their similes, metaphors, and references, should be translatable into the language of plastic motion or suggestion. They must be lyric in form, yet always somewhat dramatic in feeling and scope.

It is not pretended, I need hardly say, that poetry in general should be modified for any such particular aim and purpose, nor should allow itself to be conscious of such restrictions. I believe, though, that in Rhythmics, if we may so name them, a distinctly

new field for poetry of a certain kind has been opened,—a sphere of unexpected influence and charm. Many beautiful and well-known poems lend themselves perfectly to this mode of interpretation; for others quite as beautiful in a different way, such a rendering is much less appropriate, or inappropriate altogether. The present verses are by no means as full of glamour and imagination as good poetry should be. They only indicate a direction which poetry may deliberately take, with some slight suggestion of the wide opportunity open to it in this new form of interpretive art.

I

PSYCHE

Tender as wind of summer
That wanders among the flowers,
Down worldly aisles with enchanted smiles
She leads the mysterious hours.

Out of the ancient silence
Over the darkling earth,
As streamers swim on the sunrise rim,
She moves between sorrow and mirth.

The impulse of things immortal,
The transport hidden in clay,
Like a dancing beam on a noonday stream,
She signals along the way.

Her feet are poised over peril,
Her eyes are familiar with death,
Her radiant wings are daring things,
Frail as the beat of a breath.

Over the ocean of being,
In her gay incredible flight,
See her float and run in the gold of the sun,
Down to the gates of night.

The storm may darken above her,
 The surges thunder below,
 But on through a rift where the gold lights drift,
 Still she will dancing go,

Treasuring things forgotten,
 As dreams and destinies fade;
 Spirit of truth and ageless youth,
 She laughs and is not afraid.

II

BACCHANTE

Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus!

Hark to the drums!
 Hark to the drums!
 The dance of the lord of the vintage comes.
 Out of the wood and down the hill
 The rioters follow with rapture shrill.

Youth and maid
 In that mad parade
 Leap for joy in the flickering shade.
 The strongest reel, and the weak grow wan,
 And the maddest mænad leads them on.

Her heart is bare,
 Her loosened hair
 Is a mist of gold on the violet air.
 Beauty aflame, she marches by,
 Child of the thyrsus borne on high.

Her eyes a-shine,
 She is half divine
 With the rhythmic dance and the mystic wine;
 While the grapes upheld in her gleaming hand
 Are an ensign of mirth to her reckless band.

Living as fire
No time can tire,
Or a scarlet lily's unshamed desire,
Her wine-hued mouth and ivory knees
Flash in her sunlit ecstasies.

Trembling clear
As a joyous fear,
The soft insidious flutes draw near;
While madder, madder, madder comes
The frenzied throb of the choric drums.

The call of the crowd
Is fond and loud,
As she tosses before them wild and proud.
“ Faster, faster, faster,” they cry,
As the god with a ravishing smile goes by.

Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus! . . . Bacchus!

FOR THEORISTS *

WALTER LIPPmann

MY first course in philosophy was nothing less than a summary of the important systems of thought put forward in Western Europe during the last twenty-six hundred years. Perhaps that is a slight exaggeration,—we did gloss over a few centuries in the Middle Ages. For the rest we touched upon all the historic names from Thales to Nietzsche. After about nine weeks of this bewildering transit, a friend approached me with a sour look on his face. "You know," he said, "I can't make head or tail out of this business. I agree with each philosopher as we study him. But when we get to the next one, I agree with him too. Yet he generally says the other one was wrong. They can't all be right. Can they now?" I was too much puzzled with the same difficulty to help him.

Somewhat later I began to read the history of political theories. It was a less disinterested study than those sophomore speculations, for I had jumped into a profession which carried me through some of the underground passages of "practical politics" and reformist groups. The tangle of motives and facts and ideas was incredible. I began to feel the force of Mr. John Hobson's remark that "if practical workers for social and industrial reforms continue to ignore principles . . . they will have to pay the price which short-sighted empiricism always pays; with slow, hesitant, and staggering steps, with innumerable false starts and backslidings, they will move in the dark along an unseen track toward an unseen goal." The political theorists laid some claim to lighting up both the track and the goal, and so I turned to them for help.

Now whoever has followed political theory will have derived perhaps two convictions as a reward. Almost all the thinkers seem to regard their systems as true and binding, and none of these systems are. No matter which one you examine; it is inadequate. You cannot be a Platonist or a Benthamite in politics to-day. You cannot go to any of the great philosophers

* This essay, and the two preceding ones, "The Taboo in Politics" and "The Changing Focus in Politics" are portions of a book called "A Preface to Politics."

even for the outlines of a statecraft which shall be fairly complete, and relevant to American life. I returned to the sophomore mood: "Each of these thinkers has contributed something, has had some wisdom about events. Looked at in bulk the philosophers can't all be right or all wrong."

But like so many theoretical riddles, this one rested on a very simple piece of ignorance. The trouble was that without realizing it I too had been in search of the philosopher's stone. I too was looking for something that could not be found. That happened in this case to be nothing less than an absolutely true philosophy of politics. It was the old indolence of hoping that somebody had done the world's thinking once and for all. I had conjured up the fantasy of a system which would contain the whole of life, be as reliable as a table of logarithms, foresee all possible emergencies and offer entirely trustworthy rules of action. When it seemed that no such system had ever been produced, I was on the point of damning the entire tribe of theorists from Plato to Marx.

This is what one may call the naïveté of the intellect. Its hope is that some man living at one place on the globe in a particular epoch will, through the miracle of genius, be able to generalize his experience for all time and all space. It says in effect that there is never anything essentially new under the sun, that any moment of experience sufficiently understood would be seen to contain all history and all destiny—that the intellect reasoning on one piece of experience could know what all the rest of experience was like. Looked at more closely, this philosophy means that novelty is an illusion of ignorance, that life is an endless repetition, that when you know one revolution of it, you know all the rest. In a very real sense the world has no history and no future, the race has no career. At any moment everything is given: our reason could know that moment so thoroughly that all the rest of life would be like the commuter's who travels back and forth on the same line every day. There would be no inventions and no discoveries, for in the instant that reason had found the key of experience everything would be unfolded. The present would not be the womb of the future: nothing would be embryonic, nothing would *grow*. Ex-

perience would cease to be an adventure in order to become the monotonous fulfilment of a perfect prophecy.

This omniscience of the human intellect is one of the commonest assumptions in the world. Although when you state the belief as I have, it sounds absurdly pretentious, yet the boastfulness is closer to the child's who stretches out its hand for the moon than the romantic egotist's who thinks he has created the moon and all the stars. Whole systems of philosophy have claimed such an eternal and absolute validity; the nineteenth century produced a bumper crop of so-called atheists, materialists and determinists who believed in all sincerity that "Science" was capable of a complete truth and unfailing prediction. If you want to see this faith in all its naïveté, go into those quaint rationalist circles where Herbert Spencer's ghost announces the "laws of life," with only a few inessential details omitted.

Now, of course, no philosophy of this sort has ever realized such hopes. Mankind has certainly come nearer to justifying Mr. Chesterton's observation that one of its favorite games is called "Cheat the Prophet" . . . "The players listen very carefully and respectfully to all that the clever men have to say about what is to happen in the next generation. The players then wait until all the clever men are dead, and bury them nicely. They then go and do something else." Now this weakness is not, as Mr. Chesterton would like to believe, confined to the clever men. But it is a weakness, and many people have speculated about it. Why in the face of hundreds of philosophies wrecked on the rocks of the unexpected do men continue to believe that the intellect can transcend the vicissitudes of experience?

For they certainly do believe it, and generally the more parochial their outlook, the more cosmic their pretensions. All of us at times yearn for the comfort of an absolute philosophy. We try to believe that however finite we may be, our intellect is something apart from the cycle of our life, capable by an Olympian detachment from human interests of a divine thoroughness. Even our evolutionist philosophy, as Bergson shows, "begins by showing us in the intellect a local effect of evolution, a flame, perhaps accidental, which lights up the coming and going of

living things in the narrow passage open to their action; and lo! forgetting what it has just told us, makes of this lantern glimmering in a tunnel a Sun which can illuminate the world."

This is what most of us do in our search for a philosophy of politics. We forget that the big systems of theory are much more like village lamp-posts than they are like the sun, that they were made to light up a particular path, obviate certain dangers, and aid a peculiar mode of life. The understanding of the place of theory in life is a comparatively new one. We are just beginning to see how creeds are made. And the insight is enormously fertile. Thus Mr. Alfred Zimmern, in his fine study of *The Greek Commonwealth*, says of Plato and Aristotle that no interpretation "can be satisfactory which does not take into account the impression left upon their minds by the social development" which made the age of these philosophers a period of Athenian decline. Mr. Zimmern's approach is common enough in modern scholarship, but the full significance of it for the creeds we ourselves are making is still something of a novelty. When we are asked to think of *The Republic* as the reaction of decadent Greece upon the conservative temperament of Plato, the function of theory is given a new illumination. Political philosophy at once appears as a human invention in a particular crisis—an instrument to fit a need. The pretension to finality falls away.

This is a great emancipation. Instead of clinging to the naïve belief that Plato was legislating for all mankind, you can discuss his plans as a temporary superstructure made for an historic purpose. You are free then to appreciate the more enduring portions of his work, to understand Santayana when he says of the Platonists, "their theories are so extravagant, yet their wisdom seems so great. Platonism is a very refined and beautiful expression of our natural instincts, it embodies conscience and utters our inmost hopes." This insight into the values of human life, partial though it be, is what constitutes the abiding monument of Plato's genius. His constructions, his formal creeds, his law-making and social arrangements are local and temporary—for us they can have only an antiquarian interest.

In some such way as this the sophomoric riddle is answered:

no thinker can lay down a course of action for all mankind,—such programmes if they are useful at all are useful for some particular historical period. But if the thinker sees at all deeply into the life of his own time, his theoretical system will rest upon observation of human nature. That remains as a residue of wisdom long after his reasoning and his concrete programme have passed into limbo. For human nature in all its profounder aspects changes very little in the few generations since our Western wisdom has come to be recorded. These *aperçus* left over from the great speculations are the golden threads which successive thinkers weave into the pattern of their thought. Wisdom remains; theory passes.

If that is true of Plato with his ample vision, how much truer is it of the theories of the littler men—politicians, courtiers and propagandists—who make up the academy of politics. Machiavelli will, of course, be remembered at once as a man whose speculations were fitted to an historical crisis. His advice to the Prince was real advice, not a sermon. A boss was telling a governor how to extend his power. The wealth of Machiavelli's learning and the splendid penetration of his mind are used to interpret experience for a particular purpose. I have always thought that Machiavelli derives his bad name from a too transparent honesty. Less direct minds would have found high-sounding ethical sanctions in which to conceal the real intent. That was the nauseating method of nineteenth century economists when they tried to identify the brutal practices of capitalism with the beneficence of nature and the Will of God. Not so Machiavelli. He could write without a blush that "a prince, especially a new one, cannot observe all those things for which men are esteemed, being often forced in order to maintain the State, to act contrary to fidelity, friendship, humanity, and religion." The apologists of business also justified a rupture with human decencies. They too fitted their theory to particular purposes, but they had not the courage to avow it even to themselves.

The rare value of Machiavelli is just this lack of self-deception. You may think his morals devilish, but you cannot accuse him of quoting scripture. I certainly do not admire the

end he serves: the extension of an autocrat's power is a frivolous perversion of government. His ideal happens, however, to be the aim of most foreign offices, politicians and "princes of finance." Machiavelli's morals are not one bit worse than the practices of the men who rule the world to-day. An American Senate tore up the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and with the approval of the President acted "contrary to fidelity" and friendship too. Austria violated the Treaty of Berlin by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina. Machiavelli's ethics are commonplace enough. His head is clearer than the average. He let the cat out of the bag and showed in the boldest terms how theory becomes an instrument of practice. You may take him as a symbol of the political theorist. You may say that all the thinkers of influence have been writing advice to the Prince. Machiavelli recognized Lorenzo the Magnificent; Marx, the proletariat of Europe.

At first this sounds like standing the world on its head, denying reason and morality, and exalting practice over righteousness. That is neither here nor there. I am simply trying to point out an illuminating fact whose essential truth can hardly be disputed. The important social philosophies are consciously or otherwise the servants of men's purposes. Good or bad, that, it seems to me, is the way we work. We find reasons for what we want to do. The big men, from Machiavelli through Rousseau to Karl Marx, brought history, logic, science and philosophy to prop up and strengthen their deepest desires. The followers, the epigones, may accept the reasons of Rousseau and Marx and deduce rules of action from them. But the original genius sees the dynamic purpose first, finds reasons afterward.

Nothing is more instructive than a socialist "experience" meeting at which everyone tries to tell how he came to be converted. These gatherings are notoriously untruthful,—in fact, there is a genial pleasure in not telling the truth about one's salad days in the socialist movement. The prevalent lie is to explain how the new convert, standing upon a mountain of facts, began to trace out the highways that led from hell to heaven. Everybody knows that no such process was actually lived through, and almost without exception the real story can be discerned:

a man was dissatisfied, he wanted a new condition of life, he embraced a theory that would justify his hopes and his discontent. For once you touch the biographies of human beings, the notion that political beliefs are logically determined collapses like a pricked balloon. In the language of philosophers, socialism as a living force is a product of the will,—a will to beauty, order, neighborliness, not infrequently a will to health. Men desire first, then they reason; fascinated by the future, they invent a "scientific socialism" to get there.

The attempts of theorists to explain man's successes as rational acts and his failures as lapses of reason have always ended in a dismal and misty unreality. No genuine politician ever treats his constituents as reasoning animals. This is as true of the high politics of Isaiah as it is of the ward boss. Only the pathetic amateur deludes himself into thinking that if he presents the major and minor premises, the voter will automatically draw the conclusion on election day. The successful politician—good or bad—deals with the dynamics—with the will, the hopes, the needs and the visions of men.

There is a type of radical who has an idea that he can insinuate advanced ideas into legislation without being caught. His plan of action is to keep his real programme well concealed and to dole out sections of it to the public from time to time. John A. Hobson in *The Crisis of Liberalism* describes the "practical reformer" so that anybody can recognize him: "This revolt against ideas is carried so far that able men have come seriously to look upon progress as a matter for the manipulation of wire-pullers, something to be 'jobbed' in committee by sophistical motions or other clever trickery." Lincoln Steffens calls these people "our damned rascals." Mr. Hobson continues, "The attraction of some obvious gain, the suppression of some scandalous abuse of monopolist power by a private company, some needed enlargement of existing municipal or State enterprise by lateral expansion—such are the sole springs of action." Well may Mr. Hobson inquire, "*Now, what provision is made for generating the motor power of progress in Collectivism?*"

No amount of architect's plans, bricks and mortar will build a house. Some one must have the wish to build it. So with

the modern democratic State. Statesmanship cannot rest upon the good sense of its programme. It must find popular feeling, organize it, and make the motive power of government. Now a dynamic conception of society always frightens a great number of people. It gives politics a restless and intractable quality. Pure reason is so gentlemanly, but will and the visions of a people—these are adventurous and incalculable forces. Most politicians living for the day prefer to ignore them. If only society will stand fairly still while their career is in the making they are content to avoid the actualities. But a politician with some imaginative interest in genuine affairs need not be seduced into the learned folly of pretending that reality is something else than it is. If he is to influence life he must deal with it. A deep respect is due the Schopenhauerian philosopher who looks upon the world, finds that its essence is evil, and turns towards insensitive calm. But no respect is due to anyone who sets out to reform the world by ignoring its quality. Whoever is bent upon shaping politics to better human uses must accept freely as his starting point the impulses that agitate human beings. If observation shows that reason is an instrument of will, then only confusion can result from pretending that it isn't.

The theorist is incompetent when he deals with a subject like socialism, just because he assumes that men are determined by logic and that a false conclusion will stop a moving, creative force. Occasionally he recognizes the wilful character of politics: then he shakes his head, climbs into an ivory tower and deplores the moonshine, the religious manias and the passions of the mob. Real life is beyond his control and influence because real life is largely agitated by impulses and habits, unconscious needs, faith, hope and desire. With all his learning he is ineffective because, instead of trying to use the energies of men, he deplores them.

Doctrines, in short, depend on purposes: a theory by itself is neither moral nor immoral, its value is conditioned by the purpose it serves. In any accurate sense, theory is to be judged only as an effective or ineffective instrument of a desire: the discussion of doctrines is technical and not moral. A theory has no intrinsic value: that is why the devil can talk theology.

REVOLUTIONIZED CHINA?

EDWIN MAXEY

NO one who is interested in social or political advancement can fail to be interested in the struggle which has been going on in China for the purpose of securing adjustment to the new order of things. The task on hand has been far greater than has been attempted by any other people within recorded history. Success or failure involves immediately the weal or woe of by far the most populous state of ancient or modern times, and indirectly it involves the greater part of Asia, of Europe and America. From its political side, the struggle is, therefore, one which appeals to considerably more than half the population of the globe, and from its social side it appeals to all.

It is difficult for anyone, especially a Westerner, to appreciate the magnitude of the task involved in the struggle now going on for the purpose of changing China from a reactionary, Oriental empire to a modern state. I say now going on, for although the change in form of government has been effected, the real work is but begun. If a change of name were all that is necessary to effect a political revolution, then would political revolution be indeed a simple matter, which could be accomplished at any time by the fiat of the *de jure* or even of the *de facto* government. But it is a realization of the conditions connoted by a change of names which gives to political revolutions any real meaning and makes of them something more than mere verbiage. The reconstruction and revitalization of the political and social institutions of a people, the change of their viewpoint, of their *Weltanschauung*, requires not simply an awakened political consciousness and national vitality. It requires time.

Not only is the struggle now engaging the best thought and highest purposes of the Chinese one of tremendous proportions, one of world interest—it was a necessity.

However ancient or however admirable may have been the civilization of China, she was out of joint with the spirit of the times. However sublime a monument her political and social philosophy may have been to ancient thought, she was an an-

achronism in the twentieth century. Her political creed rested upon a theory which did not fit into the facts of modern life. The consciousness of her ancient civilization had given to her a feeling of superiority, and the contempt for others and desire for isolation, which are the natural outgrowth of such a feeling, whether in the individual or in the nation. But aloofness has its limitations. However beautiful may be the theory of national isolation, as a matter of fact it is impracticable. The improvement in means of transportation and methods of conveying intelligence, the advantages, nay the necessity of international commerce, has relegated the theory of national isolation to the discard, along with many other individualistic theories. Such are the relations of modern life that neither the single individual nor the single nation can exclude others as factors in determining its line of conduct or shaping its destiny. This is not mere rhetoric, but stern fact. *Nolens, volens*, "We are all parts of one majestic whole," and it is not only unwise, but fatal, to refuse to recognize the fact.

Though China was exceedingly slow to recognize the force of this philosophy, she has had it so forcibly borne in upon her by the Chino-Japanese war, by the seizure of Port Arthur by Russia, of Wei-Hai-Wei by England, of Shantung by Germany, the rectification of her Mekong boundary by France, by the parcelling of much of her remaining territory into spheres of interest, by the march of the allied armies into Peking, by the payment of an indemnity for a failure to comply with her international obligations, by the Russo-Japanese war, which for a time excluded her from control over a considerable portion of one of her own provinces and made it abundantly clear that she was neither an isolated nor a sovereign state,—by all these events crowded into the short space of a few years, China was brought face to face with the fact that she must readjust herself to the new order, and adopt the rule of the survival of the fittest, or become the victim of it. The issue was one of readjustment or political suicide. This may seem a brutal fact. We may lament it. But it is none the less a fact because brutal.

Under this pressure from without and stimulated from within by the patriotic desire to avoid seeing their territory divided and

their national aspirations defied, some of the more awakened and vigorous minds in China set themselves to the task of putting their house in order. This involved substantially a rebuilding of the structure; for "from turret to foundation-stone" there was lacking that cement without which the structure could not stand. And what is that cement? The consciousness of a unity of interests. What has prevented national progress in China and what has made China a weak force in world movements and what, if not changed, must eventually make of her a negligible factor, is the fact that the average citizen of one part of China has not felt that he had interests in common with the citizens of every other part of China. Until this handicap is overcome, substantial progress is impossible. For without this consciousness as a vital, cohesive force, unity of action is impossible, a feeling of patriotism is impossible, and hence national life is impossible.

To the awakened, thinking Chinese, it was clear that the old régime was not well calculated to stimulate patriotism. In the first place, the dynasty at the head of it was a foreign dynasty and was not looked upon as either Chinese or in sympathy with the Chinese people. Political leadership is never successful where there is a lack of sympathy between the leaders and those whom they are trying to lead. Second, there was lacking anything approaching an adequate system of railroads or wagon roads. Third, there were no adequate means for forming or giving expression to public opinion.

The first of these difficulties has been met. The Manchu dynasty which stood for the old régime has been overthrown; and the surprising feature about it is the ease with which this was accomplished. Ordinarily a bureaucratic Government can so intrench itself by reason of its control of the finances and of the army that nothing but a vigorous policy of "blood and iron" can overthrow it. But in this case there was practically no blood shed. A part of the plan of the revolutionists had been to win over the army, and in this they had succeeded. The beheading of thirty-eight Chinese revolutionaries by order of the Government, October 10, 1911, was the signal for the revolt of the troops under Col. Li Yuen Hung. The army in province after province went over to the revolutionists. When the Government

saw that it could not depend on the army, it offered no resistance. And however pusillanimous and cowardly the rôle played by the Government may have seemed, there was nothing else for it to do. A Government must rest either upon force or affection, and the Government as represented by the Manchu dynasty had never had a strong hold upon the affections of the Chinese people and under weak and vacillating leadership it had lost its hold upon the army. An appeal to the people or the sword would therefore be in vain. It was a tolerably clear case of an actor who had outlived his usefulness being pushed off the stage. In the ultimate analysis, a Government must justify its existence, not by the profit it derives for itself, but by the service it renders to the governed. The Manchu Government has therefore disappeared in accordance with a natural law—the law of service.

But the overthrow of the old Government is not sufficient. In order to make this overthrow a step in the march of progress, something better must be placed in its stead. This the revolutionists have attempted to do. And, indeed, they have made considerable progress. Contrary to the expectations of most observers, the revolutionists did not content themselves with a mere change of dynasty. They went to the extreme of establishing a republic. This, it must be admitted, was a bold experiment, in view of the very slight participation the great mass of the Chinese had had in governmental affairs, outside of purely local matters. But the prime movers in the revolution were men like Sun Yat Sen, educated in America, to whom a half loaf, constitutional monarchy, did not appeal as being a desirable or practicable compromise.

At the head of the new republic is a President. The President is not, however, elected by the people, but by the Advisory Council. This body also is chosen not by popular vote, but by the Provincial Assemblies. The representatives to the Provincial Assemblies are in turn elected not by popular vote, but by the District Council. The members of the District Council are elected by the voters. The method of selecting the higher officials, both legislative and executive, is therefore conservative. It has in it the element of distrust of the people so evident in the constitution of the United States. And it is within the facts to

say that there is more reason for it in the Chinese constitution than in our own. The conservatism of this method of election is well illustrated by the choice of the first President—Yuan Shi Kai—whose record was that of a conservative, when he was not a reactionary. It is not probable that under these circumstances he would have been the popular choice, whatever may have been the general estimate of his ability.

The provision intrusting the election of the President to the legislative branch of the Government will, we think, be but temporary. It was wisely rejected by the framers of our own constitution, and, so far as we can find, has never worked successfully. Nor is there sufficient reason to suppose that it ever will. A greater degree of independence is necessary to an efficient executive than will exist where the executive must look to the legislative branch for his election. There are some elements of human nature so fundamental that they cannot safely be disregarded by the framers of any system of government. I am not here criticising the framers of the Chinese constitution, because the provision may have been intended merely as a temporary expedient and as such may have been warranted by the exigencies of the situation. I am merely pointing out the fact that as a permanent provision it gives little promise of working successfully.

The power of the Advisory Council to ratify appointments made by the executive, and also to ratify treaties, is substantially the same as that vested in the Senate of the United States, and needs no comment. Whether, as a matter of fact, it was copied from our own document, originated, or borrowed from elsewhere, matters little for our present purposes. Its very general adoption, except by absolute monarchies, and its practical working, commend it.

The Chinese legislature is bicameral. The senators are elected by the Provincial assemblies. Under the present apportionment there are ten from each province. In addition to these there are eight elected by the Central Education Society and six by the Chinese residing abroad. This latter is a unique provision. How it will work out remains to be seen. It would appear to confer the right of representation without the possibility

of taxation. The members of the Lower House are elected on the basis of population. At present there is one representative for every 800,000 of population. This gives to each representative a very large constituency, nearly ten times the usual number. But if the unit were much smaller the House would be too large to be a deliberative body. As it is it will be about midway between the size of the British House of Commons and the German Reichstag.

In one important respect the new system of government in China differs from our own. The Chinese constitution provides for the Cabinet system of government as distinguished from the American or Presidential system. Nor is it surprising that in choosing between the two systems they should have selected the Cabinet system, for it has many features which commend it strongly to statesmen and to students of political science, who are not fortunate or unfortunate enough to hold any official position. Candor compels us to admit that it is the more logical of the two systems, as it responds to changes in political conditions and ideas rather than being regulated solely by the calendar. In other words, it rests upon a political rather than an astronomic basis. And it may be mentioned in passing, that for the past year or more Mr. Taft has been busy furnishing telling arguments in favor of the Cabinet system of government.

The Premier is chosen by the Advisory Council. Though this differs in form from the British system, it does not in substance, for we all know that while as a matter of form the British Premier is chosen by the Sovereign, he is as a matter of fact chosen by the House of Commons. How soon party conditions most conducive to the successful working of Cabinet government will be developed in China, it is too soon for us to say. Any opinion upon this point would at present be a mere guess.

The Chinese constitution has wisely, we think, refrained from providing for universal suffrage. Political power is not an end in itself, but rather a means to an end, which is the betterment of political and social relations—the realization of conditions which make for a larger and better civic and social life. In the use of this, as of other instruments, the degree to which the means used will promote or defeat the attaining of the end will depend upon

the degree of wisdom with which it is used. A knife may serve to enrich or to destroy human life. Whether we proceed upon the basis of theory or upon the basis of political history, we reach the same conclusion, namely, that the right of suffrage is not a valuable right unless the one exercising it possesses a reasonably intelligent appreciation of the nature and purposes, the possibilities and the limitations of the right he is exercising. I have no quarrel with the Southerner who seeks in a legal way to exclude the ignorant negro from exercising the right of suffrage. My quarrel is with the one who seeks to exclude by force or fraud the negro, regardless of his qualifications, and to enfranchise the white with a like disregard of his qualifications.

For the purpose of limiting manhood suffrage in China, two tests are applied: the educational qualification and the property qualification. So that males twenty-one years old who have lived two years in the district may vote if they (1) pay one dollar direct tax annually to the Government or (2) have real property of the value of \$250 or (3) are graduates of an elementary or high school, or (4) have an education equivalent to that of an elementary school. I have not been able to get reliable information as to their operation, i.e., as to the percentage excluded by them and the percentage of undesirables not excluded. It is to be hoped, however, that in order to avoid ultra-conservatism, the emphasis will be thrown upon the educational rather than upon the property qualification.

One of the interesting features of the new régime is the principle of complete separation of Church and State. I say interesting because while there is very little Church and not much State to separate, it shows a disposition upon the part of the framers of the Chinese constitution to adopt one of the distinctive features of American jurisprudence—a principle which until recently has received but scant support in Europe, yet during the past decade has, even in Europe, made substantial progress. Nor are there wanting indications that the leaven will continue to work.

The Chinese constitution contains most of the provisions contained in our own Bill of Rights, as will be seen from the following provisions:

Art. I. The Republic of China is composed of the Chinese people.

Art. II. The sovereignty of the Chinese Republic is vested in the people.

Art. V. Citizens of the Chinese Republic are all equal and there shall be no racial, class or religious distinctions.

Art. VI. Citizens shall enjoy the following rights:

(1) The person of the citizens shall not be arrested, imprisoned, tried or punished except in accordance with law.

(2) The habitations of citizens shall not be entered or searched except in accordance with law.

(3) Citizens shall enjoy the right of security of their property and the freedom of trade.

(4) Citizens shall have the freedom of speech, of composition, of publication, of assembly, and of association.

(5) Citizens shall have the right of the secrecy of their letters.

(6) Citizens shall have the right of residence and removal.

(7) Citizens shall have the freedom of religion.

Art. VII. Citizens shall have the right of petitioning the executive officials.

Art. IX. Citizens shall have the right to institute proceedings before the judiciary and to receive its trial and judgments.

Art. X. Citizens shall have the right of suing officials in the administrative courts for violation of law or of their rights.

Art. XI. Citizens shall have the right of participating in civil examinations.

Art. XII. Citizens shall have the right to vote and be voted for.

Art. XV. The right of citizens as provided in the present chapter shall be limited or modified by laws provided such limitation or modification shall be deemed necessary for the promotion of public welfare, for the maintenance of public order or on account of extraordinary exigency.

But however excellent may have been the changes in the form of government, they do not complete the revolution. A change from an absolute, paternal monarchy to a liberal, federated Re-

public is no doubt a long step, and, we trust, a permanent one. Yet before China will ever be transformed into a modern state, the different parts of it must be drawn closer together, physically and psychically. The former will be accomplished when China is supplied, as its natural resources warrant, with railways and wagon roads.

According to the latest available statistics, China has but 5,500 miles of railway. The inadequacy of this appears at once by comparison. China has a greater area than the United States and yet the United States has considerably over 240,000 miles of railway, or more than forty times the mileage of China. China has less than a mile and a half of railway for every thousand square miles of her total area, whereas the United States has eighty miles for every thousand square miles of area. If we take into consideration the population to be served, the comparison becomes far more striking. As the population of China is nearly five times that of the United States, the number of miles of railway per one thousand of the population is just about two hundred times as great in the United States as it is in China. The single State of Pennsylvania with an area of but 46,000 square miles has 11,373 miles of railway, or more than twice the mileage of the whole republic of China.

As regards wagon roads, the relative disadvantage of China is even greater than it is with respect to railways. She has practically no road laws and no system of taxation for the purpose of improving her roads. She does not even own her roads—the King's highway is, in China, private property. The owner rarely makes any repairs, and, when the road has become impassable, he may, after the most deliberate delay, dedicate a new road for the use of the public, which has about the same life history as its predecessor. It is a most astonishing fact that as old and civilized a state as China, peopled by men of an intensely practical turn of mind, should have shown so small an appreciation of the importance of roads in the development of a nation. Their significance is not alone commercial and industrial, but political as well. The road builder is not only the advance agent of commercial and industrial prosperity, he is the herald of political unity and governmental efficiency. The Romans early learned this les-

son and much of their success as the great political organizers of their time was due to it. The South Americans are just learning it. China must learn it. Road taxes are the cheapest form of insurance against chronic revolution. Nor is this solely because of the fact that a system of good roads facilitates military operations, but in larger degree because of the fact that it promotes intercourse, and by thus making the people of different sections better acquainted with each other enables them to see that their real interest lies in co-operation, not in quarrelling; in peace, not in war.

Nor are there wanting signs that China is beginning to appreciate the importance of developing her means of communication. She has now under construction 2,800 miles of railway—more than half as much as is already built. The Government has taken over the construction of the Canton-Hankow and the Szechuan-Hankow lines. She has 3,000 miles of telegraph. While this seems very small when compared with the million and a half miles of wire operated by the Western Union alone in the United States, it is a beginning. It is a straw which indicates the direction of the wind. Undoubtedly, China has the natural resources to warrant a development of lines of communication, and if this is not done it will not be because of a lack of resources. Where the possibilities of trade warrant it, as they do in China, all that is necessary to secure the capital for providing lines of transportation or other instruments of commerce is reasonable assurance that fair treatment will be accorded them.

But the development of the instruments of transportation is a much easier matter than the development of an enlightened public opinion. Capital is more mobile, more easily acclimated, follows the line of least resistance and most favorable statistics far more readily than does genius. And it must be admitted that for getting hold of the collective mind a considerable degree of genius is necessary. And in order that it may be successful in the present case it must be national genius. Such is the type of the Chinese mind that even genius of the exotic variety gets but a very weak and superficial hold upon it. The foreign press is therefore comparatively helpless in creating public opinion in China. And though China makes the proud boast of having in-

vented printing, there is not as yet a Chinese press to give adequate expression to the thoughts and feelings of the Chinese people. Until recently, the Chinese newspaper has been a catalogue of facts, mostly commonplace, rather than a medium for the expression of national aspirations and national needs. Fortunately, there is some sign that a change is taking place in this respect. *Progress*, a newspaper edited by one of the leaders of the movement for a republic, whose policy is guided in large degree by Dr. Sun, is making an attempt to voice the sentiments and stimulate the formation of national ideals in the minds of the Chinese people. As to the exact number of such papers, I am not informed, but it is to be hoped that their name will be legion, for there is a vast amount of work to be done—work which is not only inspiring but necessary, if China is to be changed from a huge, amorphous mass to an organized, living, dynamic force. Let us hope that the ones upon whom this work devolves will be men who possess a statesmanlike grasp of the nature and import of the problems with which they are dealing; clear-headed, noble-hearted men; men who can grasp principles and discern tendencies; men of intellect as well as of impulse; men of patriotism as well as of power.

There are not, so far as I can find, any national organizations in China performing the function fulfilled by our organizations of the members of learned professions and of representatives of different interests, such as the National Bar Association, American Historical Society, Economic Society, Political Science Association, National Educational Association, Medical Associations, Bankers' Associations, Conservation Congresses, and, in short, all organizations made up of members from all parts of the country and holding meetings for the purpose of exchanging views upon the particular class of problems with which they are dealing and concerning which they are supposed to have expert knowledge. This absence, or, at any rate, the very limited number of such organizations in China, is regrettable. For, while they may not speak with the authority of legislators, they nevertheless wield a tremendous influence in shaping national sentiment in response to which legislation usually comes. They at least bring the members from different parts of the country together, get

them acquainted with each other and make them familiar with each other's point of view. They perform precisely the function which is needed in China, and it is to be hoped that the necessity will give rise to the creation of the instruments for meeting it.

The financial question is at present giving the Chinese Government no little trouble. But, in my judgment, this is by no means the greatest of her difficulties. When once the national spirit is aroused and there is a feeling upon the part of the tax-payers that the Government makes an adequate return in service for the contributions made to support it, such will be the response that there will be no further necessity to resort to foreign loans. The material resources of China are ample for meeting the legitimate demands of the Government, and its statesmen are not lacking in financial ability. Japan has overcome greater difficulties on far smaller material resources. Given a national spirit in China as there is in Japan and there would be no difficulty in financing China from within.

To just what extent the reform in education has taken root is difficult to say, but undoubtedly some progress has been made. The Government examinations are no longer confined to the classics and the Chinese youth seems to be well pleased with the change, and even some of the literati were inclined to welcome the imperial edict of 1898 which inaugurated the reform. As there were no Chinese text-books to meet the need there at once arose a demand for foreign text-books and foreign instructors. In meeting this need, America played no inconsiderable part. It is of interest here to note that when the United States returned to China our share of the indemnity to be paid by her for suppressing the Boxer attack upon the legations, China set apart this fund for the purpose of defraying the expenses of educating a number of her brightest youths in American institutions. It is also interesting to note that many of these have shown exceptional ability in their chosen lines, and that almost none of them have chosen to specialize in the classics. These men return to China saturated with American ideas and are a powerful factor in advancing the educational reforms begun by the Government. The influence which this leavening process, due to an act of gen-

erosity upon the part of the United States, will exert upon Chinese educational and political institutions is immeasurable.

We cannot dismiss the question of the Chinese revolution without at least a passing reference to its diplomatic phase. As no new state can, in accordance with the rules of international law, come into full fellowship in the family of nations until its independence has been recognized by the other states, it is worth while noting that for some reason the other states have been slow to recognize the republic of China as a *de jure* state. The slowness of the United States in this respect is most difficult to understand. The fear of giving offence to the old régime cannot be a sufficient excuse; for the principles for which it stood did not appeal to us and it did not have the force to maintain itself and demand that we continue to recognize and deal with it as the *de jure* state. The old state melted away during the early days of the revolution, nor was there any convincing evidence that it would ever be revived. Under such conditions it would seem that not only international law but policy dictated that we should have acted promptly in welcoming the new republic into the family of nations. Hitherto our diplomatic policy with and concerning China has not only been in accordance with the highest code of diplomatic ethics but has commended itself from the standpoint of expediency. As a result of this broad and unselfish, yet thoroughly statesmanlike policy, the United States possessed the confidence and gratitude of the Chinese to a greater degree than did any other nation. And while it is to be hoped that we have not by delay sacrificed this friendly regard, promptness in recognizing the independence of the new republic would, in our judgment, have been far wiser policy, as it would have cemented the friendship already existing and increased our influence in shaping the destinies of what may be the greatest nation in east or west.

The new republic enters upon its career with an avowed foreign policy of close and harmonious relations with the world. Nor is there any doubt in the minds of those who have studied the situation fairly and carefully that this avowal is a sincere expression of the popular will as well as the will of the Government. The Chinese are by temperament and education lovers of peace. Their whole mental and moral fibre as well as their tra-

ditions and history put them out of the class of the crusader and the conqueror. The desire for aggression and conquest is an expression of radicalism, whereas the Chinese are conservatives par excellence. Ancestor worship does not take root except among a people of a conservative type of mind. And when once it is established it emphasizes and propagates the conservatism of which it is an outgrowth.

The one who cultivates the habit of shuddering or causing others to shudder at the "yellow peril" may as well calm himself and spare the feelings of his friends, if by "yellow peril" he means the possible danger of military aggressions by the Chinese. He shows an entire lack of appreciation of the character of the people whose course of conduct he is attempting to prophesy. He is either deceiving himself or attempting to deceive others. Unless we are mistaken, the cry was originally raised by Germany for the latter purpose, and incidentally to promote her own plans. If by "yellow peril" is meant the danger to the economic welfare of western nations arising out of a possible monopoly of production and commerce by the awakened Chinese, we think that there is not as yet a sufficient basis for becoming apprehensive. Taken in the large, an increase in the productivity and trade of one country has not resulted injuriously to the rest of the world, nor is there sufficient reason for concluding that it ever will. A due regard for the facts in the situation forces us to the conclusion that it is a weak and not a strong China that is a menace to the peace of the world and that therefore the real friends of peace will adopt a policy of strengthening the new republic and making easier its work of organizing the Chinese people into a nation, of modernizing its institutions, developing its resources, rather than by catch phrases, or inflated loans, seeking to embarrass and hamper a legitimate and laudable undertaking. Assuming, as is fair to assume, that the new republic of China expresses the legitimate aspirations of the Chinese people, the attitude of foreign nations toward it will furnish a fairly accurate test of how far international relations are governed by considerations of narrow selfishness.

FOREIGN TRADE AND SHIP SUBSIDIES

ANAN RAYMOND

THE amount of speaking and writing which have had as their subject "our merchant marine" would seem to be such as to preclude any necessity for further discussion of "ship subsidies," or of any other phase of the merchant marine question. Ever since the Civil War American scholars, American publicists, American shipowners, and American traders have been seeking the causes of the decay of our shipping industry, and proposing methods for restoring it. Hence, to give this much-exploited subject any present interest, some special occasion must exist. This special occasion the Panama Canal Bill, granting "free tolls" to ships in the American coastwise trade, and in its earlier stages proposing to give our foreign shipping the same privileges, has furnished us. Since American ships now have a monopoly of the coastwise trade, the former proposal, whether justifiable or not, did no more than to strengthen still further the position now occupied by the coastwise shipping industry. The latter proposal never became law; but, its purpose being to grant the equivalent of a subsidy to all American shipping using the canal route, it revived the whole question of the merchant marine and its restoration.

In the Congressional debates on this measure, its supporters gave special emphasis to their contention that "free tolls" would increase our foreign trade. Obviously, the American ships most affected by such a plan would be those in the trade with South America and the Orient. The reasoning of the supporters of "free tolls" was substantially as follows: South America and the Orient, of all parts of the world, furnish American producers the best market; one of the first preliminaries to the development of markets there must be the development of adequate facilities for transportation and communication; "free tolls," like a direct subsidy, will encourage shipbuilding and shipowning, and thus help to develop these facilities; hence "free tolls" will stimulate our foreign trade. In discussing the relation of the merchant marine and ship subsidies to our foreign commerce, subsidy

advocates everywhere have used the same logic. By means of it they attempt to prove that the result of a subsidy policy would be more than a mere development of carrying trade, and that its benefits would go to the whole producing public instead of to the shipping industry alone. This phase of the merchant marine question, namely, Would ship subsidies, or any other form of governmental aid to our merchant marine, increase our foreign commerce? is the subject of the present discussion.

Among the great commercial nations of the world, the United States is unique in having relatively the poorest overseas carrying trade. It has been said often, and with truth, that at one time our merchant marine and our carrying trade were justifiable causes of national pride rather than of national anxiety. In the days of wooden ships, materials for shipbuilding were plentiful; labor was cheap; the population of the Atlantic coast turned to seamanship as a natural means of livelihood. At home, shipbuilding flourished; abroad, our carrying trade grew at a rate so phenomenal as to threaten an American overthrow of British maritime supremacy. During the "forties" and "fifties" American bottoms carried over nine-tenths of the overseas trade of the United States. Even as late as the beginning of the Civil War, according to the Statistical Abstract of the Bureau of Statistics in the Department of Commerce and Labor, more than sixty-five per cent. of our total foreign commerce was carried in American ships. The Yankee sailor and the Yankee clipper ship were supreme; American ships, manned by Americans, were carrying the Stars and Stripes into every seaport of the world.

The years just following the Civil War witnessed the beginnings of that decline in the shipping industry which has resulted in the present condition of our merchant marine. To this decline the war may have contributed; but had it been the sole or even the principal cause, our shipping industry, once the war was over, would have recovered. The real reason, first of all, was the substitution in construction of iron for wood and in motive power of steam for wind, robbing us of the advantage which our vast forests had given us, and putting a corresponding premium upon England's cheap iron. At the same time, the protective tariff and the high productivity of American industry, aided to some

extent by our navigation laws, made the labor-cost of both construction and operation practically prohibitive; while the need of internal improvements, and the rich returns to be had from railroad and other inland investments, drew American capital away from the sea. So rapid and so thorough was this decay of our former maritime supremacy that by the end of the century foreign ships were carrying more than ninety per cent. of our own overseas commerce. Last year, again quoting the Statistical Abstract, our own ships carried but 8.2 per cent. of our foreign trade. Our sail tonnage is unequalled by any other in the world; our coastwise carrying trade, of which American ships have a monopoly, is in a flourishing condition; but in the overseas carrying trade we seem wholly unable to compete with foreign ship-owners. Hence the cry that "the American flag has disappeared from the seas," and hence the demand for "rehabilitation of the American merchant marine." That the next Congress will have to deal with a renewal of this demand is indicated both by the public interest taken in the proposal of "free tolls" for American ships in the foreign trade, and by the fact that the Democratic party platform contains a general declaration in favor of restoration of the merchant marine.

Past experience also indicates that the demand will take the form of a "ship subsidy" proposal. "Ship subsidies" are of two kinds, which, as Professor E. R. Johnson of the University of Pennsylvania points out, may be roughly classed as "general" and "special." (*Ocean and Inland Water Transportation*, 301.) A general subsidy is a bounty, for either construction, or navigation, or both, granted to owners of all ships in the American registry, whether in the charter or in the line traffic. The basis of the payment may be tonnage and speed, cargo capacity, or distance sailed, and payments may or may not be limited to vessels above a minimum size and speed. A special subsidy or subvention, on the other hand, is a special-purpose bounty granted only to owners of ships sailing in scheduled lines between specified ports; its benefits are confined to what is sometimes called "line tonnage." Its amount may be determined by speed, distance sailed, or cargo capacity, or by contract between shipowner and Government, the latter setting a maximum above which payments

cannot go. Both plans generally provide that the vessels affected shall be manned in part at least by American citizens, shall carry the United States mails, and shall be at the disposal of the Government in time of war.

The plan embodied in the majority report of the Merchant Marine Commission, appointed by Congress in 1906 to investigate the shipping industry, was a composite one, providing both for a general tonnage bounty on all American ships in the foreign trade, and for lump-sum grants to ten special lines. The latter, or special subvention feature of the plan, is the one now urged the more vigorously by subsidy advocates, especially by those who believe that by building up an American ocean carrying trade we can increase our foreign commerce. Some of them, in fact, go so far as to say that the difference between a general and a special subsidy is one of purpose—the object of the former being to develop the overseas carrying trade, of the latter to develop foreign commerce.

What results, that will repay our financial outlay, can we expect from the adoption of a special subsidy policy? What will justify expending public money in building up American steamship lines, and by means of them an American carrying trade? Clearly, the carrying trade itself will not. Shipbuilders and shipowners, before the Merchant Marine Commission in 1906, estimated the cost of construction and operation as from 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. greater for the American than for the foreigner. Because of this handicap, imposed upon the American builder and owner by our industrial conditions, foreigners can carry our foreign commerce more cheaply than we. True, by overcoming this handicap by direct or indirect bonuses from the federal treasury, we can enable our shipowners to compete with foreigners. When we do this, however, we lose the amount of our bonus, without necessarily lowering rates on our goods. That where foreigners can produce commodities more cheaply than Americans, the latter save money by buying such goods where they are sold at the lowest price, is an economic truism applying to the production of transportation service as well as to the production of coffee or Swiss watches. By granting subsidies to enterprises otherwise unprofitable, and thereby encouraging American cap-

ital to enter them, we keep that capital out of enterprises which need no bounties. To make good their argument that a carrying trade of our own would save us three hundred millions yearly in foreign freights, therefore, subsidy advocates must prove that by saving this freight-money at one place we would not lose a great deal more money somewhere else in our national economy. As Professor Meeker of Princeton puts it, "If we pay Englishmen, Germans, or Norwegians ever so many millions of dollars for doing services which would cost us a great deal more if we performed them ourselves, there is nothing but economic gain in the transaction." (*Ship Subsidies*, 206.)

A great many subsidy advocates, however, are willing to forgo their claim that ship subsidies would save us foreign freight charges, in order, as noted above, to insist that in the coming struggle for the markets of the world an American merchant marine is such a necessary weapon that the federal Government must intervene in its behalf. Their argument reads substantially as follows: Our greatest commercial need is *new markets*; in obtaining these markets, the first step must be to establish direct and regular lines of transportation between America and the places where these new markets are being developed; to obtain such lines the Government, in order to overcome the foreign competitor's present advantage, must discriminate in favor of American ships. Following this logic another step, they demand that the Government subsidize steamship lines between the United States and the principal ports of the Orient, Africa, and South America. The primary object of such a measure, they say, would be not to "rehabilitate the merchant marine," but to increase our foreign trade, insure ourselves a market for our constantly increasing output of manufactures, and provide for our commercial future.

Now, that one of our greatest commercial needs is new markets, to replace the European fields which we are in constant danger of overworking, is undoubtedly true. It seems probable, as Secretary Nagel of the Department of Commerce and Labor has suggested, that our future growth in foreign trade must be chiefly in manufactured goods. For a place to sell such goods and buy raw products in return we must go to the newer industrial fields,

of which South America is for us the most conspicuous example. But that in order to obtain such markets we must pay bounties to an otherwise money-losing industry is another and vastly different conclusion. That, in our trade with South America and the Orient, we are not keeping the pace set by England and Germany may be true; but that this failure is due to lack of subsidized shipping remains unproved, and has little, aside from the assertions of those who "view with alarm" the fact that "the American flag has disappeared from the seas," to support it.

Its lack of more substantial foundation is shown first of all by the fact that since the Civil War, in spite of the admitted decline of the American shipping industry, the amount of our foreign commerce has steadily increased. The following statistics, covering our total imports and exports, the amounts carried by land and by sea, respectively, and the proportion of the overseas trade carried in American vessels, are sufficient to show that a prosperous foreign commerce by no means depends upon a prosperous overseas carrying trade:

Year Ended June 30	Total by Land & Sea	By Land Vehicles	By Sea	In Am. Vessels
1861	\$584,995,066	\$584,995,006	65.2
1865	604,412,996	604,412,996	27.7
1875	1,219,434,544	\$20,388,235	1,199,046,309	26.2
1885	1,319,717,084	45,332,775	1,274,384,309	15.3
1891	1,729,397,006	72,856,194	1,656,540,812	12.5
1896	1,662,331,612	96,666,204	1,565,665,408	12.0
1901	2,310,937,156	159,001,745	2,151,935,411	8.2
1906	2,970,426,946	280,412,387	2,690,014,559	12.0
1911	3,576,546,304	365,058,039	3,211,488,265	8.8

Nor is our export trade with the "new markets" our manufacturers are trying to develop in such condition as to demand or justify federal relief for our shipping industry. As a matter of fact, our trade with these countries, notably South America, already shows increase far beyond that which our commercial methods entitle us to expect. During the last ten years the yearly amounts of our exports to the Orient and South America have been as follows:

Year Ending June 30	Asia and Oceania	South America
1901	\$84,783,113	\$44,400,195
1902	98,202,118	38,043,617
1903	95,827,528	41,137,872
1904	92,002,028	50,755,027
1905	161,584,056	56,894,131
1906	140,593,361	75,159,781
1907	133,889,857	82,157,174
1908	148,574,047	83,583,919
1909	101,463,560	76,561,680
1910	111,751,900	93,246,820
1911	151,489,741	108,894,894
1912	189,398,148	132,310,451

In the Orient we are more than holding our own, and have surpassed the record set in 1905. In South America, where in the nature of things we should predominate, and where we must look for much of our hoped-for increase in export trade, our gains have on the whole been steady and consistent. Since 1901 the value of our exports to South America has practically trebled; in the year 1910-11 it increased about sixteen per cent.; in the year 1911-12 it increased more than twenty-one per cent. That this is not merely part of a general increase is clearly shown, also, by the fact that since 1901 our exports to the Orient have increased from 5.7 to 8.59 per cent., and our exports to South America from 2.98 to 6.0 per cent. of our total export trade. These facts do not mean that the increases have been altogether satisfactory, or that improvement of shipping facilities would not have made them still greater; but they do shed new light upon subsidy exponents' sweeping declaration that "failure to aid our shipping is ruining our export trade."

The truth is that while passenger and freight facilities between the United States and South America are not so good as between Europe and South America, this condition is an effect and not a cause of whatever trade sluggishness exists. The same is true of our trade with the Orient. This opinion our representatives in these countries most emphatically indorse. A single quotation from John Barrett will suffice: "The number of

freight vessels running from New York, for example, to all sections of Latin America, is sufficiently large, and their sailings are frequent enough, to take care of all the freight that is offered." Again: "Considering the east coast of South America, under which are comprehended Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, it can be noted that there are abundant freight facilities for all the business that is offered either way." (*Scientific American*, 105:46. July 15, 1911.)

The whole theory of special grants to shipping, for the sake of the trade expected therefrom, is wrong. It is a mere restatement of the doctrine that "trade follows the flag." Let American exporters obtain the trade, let them create a demand for their goods, and shipping facilities will not long be wanting. This is no less true of Oceania and other newly developed commercial fields, than experience has already shown it to be of South America. When Europe needed American goods, and Americans intelligently supplied European wants, transportation lines developed without governmental interference. Instead of attempting to develop steamship lines for the sake of export trade, it would be far more logical to reverse the process and develop export trade for the sake of steamship lines.

What must be our first step in obtaining these markets? "Obviously," says the exponent of subsidies, "the provision of a way to carry our goods—the establishment of direct steamship lines." Did it not ignore the real reasons for our failure fully and properly to develop these markets, this bland assertion would furnish the key to the whole situation. Why do England, Germany, France, and even Italy outsell us in South America? Why are the Germans our commercial superiors in many quarters of the Orient? Because they, better than we, understand what the South Americans and the Orientals want. Our first step must be, not to grant bounties to shipping lines, but to study the South American and Oriental markets, adopt commercial methods rationally adapted thereto, and gain a sane comprehension of the needs and desires of our hoped-for customers. At the Pan-American Commercial Congress held in February of last year, the thing most strongly emphasized was the American exporter's and manufacturer's failure to suit their wares to their customers. The

American attitude seems to be "There are the goods as our factory turns them out. If you don't want them that way, we can't—and won't—do business with you." True, in many ways the odds are against the American; but it is the conditions obtaining in the markets themselves, and our failure to meet these conditions as successfully as some of our European rivals, not lack of subsidized shipping, that are responsible for any failure of our exporters to "strike pay-dirt" in these rich commercial fields. The special agents of the Department of Commerce and Labor, sent to South America to investigate trade conditions there, report the following reasons for American lack of success: The peculiar conservatism of the South American market, and the tendency of the people to cling tenaciously to the goods to which they have been accustomed; the unwillingness of Americans to extend credits as freely as Europeans; European ability to produce cheap goods, inferior to American goods in quality, but better adapted to South American purses; American methods of packing goods for shipment; the spasmodic character of American enterprise, and the lack of permanent American investments; the personal tastes of South America's large foreign population; the limited number of American consuls and other commercial representatives; lack of American banks; above all, lack of attention to the thousand and one details and niceties which determine the buyer's choice of goods—failure to remember that the goods are being sold not in the United States but in South America.

In remedying these conditions, not in subsidizing our shipping, lies the secret of successful export trade. If our commercial progress in Asia and the islands of the Pacific lags behind that of our European competitors, the reasons are the same as in South America. The same is true wherever we fail to outsell Europeans. When we obtain the trade we shall have the ships, without postal aid, discriminating duties, Government shipping bounties, or free Panama canal tolls. To say that we must have the ships to obtain the trade, and buy them with money from the federal treasury, is, most emphatically, to get the cart where the horse ought to be.

Without considering the social and economic objections to

such discrimination in favor of an industry otherwise unprofitable, without speculating upon the danger of political corruption, or upon the practical certainty of foreign retaliation, it is plain that federal subsidies cannot restore the American merchant shipping, or give us back our lost carrying trade. Even if they could do so, so long as foreigners can carry goods more cheaply than we, the carriage of our own exports is no national gain. Finally, we cannot hope to increase our foreign trade, to grasp and develop the new markets our manufacturers need, to insure our commercial future, by ignoring ordinary business precautions in favor of a revised version of the doctrine that "trade follows the flag."

Development of foreign commerce must necessarily precede development of shipping. There can be no foreign commerce without shipping facilities; but to demand that the nation buy ships in the hope of developing trade with South America or the Orient is as unreasonable as to expect the owner of a department store to begin delivering goods before he has customers. When we remove the real causes of the slow development of our trade with these markets, we shall not have long to wait for adequate shipping facilities.

Our merchant shipping itself needs less, not more, governmental interference. For this we can provide by altering our navigation laws so as to permit American citizens to buy ships wherever they can obtain them the cheapest. Admit such ships to the American registry, and allow them to fly the American flag. Such a policy may not encourage shipbuilding, but if it be true, as some subventionists tell us, that our shipyards are a great part of the time empty and idle, then "free ships" will at least supply such yards with repair work. Such vessels will supply the national advertisement which some of our consuls say we need. Manned regardless of the nationality of their crews, they can escape part of the handicap of high American wages, and make shipowning once more a profitable American investment. By means of such American-owned vessels we can "put the American flag upon the high seas," and help to restore some of the lost glory of the American merchant marine.

PARENTHOOD AND THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

SETH K. HUMPHREY

IN its regulation of the individual, society makes progress by working backward from effect to cause. Beginning with simple repression of the offending citizen, with no inquiry into the reason for his offence, it has made its way downward through the various stages of citizenship in the making, undertaking successively the instruction of youth; the protection of childhood; the nurture of infants; the oversight of childbirth; and now, some communities impose conditions for expectant mothers.

With a growing appreciation of the advantage to be had in a good start, society, with its rules and regulations, has crept back almost to, but has never put its finger upon, the starting-point—parenthood. The business of citizen-making has developed a fine choice of methods, but no choice of material. Human material is still supplied at haphazard, as in the days of Moses.

Now comes the eugenist. Extolling intelligent environmental work as indispensable to racial development, he points out that, because parenthood is not made a part of betterment schemes, much of the effort to bring happiness to this generation is multiplying hereditary unfitness to plague the next.

For the first lesson in eugenics this important fact of heredity should be fixed in the mind: acquired characteristics, except in the comparatively rare cases of systemic poisoning, are not transmitted in any appreciable degree to the next generation. The child draws its inherent powers and limitations from only those characteristics of both parents which they in turn inherited; the traits which environment has impressed upon them—granting a normal state of health—are excluded from the child's inheritance.

Thus the social worker should know that, however he may succeed in suppressing the bad and developing the good traits in an individual, his efforts no more affect the traits which that individual is carrying in store for his offspring than they affect his fingernails, or the color of his eyes. To be sure, the re-

claimed person will be inclined to impress upon his child the same good influences which have been impressed upon him; in this sense, environmental effects survive the generation in hand. They go down to posterity so long as posterity passes them along. They are the essence of civilization, and each generation may add to them, or subtract from them—for better, or for worse. But the point is that acquired characteristics must be impressed upon each succeeding generation, or they lapse; while hereditary traits persist of themselves through the generations, quite unaffected by environment.

Equipped with the knowledge that no amount of environmental effort is going to rid the race of hereditary defects, the eugenist may well be genuinely alarmed by the fact that the rate of increase among the hereditarily unfit is out of all proportion to that of the normal population. The rise in fecundity with the drop in social worth is one of the appalling facts of society. It operates with mathematical sureness to depress the *average individual worth*,—and upon this, not upon numbers, the stability of society depends.

A careless optimism enables most of us to pass this sociological fact at every turn of the road without recognizing its true import. The swarms of noisy children in the slums, and the serene stillness in the abodes of the well-to-do, impress us as contrasts, not as conditions equally threatening the social order. The woman with a worthless husband who comes in on "scrubbing-day" may enlist our sympathy because of her six children, but our minds stop short of projecting upon future generations those six children of a degenerate man, as against our own two, or one, or none. Yet his children, and theirs again, doubtless will be as prolific as he, and ours as unproductive as we. And so it is with incapables generally,—we pity, we aid, but we mentally detach them as of no account in the social structure, whereas they are among the chief builders of it. The significance of the one function in which they excel is lost to the casual observer in their noisome lack of excellence in every other respect, but it is impressed mightily upon dispensaries, almshouses, State institutions, maternity hospitals, rescue homes, and charitable organizations. The International Eugenics Congress, recently held in

London, thus voiced the situation: "The fertility of the helpless is alarming; the procreation of their kind seems to be their only industry."

Every civilization since the world began has gone down before the disintegrating effect of the disproportionate increase of the unfit, the incapable and the mediocre. And now, the situation in England moves her distinguished eugenist, Doctor Saleeby, to say: "I am of nothing more certain than that the choice for Great Britain to-day is between national eugenics and the fate of all her imperial predecessors from Babylon to Spain."

In the United States there are now nearly a million in public institutions, while a careful survey indicates at least three millions more, incapable of self-support, who are more or less looked after privately. Thus, about four per cent. of the population is already negative, a dead load upon society. And the significant point is that a very high proportion of this anti-social multitude is recruited, not from the normal population as is often carelessly assumed, but from its own progeny, and its rapid increase is mainly chargeable to its extraordinary capacity to reproduce. Once we have come to regard the defective class as a self-perpetuating body, the natural method of elimination will surprise us by its obviousness.

Nature, when left to her own devices, maintains the vigor of a species by ruthless destruction of the unfit. She reproduces lavishly, but only the most alert escape the perils of infancy, and swift death overtakes the decrepit. The fit survive to perpetuate the species. Man alone reverses the process of natural selection. The fitter he is to become the father of the race, the more he evades the responsibility, and the greater is his zeal in assisting the less fit to produce the bulk of the next generation. Excepting the few institutions which *permanently segregate* a small percentage of the incapables, nearly all our modern humanitarian devices serve not only to perpetuate the hereditarily unfit whom nature would destroy, but also to facilitate their reproduction. And yet, the eugenist rightly hails all intelligent social work as vital and necessary parts of the eugenic programme. Not one backward step would he take. But he sees disaster in thus discarding nature's rough scheme for maintaining a safe balance of

fitness, without at the same time providing a substitute scheme. Our folly is not at all in saving a greater proportion of the babies born, but in not seeing to it that a greater proportion of the babies born are worth saving.

This puts us squarely upon the starting-point of all race improvement and race deterioration—parenthood. While the greater work of eugenics—and, indeed, the only hope for actual race *improvement*—lies in a wholesale promotion of a better parenthood among the fit, the more immediate and desperate necessity is to rid the race of its paralyzing inheritance of unfitness by denying parenthood to the hereditarily unfit. A rigid enforcement of this prohibition throughout the lifetime of one single generation would lift three-quarters of the load of incapables from the generations following. Of course, our finite knowledge of nature's workings makes rigidity of action unthinkable, and completeness of result out of question; but it is enough to-day to take us well along in the great work of race *preservation*.

What are the means available for preventing parenthood? There are two,—segregation, and sterilization. Those who think there is a third,—denial of marriage,—have slim acquaintance with incapables.

Segregation of the feeble-minded and insane as a means for giving them proper care has been practised for generations, but the consequent denial of parenthood has been, at least until recently, merely an incident of their confinement, not the object of it. Few realize how pitifully inadequate is society's protection of the feeble-minded. The New York State Board of Charities says in its last report:

"There are about 30,000 feeble-minded persons in the State of New York, of whom 4,000 are intermittently sequestered, while 26,000, who are a menace to society, are at liberty and may reproduce the unfit."

Then follows a chart of one pair of these "at liberty," showing eleven offspring, *one* of whom, a daughter, gave birth to ten children. The fertility of the others is not shown. Every one surviving of those twenty-one children was feeble-minded.

Massachusetts finds room in her institutions for, possibly, one

out of five or six of her miserables. She turns away two-thirds of those driven by pitiful necessity to seek her protection. Says the last Trustee's report:

"We have been obliged to refuse a very large number of applicants for the admission of feeble-minded women—many of whom have given birth to one or more children . . . The prolific progeny of these women almost without exception are public charges from the date of their birth."

Conditions do not flatter our social intelligence. The helplessly idiotic and the insane are fairly taken care of, but the numerous class variously known as "high-grade imbecile," "defective delinquent," "moron," "borderliner," is left in the community,—the man, shifty, alcoholic, thieving, unworkable, habitually in jail; the woman, with enough wit to make a dissolute living but not enough wit to avoid child-bearing,—the prolific mother of incapables,—what of her? Medical science and charity await her call with everything needful to make her irresponsibility complete. Society does its very best for her at the particular moment when she is doing her very worst for society,—then turns her adrift again, because "she can take care of herself!" The records show many of these women returning to leave their bits of defective humanity, not merely once, but three, four, five, and as many as *fourteen* times.

It is universally conceded that a high proportion of habitual criminals, paupers, prostitutes, vagrants, and incapables generally, are mentally defective; that feeble-mindedness is the key-stone of the whole miserable arch; that of all characteristics it is the most certain in its heredity, yielding a self-perpetuating, self-increasing army of miserables. In the face of these facts, our civilized communities may as well dispense with soft excuses and admit that the slipshod handling of the feeble-minded approaches criminal stupidity.

We need wholly to reverse our view as to which is the defective's greater offence,—making a social burden of himself, or leaving six behind him to become social burdens. As we succeed in learning that irresponsibles cannot be punished into a state of responsibility, our eternal penalizing of them will give place to sustained and sympathetic care. But their procreating

with our "God speed you" will cease. Some day we will follow up and isolate the carriers of mental defect for the same reason that we now follow up and isolate the carriers of small-pox or the plague. The sum of human misery in this country due to every contagious disease is not one-tenth that entailed by inherited mental defect.

Adequate treatment of the situation by segregation alone would require, at least, a five-fold increase of institutional facilities. But it is conceivable that a large number, whose chief social menace is their capacity for parenthood, might safely be at large, if rendered sterile. This method of denying parenthood is being widely discussed, both in this country and Europe. Vasectomy, the comparatively new operation for men, is attended by no danger, only a day's inconvenience, and entails no nervous disturbance, or constitutional change other than the one sought. The operation for women, though less simple, is similar in its effects. Eight States have enacted sterilization laws, and others are considering the problem.

In this eagerness to take up with a new remedy, the older and more natural method, segregation, seems to have been lost sight of. The chief difficulty with the laws enacted, paradoxical as it may seem, is that they make sterilization compulsory. A deep-seated prejudice in the public mind against enforced mutilation of the body certainly will militate against their effective enforcement. Officials generally in the several States are too fearful of criticism even to make a beginning. In this connection the experience in Indiana is of the greatest significance. For several years vasectomy has been practised in one of her institutions, but *without* compulsion; every one of nearly 800 men and boys operated upon submitted voluntarily. In this general willingness of the unfortunates to have their miseries ended with themselves is contained the suggestion that sterilization should *always* be voluntary; that, instead of a *sterilization* law, there might better be a law, embodying both methods. Let it forbid compulsory sterilization, but to those among the unfit who may be safely at large, offer the choice between sterilization with liberty, and segregation; and impose segregation upon the remainder, without sterilization. In this manner the benefits of

sterilization could be secured without so much as touching the question of enforced mutilation. Indiana's experience indicates that the incapables to whom it should be offered would quite generally regard it as a trifling penalty to pay for liberty.

Of the two methods, segregation is unquestionably the more desirable, from the viewpoint of society's welfare. With some show of reason its advocates ask: Why should we strive to rid future generations of the socially unfit, and ourselves endure their contaminating presence? But there is this vital difference: with us, the unfit are living human beings, entitled to our consideration as unfortunates, while the hope for the future is that their kind shall not have been born. Denial of parenthood by segregation alone, on a scale to be at all effective, would compel a wholesale deprivation of liberty that could not hope for public approval. No matter how pleasant, how devoid of stigma, their confinement might be made, nor how greatly improved their condition of living, a persistently unthinking public would not get far beyond the view that next to the supreme penalty was being visited upon men and women who have always been regarded as fairly tolerable in the community. With this view the more intelligent of those confined would heartily concur.

A discreet offering of the choice of methods would tend to allay prejudices against both. Once the vital necessity for denying parenthood to the unfit is recognized, there need be no battle over methods. Doubtless public opinion would at first incline toward a quite free offering of sterile liberty. Permanently segregated would be only those with unfitness so apparent and menacing as to make them dangerous to public peace and morals. Into this class, for obvious reasons, a large proportion of women unfortunates *should* fall, but it is doubtful whether public opinion would at first acquiesce in denying them a childless freedom. The segregation method would gain favor only as those released demonstrated their unfitness for liberty. Both methods should be allowed to work their own way into public opinion,—the danger in forcing a contest between methods would lie in falling between them and administering neither.

The prime essential is a public convinced that hereditary defectiveness is our most awful social burden, and that it is in

large measure preventable. There is no need, at first, for strict definitions. A parenthood law should not attempt to be specific; rather, it should broadly cover hereditary unfitness, not with the expectation of at once reaching all whom it should reach, but to admit of increasing its scope as our knowledge increases and popular approval is won. Public opinion and official inertia may be counted upon to keep its application well within reasonable limits.

In this new field of effort, as in its earlier undertakings with the individual, society doubtless will work backward to fundamentals. The parenthood idea will have gained a start when every person under institutional care is examined with regard to fitness for parenthood before liberty is granted; it will have materially progressed when the examination is extended to the army of "repeaters"—alcoholics, prostitutes, petty criminals, unworkables—whose incessant delinquencies engage four-fifths of all corrective and charitable effort; but it will not have arrived at the beginning until an unobtrusive scrutiny of *all children* under the age of puberty singles out those whose characteristics suggest a study of their history and antecedents for hereditary defect. So instinctive is the propensity of defectives to reproduce that the really preventative work must begin with childhood. It might end there, did not our imperfect knowledge of heredity preclude, in many cases, an early forecast of unfitness for parenthood. Much hereditary defectiveness which cannot be recognized in childhood demonstrates itself in the Juvenile Court; but delinquency must never be mistaken for hereditary defect, and a proper caution will compel the search for unfit parenthood at every stage of life.

And may Heaven preserve us from an unfeeling dogmatism in this business of dealing with those who have fared so poorly in their heritage. A fitting sense of man's crude understanding of his fellowman will leave the work forever incomplete. But in some measure to end with unfortunates now living defective traits which have come down, perhaps, through countless generations; to lessen misery born of misery again and again; this is the alluring prospect in the new field of social endeavor. What better thing can we do for these who are to come after us?

MARY

VICTOR STARBUCK

WHERE the red lights flare and gleam,
Lotos buds on poisoned stream,
Like the siren of a dream
Waiteth Mary.

Where the human eddies ebb
There she spins her shining web—
Shameless Mary.

Under doorways gloomy-dim
Doth she spread her snare for him—
Lips that burn and eyes that swim—
Painted Mary.

Ah, the tainted, tortured flesh,
Caught, thyself, within the mesh,
Pallid Mary!

Yea, but whom awaitest thou?
Tender eyes and pitying brow—
Hopest He will greet thee now,
Friendless Mary?

He who touched the Magdalene,
Made her stainless, white and clean,
Blessed Mary?

Nay, but He was bruised and torn,
Done to death by hands of scorn,
Scourge and cross and crown of thorn,
Lonely Mary.

He, rejected and despised,
Shamed, like thee, and sacrificed,
Pitied Mary.

Those who seek thee pity not;
When their passion is forgot
Leave thee here to waste and rot,
 Hapless Mary.

Honestly thy price they pay,
Take their pleasure, go their way—
What art thou to such as they,
 Hopeless Mary?

A NATION IN IRELAND

DARRELL FIGGIS

II

The Times of Prosperity

IT is one of the most difficult tasks in historical perspective to see, and justly to emphasize, the place that Ireland once held in the polity of the nations. In spite of the fact that the historian, in older days, took high honor among her people, Ireland at the moment entirely lacks her national history. It has been thwarted because that of which it speaks, her national life, has first been thwarted; and also because the historian, the brehon and the poet, as the custodians of the honor of the national life—or, as Bacon characteristically called them, “their poets or heralds that enchant them in savage manners and sundry other such dregs of barbarism and rebellion”—were deliberately stamped out by the oppressor. So successful has this been that, until the last few years, the national point of view, an indispensable agent in the writing of history, has entirely been lost. The historians of epochs of her life have almost invariably been historians of the point of view of the Pale, with the result that Irish history has become no more than a backwater of English history. And those periods when England did not come into the field, and when Ireland held a distinguished traffic with other nations, have been sedulously avoided.

Some of the simplest examples may be given, taken from Ireland's contact with her nearest neighbors. In few school-histories is it taught, and in fewer more dignified histories is it recorded, that the inhabitants of Erin were known as Scots, and that the country now known as Scotland received that name because of the large number of colonists from the mother-land of Ireland. But it is faithfully recorded in most English histories that England was first evangelized in a certain year by St. Augustine. In the first place it may be said that to speak in that sense of England is after all only a pleasing fallacy. The Jutes

in Kent were so evangelized; but they had little more to do with the other peoples in the other parts of the island than to make war on such of them as they could reach. Yet, if the geographical fallacy be conceded, the record is an untrue one. The geographical borders of present England were first evangelized, not from Rome, but from Ireland: from the Irish missionaries of Iona, who preached in Northumbria, who founded monasteries and schools there, and from whom the English poet Cædmon received his education and his inspiration. The Irish Church was, virtually, independent of the Roman See; and it was for some time in the balances whether ecclesiastical England would be governed from Ireland or from Rome.

The enthusiasm of Englishmen for England has been lauded as a virtue, whereas the enthusiasm of Irishmen for Ireland has been denounced, with pathetic ingenuousness, as a vice. Nevertheless, during the past few years, some historians have arisen to regard Irish history from the Irish point of view: they have resumed the old tradition of Celtic learning and national concern, at the cost of much bitter hostility; and it is becoming possible to see the noteworthy part that Ireland once played in the polity of nations, and to discover her greatness, even in the days when needy adventurers from England laid waste her borders.

When Christianity was brought to Ireland it was not brought, as with other nations evangelized about the same time, to a country where it also meant the advent of culture and learning; and therefore it did not produce any violent breaking away from the past. The life of the nation was not greatly altered: the spirit of the people remained the same, with only a change in the terms of its self-expression. The literature of the people shows this very clearly. The poets before the coming of Christianity praised nature with understanding and love; and the poets in Christian times, whether priests or bards, continued to do so in the same spirit. The arts and learning, similarly, were not altered; they were merely expanded; for the priests neither created them nor monopolized their practice, but rather joined themselves to the artists and scholars that already existed. In few of the poets is there heard that false piety, that denial of natural beauty, that fierce desire to mortify healthy desires, that

are heard elsewhere, and that betoken the life of a nation being turned from its apt direction. Under such a king as Ollamh Fodla (he who established the Feis of Tara) in the vague years before the Christian era, or such a man as Comac mac Art (A.D. 245), culture had necessarily received a notable impetus: an impetus for which its polity, with the emphasis on the arts and learning, was naturally fitted. And that this culture must have had its influence beyond the national borders, is certain. The very name given to Niall of the Nine Hostages (A.D. 358) implies so much. Moreover Tacitus speaks of trade with Ireland by the merchants of Eastern Europe; and Ptolemy of Alexandria tells of its harbors, its ports and its tribes.

Indeed the position of the island was favorable for this. The centre of the world power then was in the Mediterranean, and, whereas its military conquest would proceed best by land, its trade would best be carried by water. That is to say, that whereas the conquest of Ireland would proceed by way of England (implying a previous conquest there) Ireland would yet lie in the immediate track of trade directly it cleared the Mediterranean. And this was what, in the event, happened. Ireland was never brought into subjection by any of the ambitious empires of the world, although, together with Cornwall, which also shared the geographical advantage, it was brought within the area of a gentler interchange by the intermediary of trade.

Thus, in the centuries before the Danish inroads, culture was so active in Ireland, and so well organized, that it spread abroad to influence other peoples along the natural routes thus provided. In the year 574 A.D. Dallan Forgaill, the chief poet of Ireland, devised a scheme for the reorganization of public education. A central college was provided for each of the five provinces, and minor colleges were apportioned to each tuath. They were endowed with lands; and the education provided in them was free to all, with a range that did not fail in completeness. In languages the native Irish and Latin were chiefly studied, while Greek held a place second to them; geography, "synchronisms," history, arithmetic, law and poetry, were taught, together with the range of philosophy, in a course that was laid out to continue for twelve years, each year having its prescribed discipline. Besides

these schools there were the professional schools, for the training of poets, brehons, doctors, musicians, and historians, under private ownership. There were also the monastic schools, that were free for laymen as well as for intending churchmen, where "Gaelic grammar and literature, history, arithmetic, astronomy, geometry and music" were taught, as well as the stricter ecclesiastical course. Nor were these last always under churchmen. Poets and others on occasion took control. Those who won distinction in these schools were held in high honor by the people, and had varying privileges apportioned to them, in accordance with their rank in learning, by the stipulations of the Brehon laws. The highest in rank, the ollave, sat next to the King, and could extend sanctuary over fugitives.

During these four centuries or so, between the coming of Christianity and the beginning of the Scandinavian raids, Ireland was unquestionably the most cultured and learned nation in Europe, and was spoken of as the Island of Saints and Scholars, *Insula sanctorum et doctorum*. She carried her learning and culture abroad. She evangelized England. Her monks and scholars, by direct trade-ways, crossed to France and Spain, travelled all over Europe crying their free wares, struck north to the Frisian Sea and east to Thrace, until it was said that the only speakers of Greek on the Continent were either Irishmen or the students of Irish travelling scholars. They began a revival of learning in all places where they went. We have seen that Cædmon, who may perhaps be called the beginner of English non-bardic poetry, received his instruction in one of the schools so established. Charlemagne helped them to establish others; and indications of their wanderings may be traced through France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy; while they were even before the Norwegians in Iceland, having, doubtless, been pushed up thitherwards by way of their colonization of Scotland (Alba, more strictly) and the Hebrides.

It was unlikely that scholars should bear learning abroad in this way without attracting many to their own island. And, indeed, as we know both from direct references and by the provisions in the Brehon laws for the responsibility of foreign students, the schools and colleges in Ireland extended their

hospitality to many strangers, from the countries of Europe and even from Egypt. In the civil economy of the Brehon system fosterage and gossiprede were much in favor: parents would foster their children with those who undertook their care, and to whom they owed certain dues. Indeed, it was largely owing to this that strangers in the land were so rapidly drawn into the life of the nation. And those children who came into the national schools were fostered by the responsible head of the school. He was not responsible for any misdeeds of his other scholars, but for the children of foreigners he was responsible since they were his foster-children. The chief of these came from England: "in fleet-loads," as Aldheim the bishop of Sherborne declared.

How truly this culture must have been drawn into the national life may be seen from the fact that, whether the schools were lay or ecclesiastical, they were based on the tribal organization of the nation.* The culture was not a thing remote from the life of the people; it was not, it could not have been, the expression of a cult that had little interest for the national life, and which the people therefore regarded with carelessness or hostility, such as prevails in modern distinctions of philistine and bohemian. Each tuath had its school, that was maintained out of the tribal lands; and each province had its college. In fact it is inconceivable that a zeal for learning so distinguished could have come out of any other system. Culture, and distinction in the arts and refinements of life, have always been the prerogative of small units of people: huge areas, and large populations, especially with centralized governments, invariably are unlettered and crude in the perception of the graces and distinctions of life.

As the lay schools were, so were the ecclesiastical; for the ecclesiastical system gained its flexibility, and its identity with the nation's life, by being based on the tribal organization. It may be more truly said that it was kneaded into the tribal organization, having no separate system. Each tribe had its bishop, who was an indispensable part of the court of the tribal chief. Monasteries were under the spiritual direction of such a bishop;

*See the first of these articles, *The Ancient Polity*, in the March *Forum*.

who were even elected on the same principle that stood for the choice of chiefs and kings. And in this way the ecclesiastical schools became as much an expression of general culture as the lay schools. From the very necessity of the system the whole people were entitled to share in the fame that Ireland won in other lands for learning and for culture.

Such was the state in the years before the Scandinavians swept down from the northern seas. Keeping the open fairway of the Atlantic on the great arc of their journey round from Norway to the Mediterranean, they were not slow to discover the excellent harbors and inlets on the west coast of the island. Moreover, since they were freebooters and not traders, the trade-way that existed there served their turn well. They burst in and robbed church and monastery of the rich stores housed there, whether relics or works of art. They pillaged and harassed the coast; sent raiding parties inland; ravaging everywhere. They swept round the east coast of the island too, between Ireland and England; and on one side and the other, established settlements for themselves. Dublin, Wexford, Waterford and Limerick were the chief of these; in them the settlements continued long after the Scandinavian power had finally been destroyed, and provided the first foothold for subsequent invasions of the foreigner.

Yet, though they destroyed the safety of the trade-way, and carried destruction along the shore, they gained no permanent foothold, except in the four strongholds already mentioned. Wherever else they settled, they were soon drawn into the national life, and, in a generation or so, they could not be distinguished from the original population. This has always been so with settlers in Ireland. In the later days of the English invasion much of the bitter oppression dealt out to the Irish was chiefly owing to this,—that the English settlers were so rapidly drawn into the national life, adopting its language, its culture, its dress, and desiring its legal system. And with the Scandinavians the same thing happened. The very nature of the tribal system, each with its separate entity that subscribed to a larger entity above it, together with the practices of fosterage and gossiprede, soon sucked the foreigner into the stream of nationality.

Moreover, continual war was waged on strongholds. And when finally, under the great Brian Boru, the Scandinavian power was utterly and absolutely broken in the great battle of Clontarf, the last danger was removed of Ireland being brought within the limits of an imperial system. Both the Roman and the Scandinavian empires had extended their sway over England; but they both failed at the threshold of Irish territory. Yet all along the coasts the memory remained of the seaworthy ships that the Scandinavians had brought with them, and of the larger and bolder ventures that these permitted for trade.

The death of Brian Boru at the battle of Clontarf was a calamity indeed. During his reign Ireland had known a peace and high order that would have been remarkable in any nation at any time of history, that in point of fact, is almost unique in history, but which is all the more remarkable when it is contrasted with the disorder and strife that characterized the whole of the so-called civilized world at that time. It was concerning this time that the tale arose that Moore celebrated in his poem, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore." It was said that a lady, beautiful, richly caparisoned, and with a priceless gem showing on her wand, traversed the length of the country without molestation. Brian had re-established the churches and schools that had been ravaged by the Scandinavians; built fortresses about the country to insure better safety; severely repressed the lawlessness that is the inevitable concomitant of invasion; given special care to the revival of culture; and procured such quietness and peaceful activity, in the arts and in the business of trade, through the whole land, that he became celebrated in song as the wisest and most powerful of the kings of Ireland.

But his death brought certain trouble in its train. For he had broken the succession. For centuries the High-Kings had been elected from one clan, the Hy Neill: from either the northern or southern division of it, and latterly from one and the other alternately. But Brian was a Dalcassian; and had wrested the High-Kingship from Malachi II by superior might. Therefore, on his death, not only was there the opportunity lost of consolidating the results of the victory of Clontarf, but the

High-Kingly election was thrown into disorder. For the century succeeding, until the invasion of the Norman adventurers, contentions between kings of provinces, and kings of amalgamations of tuaths, were the order of the day. Indeed, it was owing to the injury done to one of these kings that, at his invitation, the Norman barons first conceived the idea of invasion.

It is not necessary to deprecate this internecine strife in order to protest against the unnecessary emphasis that has been put upon it in the interests of the Pale. It was deplorable enough; and destructive enough: that is a thing past all question. But when some historians outline its details with much emphasis, in order to lead to the prepared conclusion that the coming of a few Norman adventurers was necessary for the achievement of good government, it is a different matter. One would almost imagine that the Normans came in order to procure good government, and not because they were needy adventurers desirous of reimbursing their failing purses. The simple truth is that Ireland during these years only lapsed into the same unruly state that then afflicted all Europe; and of which, in the Western end of Europe, the Normans themselves were the chief agents. That this simple fact in comparative history should have been obscured is only added proof that Ireland needs her historian.

Yet the Normans not only failed to bring good government: they added strife to strife. They did so by the mere fact of their presence; and also by the even less desirable method of setting chief against chief in order to advance their own financial interests. When the philosophic Bacon of Elizabethan times advanced it as "her princely policy" toward the Irish people "to weaken them . . . by division and disunion of the heads," he only stated unequivocally what had always more or less been the guiding policy of the intruder. The recital of the course of this belongs to a subsequent essay; in the immediate concern it is enough to say that their strife, fomenting of strife, and subtle oppression became such, so utterly destroyed the security and health of national life, that the Irish chiefs under the leadership of Domnal O'Niall, King of Ulster, and of the family from which the old High-Kings had been chosen, invited

Edward Bruce of Scotland to their assistance. They did so in an orderly fashion; they framed a dignified letter to the Pope, outlining their grievances, and saying that they summoned Bruce inasmuch as he was a descendant of their old kings.

Edward Bruce came: with results that were somewhat curious. He certainly made his name to be feared among the invaders, for he scarcely lost a fight; and as a result of his victories the Irish rose up independently in all places and defeated the garrison armies. But his method of campaign was such that he imposed almost as great hardships on those whom he had come to succor as on those whom he had come to attack. He burned and ravaged the country in all directions. By this method he almost exterminated the English colonists in many districts; but he also inflicted great hardships on the Irish. He even reduced himself to impotency, since it became impossible to lead armies through a barren country.

When therefore the English at last defeated his army, in a battle where Bruce himself fell, the position was an interesting one. The English power was so far shaken that it was ineffectual for some centuries. Yet the Irish, too, were afflicted as a result of the ruinous campaigns. A kind of purge had been effected; where the obstruction had been removed, with a good deal else besides. It now fell to the nation to build itself up again. And it could only do so in one way: by consolidating itself severely on the basis of its formation into tuaths.

Ever since the old times, through the Danish ravages, through the inter-territorial contention of the chiefs after the battle of Clontarf, through the troubles of the Norman invasion, the tribal life had continued vigorously, as the national life of the people. It had changed in some of its details from the principles of the old polity, particularly under the influence of the Norman invasion. A freeholder's contribution for the maintenance of his chief's dignities was now considered in the form of a rental; yet that this did not mean rental as the idea was elsewhere conceived is evident from the fact that the freeholder's tenure was secure whereas the chief's office was not. The chief could not remove a man from his holding, while it was possible for the tuath to depose him from his chiefdom. The land was

still held as in the possession of the tribe, which elected its chief freely by the method of tanistry. But, as a result of the continual unrest, a greater nobility was procured. A man could not be deposed from his holding; but he could resign it at the end of the year, and journey elsewhere. Though the chief held his allotment of lands for the maintenance of his dignities as from the tribe, while the tribe remained in possession of the tribal lands, a man was not now, as formerly, a fixed member of a tuath. Other adaptations and changes there were, as well; but the principle, and the general execution of the principle, remained the same. The English commissioners liked to speak of these principles as barbarous and uncivilized, because they were strongholds of national feeling, and also because they admitted the common rights of man. Davis, for example, declared that the Irish lived "as brute beasts holding all things in common" (which reads quaintly now, as an index of Davis's mind!). But the English settlers did not confirm this opinion. They became, from the Pale point of view, "degenerate English," "more Irish than the Irish themselves." They took the Irish dress, spoke Gaelic, desired the Brehon laws, and fostered and gossiped with the peoples of the tribes they joined. The descendants of the Norman adventurers, the de Burgos and the Geraldines, forswore English ways; and when some of them were summoned later to a parliament at Dublin, they had to have English translated to them.

Not only, however, had the old polity continued: the life it expressed had continued also. In the midst of warfare culture and learning held a foremost place in the tribal life. The poet and scholar were at all times held in first honor. Even in the seventh century, when England had harried the schools, ruined the libraries, and broken up the national life, with all that supported it, in the fixed determination to uproot a rival nation, Campion had still to admit that the Irish were "lovers of music, poetry, and all kinds of learning," that "they were sharp-witted, lovers of learning, capable of any study to which they bend themselves." In the same century Samuel Butler wrote in *Hudibras*: "As learned as the wild Irish are." And such had been the testimony of all those who visited Ireland, even though

it might have taken the form of depreciation, as it did in Spenser. Scholars had travelled abroad with their learning even in the early half of the thirteenth century, when the warfare and unrest consequent upon the invasion was at its height; and students still came from other lands to join the native scholars.

So that when a revival took place in all the various tuaths, a new retrenchment and upbuilding, the schools and colleges at once felt the effect. If the chronological course of the national poetry be surveyed, it is possible to detect this new spirit—coming before the fierce and wild laments that trail through it when all this fair upspringing of life is taken in hand to be destroyed. Moreover, the charm of this new revival of learning fell upon the English colonists as well, and was one of the influences that subdued them to the national spirit.

The same subjects were studied as formerly, showing that the curriculum of the schools had remained unchanged. Greek seems to have fallen out of use; but Latin remained the next study to Irish. Every man of any position, and educated women as well, were supposed to be familiar with it. "They speak Latin like a vulgar language," wrote Campion, "learned in their common schools of leechcraft and law, whereat they begin children and hold on sixteen or twenty years, conning by rote the Aphorisms of Hippocrates and the Pandects of Justinian."

All this was firmly embedded in the tuathal life because it had ever been an integral part of it; but it now embraced all the extraneous elements that were rapidly being drawn into the national life. Irish chiefs had always maintained men of learning, poets and brehons on terms of equality with themselves, without whose presence, indeed, their courts were open to shame; but now the descendants of the Norman invaders, the Anglo-Irish Lords, became as enthusiastic for this learning as the Irish themselves. "A chief does not grant speech save to four," ran an old Irish saying: "a poet for satire or praise, a chronicler of good memory for narration and story-telling, a judge for giving judgments, an historian for ancient lore"; and the Anglo-Irish lords took the same honor to themselves—to the considerable indignation of the authorities of the Pale.

From, roughly, the end of the Bruce campaign until the six-

teenth century this revival continued: slowly at first, but gathering impetus as time went forward. That is to say, the national life was revived, and, on the basis of the tribal economy, it manifested itself as it had in its earlier times of prosperity, in the advancement of the arts and learning. Women like Margaret O'Conor and the daughter of MacWilliam of Clanrickard, entertained the colleges of professional men and the schools in great festivals. The poets preserved the old honor, the historians recited and recorded the old chronicles, and the brehons kept intact the old civil economy, the records and due dignities of the clans; and so did the spirit flow that it invaded the very Pale itself, so that, to the perturbation of the sixteenth century Stanhurst, "the Irish tongue was universally gaggled in the English Pale."

Yet, as has been said, this was not confined to Ireland. Irish culture has ever been cosmopolitan; it has never been merely insular. Its exponents and scholars went to England and to the Continent: to the Continent rather than to England, since Ireland's natural intercourse lay thus. Her trade-routes themselves lay thus. Concurrently with this revival in the tribal life, trades also had revived. And even as the tribal life, in its revival, shaped itself on the old polity, embracing within it the strangers that had come into the land, so the trade took the old routes, and was cultivated by the Irish together with the English, Spaniards and others who settled in the land and were drawn into its life. "The foreigners," said an Irish writer in the fourteenth century, "had given up their foreignness for a pure mind, their surliness for good manners, and their stubbornness for sweet mildness, and they had given up their perverseness for hospitality." The natural trade intercourse had been with France, Spain and the Mediterranean; and it continued to be so. On occasion, Chester, wishing to send messengers to Spain, found it more convenient to send them to Ireland, and so through the Irish trade with that country. So many of the Spanish indeed were brought to Galway by its trade that to this hour Spanish names and types may be found in its streets.

It is impossible to give any details in such an essay as this of what this revival in trade meant. Most of the towns either

had, or soon procured, close corporations, and in their charters they were at liberty to elect "kings." Their intercourse with the various tribes, and the part they played in the revival of crafts and industries, are a study in themselves. Cloths, particularly, of all kinds, and rare metal-work, were carried widely, finding welcome markets in France and the Netherlands. Galway herself traded as far as the Levant and the Canaries; and such was her trade that (as her excellent harbor at this day is sufficient to testify) she was one of the foremost ports in the British Isles in the fifteenth century. All the way down the west coast, from Sligo, Galway, Limerick and the inlets of Munster, along the south coast, from Baltimore, Kinsale, Youghal, Dungarvan and Waterford, and up the east coast, from Wexford, Dublin, Drogheda and Dundalk, an active trade was engaged in, chiefly with the Continent, but largely with England also. The prosperity this meant was reflected in the life of the people. Special jurisdiction had to be exercised by the brehons to control the wages of craftsmen and laborers, such was the competition for their work. And when the people went abroad they were richly dressed; and of "their own most delightful and beloved country" (as an English writer at one time spoke of Ireland) it could be said that there was, despite continual restrictions imposed upon them by the English Government, prosperity in the land. Culture was ranked highly, scholarship esteemed and engaged in, the crafts found favor, and trade was prosperous. There was much warfare and unrest, to be sure, but these things held their way nevertheless.

Yet there is a reverse to the medal. These things made the land one "meet for the English to inhabit." Moreover, English traders and craftsmen complained of the success of the Irish, while English commissioners found that the culture and learning bred a spirit of patriotism that they viewed with much disfavor. Therefore they had to be uprooted and destroyed. But the course of this is a separate matter.*

* The next paper will be *The Day of Oppression*.

UNRECORDED

EDWARD GOODMAN

WE were talking of her and him, and their story, so far as the woman knew it.

"Don't tell me," said the woman, who had been her friend—before. "She may be a fine specimen of pianist. But I can't forget what she did. She is a pretty poor specimen of woman."

"But it is just what she did," I pleaded, "that was really noble and brave. She is truly a heroine—if you only knew."

"Oh, I know," the woman replied. "He told me all about it. And after that—I couldn't remain her friend. You were *his* friend, too—and I don't see how you can excuse her. She was a cad. Don't tell me."

So I didn't tell her. I merely sighed. Of course I had been his friend. It had happened that I was very intimate with them both. That is why, though I sighed for the misunderstanding, I had also to smile at the thought of excusing her. Excuse her, forsooth! Excuse her for bravely facing ignominy, contempt and hatred, for running even the danger of being physically harmed, and for doing this fearlessly and unflinchingly for the sake of the right. Because of her deed she was considered a cad. He hated her. This former friend held her in contempt. And for what she did there was not even the compensation of having her heroism recorded. History will know nothing of her story. The woman said, "Don't tell me."

And I didn't tell her, then. But I will, now.

When it began, she was not an extraordinary girl. She had been educated abroad as many other girls of her station. There was one particular teacher she had told me of, who had lived and was able to impart some of that living. But there is usually at least one of these in every school. The most they can do is to plough the ground. What will grow therefrom depends on the seeds to be planted later. Otherwise, this girl was much like the rest. In her school she had been introduced to the arts rather

than the sciences; her body and her manners had been cared for. She emerged, eighteen, healthy, with a certain sensitivity to things beautiful, a nice knowledge of how to comport herself under ordinary conditions, yet completely ignorant of the problems of the world in which she was to live. Besides, she was good to look at. Though small, she was lithe and graceful, and she had learned how to dress herself well. Her dark brown hair, eyes and skin had all one other quality in common—softness; and her voice partook of that too. She was not particularly handsome, but there was just that touch of the different about her face that is even more attractive. Doubtless it was her eyes that did it. They were large and velvety—at that time nothing deeper than the softness of a gentle nature was in them—but they possessed certain lines of elongation and slant that suggested the Japanese. And thus equipped she left the seclusion of a school in the high mountains and entered into the seclusion of “society” life.

And it was there that she met him—or rather, met him again. He had known her as a romping girl before he had gone away. They had been rather close boy and girl comrades then. And he was interested to see what she had been made. Perhaps that was why she drew closer to him than to the others. There is a type of girl that doesn’t forget early playmates: usually she who has been a tomboy with them, and remains so. Doubtless to her it was a pleasure to find, among all the males who were flocking around her feminine charm and who had to be treated as males, one who had been and whom she could still consider just a fellow-being, a friend.

There wasn’t anything exceptional about him, except his ugliness. His mouth struggled with his nose to get further from the background of his face. And at that time he always wore pugnacious-looking little bow ties. So that he looked a fighter, though he wasn’t. And those who didn’t know him preferred to remain in ignorance. Otherwise, he was quite commonplace. He had stepped into his father’s successful business, where he was learning to deserve his future; he possessed a certain fund of ordinary humor; he had his serious ideas, which were chiefly those of his father; and above all he had a nature, very tender,

very loving and very eager to confide in those who could understand him. His looks kept most of those he met at a spiritual distance, however, and he therefore opened up to his former playmate the more eagerly.

To her he was a dear old friend whom she understood. She couldn't grow intimate with the other men because she had learned that intimacy with them meant always an intimacy with them as men. And among them all she could not find her man. But to this boy she could still be a friend. So she thought. And so, at first, did he. But her friendship drew him closer to her than he had ever been allowed to other girls, and familiarity with her brought him familiarity with her kindness, her sympathy and her strange beauty. Besides, the people of his world knew of only one relation between man and woman. And he was only twenty-one. So, in time, he had made the mistake of falling in love with her. And he asked her to marry him.

It shocked her. She had been asked before and found little difficulty in refusing. But him she had always considered safe. And she was very fond of him and her friendship for him. It hurt her to think that perhaps their world was right in its scepticism as to friendship between the sexes. And it hurt her more to hurt him. "It was, up to then, the most painful moment of my life," she said to me. But she told him his error, quietly and kindly.

Perhaps it would have been better had she been brutal. His love was young then. It had not become a habit. As it was, he was twenty-one, and he saw hope. "I'm going to keep on trying," he told me. "If you want a thing badly enough, you've got to get it in the end." His lips shut tighter as he spoke, and for five years after that they never seemed to relax.

The siege was on. For five years it lasted. I must give him credit for those five years. During that time he kept steadily at work and as steadily at proposing marriage. Nothing seemed to daunt him. She had studied music at school, and now, with her growing distaste for the world into which she had been brought, had turned to it again with serious attention. She was making strides in it too, so that she could look forward without crushing fear to the possibility of never finding a fitting mate, and

did not feel herself impelled with advancing years to clutch at some man's mast, ere it should prove too late and she should drown in a sea of death in life. Yet he never failed to advance the argument of waning opportunity, when he urged her. And he used every other reasoning or unreasoning persuasion he could employ. "It is very trying," she would confide to me. "If I didn't care for him so much I'd send him packing about his business and forbid him to see me." "Still hopeful?" I would ask him. And with a grim smile would always come the same answer, "Still hacking away."

I felt sorry for him, for I knew her and I knew there were limits to his will. But to my attempted dissuasions he would pay no heed. "You're a fine fellow, old chap," he would say as he clapped me on the shoulder and I would forget his ugliness under the glamour of his eyes, "but you don't know. You are not in love with her." It was just because I wasn't that I did know. But that I couldn't make him understand, then.

I wish I could have. If I could have gradually brought him to his senses, the waste, I suppose, would never have occurred. I was waiting rather anxiously during those five years for the failure of his will. But I never thought it would leave him as it did, when it happened. He just seemed to fall loose. It was much the same case, I guess, as a stretched elastic. Held just to its breaking point for so long and exposed to winds and weather, when the last wind touches it, it doesn't snap—it just crumbles. "I think he's finished now," she said to me after he had left her. But I laughed. I had become too used to his perseverance. I couldn't believe it was all over until I saw him. And then I started. His lower jaw was hanging. His lips were parted. And oh, he looked ugly—and old!

"I've quit," he said as he fell into my easy chair as a book with a broken binding falls. "I don't care."

And he didn't. I never saw a future thrown so recklessly away. He kept on making money from force of habit, but he squandered it. And he gave no further active thought to work: he became in the business instead of an aid, a drain. He gave up of his own free will the social life he had never particularly cared for. But if he hadn't, it would have given him up. Drink-

ing was the best of his excesses. He used to come to my room some mornings, looking only like the clay from which 'tis said we're made—and then he would recount to me tales of his life that made the sun black. His erstwhile acquaintances, though they knew but little, were shocked at first. In time, however, they forgot—his former life, his present life, and him.

But she and I, who knew him and who never ceased to see him, did not forget. God knows I tried hard enough to pull him back—but she tried even harder. For she felt that she, though innocently, was the cause. She would give up hours of practice to talk with him. What a hopeless, draining task it was! His manhood was appealed to. His cowardice was attacked. She tried to make him see how unfair he was to her. She attempted to show him his duty to himself. The world and the course of the world, life—she presented to him. But it was of no use. The spark must have died, I came to think, and left, in reality, only the clay, as it had seemed. During the course of two years I kept up my efforts to revive him, passing through pity to revulsion, to disgust, then back to pity again, and finally to a sense of utter defeat. Nothing could be accomplished, I concluded at last. Efforts were a waste of energy. It was a useless task. I gave him up.

But not she. Alone, and yet untiring, she went carefully, unceasingly over the well-worn field of effort, again and yet again. But at the end of another fruitless year she grew desperate.

"Will you not give in now," I asked her, "and admit yourself blameless and vanquished?"

"Not yet," she answered very quietly. "Not yet!"

"But suppose you *should* reclaim him—at seventy——?" I questioned.

"That's just it," she said. "The years are passing." She bit her lip.

"Well?"

"I don't know," she said. "I must hit on something new. I must think it over."

Two days later she came to me with her plan. She wanted my opinion.

"Do you love him?" I asked.

"Oh, as I would my brother!"

I looked at those large, Japanese eyes that used to be only soft in the old days. But she was twenty-six now. Knowledge of life and work and suffering had crept into them. But there was something more besides—something that gave me confidence in her and took away my confidence in my reason. I felt I dared not judge her plan. I told her so. And so she took upon herself, in secret and unaided, the whole burden.

She left for Europe shortly after that. She had definitely given herself to music now and was to be gone for a year of study. That must have been why he came to me who had not seen him for over a year. And what a change! He was the young boy again, the gentle spirit that I had loved. The three years had left scars, of course, upon his face, but none upon his soul. He took to wearing those bow ties again. He successfully introduced a profitable innovation into his business. His eyes were healthy now. He smiled. I don't know which emotion was stronger in me then: joy at the present, or fear for the future outcome. He would show me the letters he sent abroad to her. "I am working better and harder every day, my dear, now, for I have the greatest of all stimulants to work." "The sun shines clearer now than it ever did before. Its light lasts through the night. And yet I know it isn't really *its* light, at all." "I am trying so hard to deserve the possibility. I think I will." I had to wince when I read. I wonder how she felt when she received them.

Well, that's all there was to this year. Except Eva. Eva's story doesn't take long. God meant her for a mother and the System made her a saleslady. He met her on her brief vacation by the sea. Kindliness was pouring from him then and he helped her. She fell in love with him. That made him only kinder. And increasing economic pressure bore her only closer to him. He wrote abroad of Eva. That was all.

And now things happened quickly, almost as quickly as my heart beat fearfully. The year of study was ended and she returned. She asked me about him and I told her the good news.

"But now?" I said.

"Now," she answered as she closed her lips, "now for it!—

"Oh, my God!" she added in one short-lived spasm that showed the strain she had been under.

I pressed her hand. I asked her to let me know. And the rest I know only from her. When I saw him, after, he was almost inarticulate.

It was in her music room. She had been sitting at the piano playing to him. He had been standing by to turn the pages. At last he broke into the playing and held her wrists. He bent over her and spoke very intensely, calling her by name.

"It's time now. I must know," he said. "I've waited this whole year and I've raised myself. I have built up the business and made money. I have given up my rotten life. Without false modesty I can honestly say that I have done many good things—you know of Eva. I have regained my self-respect. And now—again—after years of hopelessness, I ask you. Have I done well?"

She grew pale but answered calmly, "You have done well."

"I have done it for you," he said.

"Only for me?"

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked. "You know that when you went away you gave me hope that you would marry me. I've been working only to deserve you, since."

"My boy," she said, "you do deserve me—— But!" she interrupted him as he started to embrace her.

"But?" he queried sharply as he drew back, still holding her wrists.

"What made you think——?" she faltered.

For a moment he looked at her, the white of his eye visible all around the iris.

"Don't lie!" he said hardly. "You know you led me to hope."

She lowered her gaze. "I know I did," she said.

His brow knit and his hands drew back as he raised his shoulders.

"And do you mean to say," he uttered in horror, "that you were only—leading me on?"

She rested her forehead on her hand. It was even more

painful than she had expected. At last she managed to breathe out only—"Yes."

He drew a swelling breath and his fingers stretched themselves out and then curled like claws. Breathing heavily, he approached her until his claws were almost on her. Then he growled, relaxed suddenly, and said, "No!"

She told him then how much she had hated to do it, how caddish she had felt through it all, but how that had seemed the only way to redeem him. But he didn't hear. After a time he hurled a mad epithet at her and left.

When he came to me, almost frothing, I tried to defend her. I have never seen him since.

Never but once. Then it was years after, when she and I saw him from a distance on a beach, picnicking with Eva and their two children. They were beautiful boy and girl, healthy and in fine spirits as they romped about their parents. We had heard of him as being, though rich, yet very simple and good. He had spent much money and thought on improving the condition of the saleswomen of his store. Certainly, as we looked at him and Eva that day, they seemed both to beam the joy of happy striving.

My unrecorded heroine turned to me and smiled.

I smiled back.

"Yes, it worked out," I said. "Yet it's strange that you should have bothered so. He was just a humdrum, well-meaning business man. Now if he had been a promising artist and neglecting that art—"

"Oh, then anybody would have done it, wouldn't she? Well, I, you see—I've always had an idea that these humdrum people wouldn't be put here unless there was need of them. And so, somehow, I felt he had his work to do, which might be just as important—in its way."

I looked at her eyes.

"Yet he hates you now," I said.

She looked out over the sea. "That helps him to do his work," she answered.

"And yet," I pursued, "suppose there hadn't been Eva?"

"There would have been somebody else. And if not—"

"If not?" I urged.

"Then God had planned it otherwise. I could only do my share."

"At the risk, perhaps, of your life: he came near murdering you then."

She shrugged her shoulders. "That was a chance I had to take," she said.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

VAN WYCK BROOKS

THE life, work, and philosophical position of Symonds illustrate one another as in few recorded cases. Seldom has intellect so clearly reflected character, and character material facts. I think it would be possible to trace the man's peculiar quality, style, method, influence, and choice of themes in an unbroken chain to sheer physiological necessity. Neurotic from birth, suppressed and misdirected in education, turned by early environment and by natural affinity into certain intellectual and spiritual channels, pressed into speculation by dogmatic surroundings and æsthetic study, his febrile constitution shattered by over-stimulation, by wanting vitality denied robust creation, by disease made a wanderer, by disease and wandering together aroused to a never-ending, fretful activity—the inner history of Symonds could be detailed and charted scientifically. A little imagination will serve as well to call up the human character of a development which is uncommonly fitted for psychological study.

One cannot read far in Symonds without discovering two facts: first, that the matter of ever-uppermost concern with him is religion, the emotional relation which man bears to the whole scheme of things, and secondly, that his way of conceiving this relation repeats itself constantly in similar statements and in references to a clearly defined circle of historical thought. With hardly an exception his critical volumes close upon a common note, which forms the kernel of all his poems and speculations. I cannot say how often he refers to Goethe's Proemium to *Gott und Welt* and the prayer of Cleanthes, to Marcus Aurelius and Giordano Bruno, and above all Whitman. This circle of recurring references expressed the emotional and vital elements in a point of view which found its purely intellectual basis in the evolution-theory of Darwin. A natural affinity thus predisposed him to establish his philosophy of criticism upon the wider philosophical basis empirically provided by the nineteenth century. A natural affinity, I say: because I wish to show plainly that his

acceptance of evolution was not merely intellectual and that his writings were really the outgrowth of his character and his profound emotions toward life.

From that laborious, dutiful father of his he inherited a stoical habit of mind, at variance indeed with his early tendencies, which yet in mature life became practically dominant. But in the son stoicism—the sentiment of work and duty—was wholly separated from its dogmatic applications in the father. For Symonds was a conscious sceptic long before he was a conscious stoic. His scepticism seems early to have been secretly fostered by just the dogmatic nature of his father's stoicism. His youth was like the insurrection of a Greek province against the Roman Empire. *Æsthetic* study, dialectics, neurotic activity destroyed for him the logical texture of Christianity and, combined with the scepticism of his master Jowett who questioned life without questioning God, destroyed in him the sentiment of faith: for losing faith in life he could not—as Jowett paradoxically did—retain belief in God.

By the time he left college, then, Symonds' position was reasonably clear. With a substratum of stoicism, of which he was not yet conscious, his mind was packed with miscellaneous knowledge of European culture and had a strong bias toward Greek thought. But the centre of his heart was not occupied. There was a void, a vacuum, and of this the man was desperately aware. Just here he differs from really small men, just in this fact lies whatever power of personality and achievement finally marked him out. His heart would not let him rest. His mind was unable to occupy him calmly, to allow him to exercise a soulless literary gift. He was paralyzed by the want of a central animating principle. And with all his natural talent, his facility in words, his abundant learning, he could produce nothing. It took him longer than most men to find himself because his niche in the universe was more essential to him than his niche in the world. During all the years in which he was storing up knowledge he was a man passionately in search of religion. Naturally then he found this religion, and as naturally it had to be one consonant with his peculiar physical condition and the stock of his brain. In these respects he was a

member of the post-Darwinian group at Oxford, who felt so keenly the vacuum which remained when the dogmatic elements of the old faith had been swept away. This point enables us to understand the English influence of Whitman and that vague but powerful cult first called by Henry Sidgwick the "cosmic enthusiasm."

We must grasp the idea of a natural mystic deprived of dogmatic outlet, an eclectic of culture, a man physically weak, neurotic, intellectually sophisticated, over-educated, strangely susceptible to beauty, strength, powerful influences. Such a man finds his first foothold in Goethe, because Goethe is almost the only character which, as it were, includes a man of such wide range and provides a generous margin, points out a path of cohesion. For Symonds, Goethe was an elaboration, a modern instance of the spirit which had first drawn him into Greek studies, the spirit of scientific pantheism. In Greek thought he found, first of all, a moral attitude. In their sense of a cosmic order, an all-embracing law, their sense of harmony with nature and of divinity in nature, he discovered the ground-plan of a modern creed which required only to be confirmed by experiment and animated by emotion. He found that in their submission to law they had surmounted the enervating elements of fatalism by resolutely facing and absorbing the sad things of life, including them in selected types of predominant beauty and strength. The logical apex of Greek ethics he found in Marcus Aurelius: its obedience to the common reason of the universe, its social virtue, its faith in the rightness of things we cannot see. This attitude, except for its want of compelling force, its inadequacy to men who have been indulged with a more celestial dream, appeared to him consonant with modern science as Christian theology could not be. For Christian theology made man an exile from nature, dependent for salvation upon a being external to the universe and controlling it from without. The crucial utterances of Christian theology—such, for example, as St. Paul's "For if Christ be not risen indeed, then are we of all men most miserable," or Thomas à Kempis' "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," are contradictory to the idea of a divinity immanent in the universe of which man's consciousness forms a part.

This moral attitude Symonds found expressed in three utterances, to all of which he constantly recurs. The first, which he called his motto, is the maxim of Goethe, "To live resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful." The second is the prayer of Cleanthes the Stoic, which in his own version was written over Symonds' grave:

Lead thou me God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life!
All names alike for thee are vain and hollow.
Lead me; for I will follow without strife;
Or, if I strive, still must I blindly follow.

The third is Goethe's Proemium to *Gott und Welt*, Faust's confession of faith; translated thus by Symonds:

To Him who from eternity, self-stirred,
Himself hath made by His creative word;
To Him who, seek to name Him as we will,
Unknown within Himself abideth still:
To Him supreme who maketh faith to be,
Trust, hope, love, power, and endless energy.

* * *

What were the God who sat outside to see
The spheres beneath His finger circling free?
God dwells within, and moves the world and moulds;
Himself and nature in one form enfolds:
Thus all that lives in Him and breathes and is,
Shall ne'er His presence, ne'er His spirit miss.

The soul of man, too, is an universe;
Whence follows it that race with race concurs
In naming all it knows of good and true,
God—yea, its own God—and with honor due
Surrenders to His sway both earth and heaven,
Fears Him, and loves, where place for love is given.

Characteristically this translation was made on the glacier at Heiligenblut, June 27, 1870. I shall have occasion presently to connect it with his feeling about the Alps.

This philosophical position, I have said, formed for him the ground plan of a modern creed which required only to be ratified by experiment and animated by emotion. The first of these

requisites he found in the evolution doctrine, the second in Whitman.

Symonds' use of the word evolution has been severely criticised on the ground that he too laxly identifies it with growth. Whatever truth may be in the charge I think is due to two causes—first, that he approaches the problem rather imaginatively than in the spirit of exact science, and secondly that his data are psychological, historical and æsthetic, rather than biological or geological. In short, the aspect of evolution he has always in mind is the evolution of the human spirit, which is not yet so accurately determinable as the primary physical aspects of life. In his application of evolution to criticism, in his effort to show that science and religion are complementary, he was a pioneer and he had, so to speak, the pioneer's axe to grind; so that what he wrote on these themes must be taken in his own spirit as personal suggestions and speculations. Intellectually the evolution theory proved to him what the Greeks and Marcus Aurelius had divined, how truly man is part of nature and how "nature everywhere, and in all her parts, must contain what corresponds to our spiritual essence."

There is, however, a long step to take from the philosophy of nature to the religion of nature,—the step from what may be called the cosmic sense to what has been called the cosmic enthusiasm. The prayer of Cleanthes is a statement of submission:

"Lead me; for I will follow without strife,
Or if I strive, still must I blindly follow."

Indeed that is what man does whether he will or no; therein he still remains in bondage to fate, because he does not yet with hearty confidence affirm, "In Thy will is our peace." Powerless as man's will is before cosmic law, he may still believe that his happiness lies in opposition to cosmic law. The submission remains negative rather than positive, the acquiescence is not yet enthusiastic. And as Symonds wrote in his *Greek Poets*: "The real way of achieving a triumph over chance and of defying fate is to turn to good account all fair and wholesome things beneath the sun, and to maintain for an ideal the beauty, strength, and splendor of the body, mind, and will of man." The way to hold

one's own in the swift-flowing stream is to swim with it, using the current for one's own progress. Under these conditions the possibility of a new religion is indicated in the following passage: "Through criticism, science sprang into being; and science, so far as it touches the idea of deity, brought once more into overwhelming prominence the Greek conception of God as Law. On the other hand, the claims of humanity upon our duty and devotion grew in importance, so that the spirit and teaching of Christ, the suffering, the self-sacrificing, the merciful, and at the same time the just, survived the decay of his divinity. In other words, the two factors of primitive Christianity are again disengaged, and demand incorporation in a religion which shall combine the conceptions of obedience to supreme Law and of devotion to humanity, both of which have been spiritualized, sublimed, and rendered positive by the action of thought and experience. What religion has to do, if it remains theistic, is to create an enthusiasm in which the cosmic emotion shall coalesce with the sense of social duty." [*The Philosophy of Evolution.*]

Here then the fire was laid, ready to be lighted. Whitman touched the match. It was in 1865 that Symonds discovered Whitman. Years afterward he wrote: "*Leaves of Grass*, which I first read at the age of twenty-five, influenced me more perhaps than any other book has done, except the Bible; more than Plato, more than Goethe. It is impossible for me to speak critically of what has so deeply entered into the fibre and marrow of my being." In Whitman all these smouldering theories, these gently, passively emotional thoughts sprang up as a flame warming and lighting all the implications of the cosmic idea: the universe, the individual, sex, friendship, democracy. Whitman's passionate belief in life, stout subordination of the world's experience to the forthright soul, superb emotional grasp of the principle of development, glory in health, strength, beauty, disregard of cerebration, innocence of the sinister power of creeds, customs, human laws to swamp the cosmic energy in man—all this, on a dozen scores, was calculated to electrify a man like Symonds. He accepted the whole of Whitman as he had never accepted the whole of anything before. And with Whitman he came to accept the whole of life.

Was there something a little hectic about all this? The sheer physical health which underlay Whitman's exultation was just what Symonds did not possess. And Symonds, like other brilliant intelligences, frequently saw what he could not feel. The question arises, Can the cosmic enthusiasm, which is really the joy of living, exist healthily in those who are not healthy? And if the joy of living is to be identified with religion can any but healthy people be truly religious? It is open to serious question whether any man can love the universe whose digestion is faulty. The question is perhaps insoluble, yet in it lies the nature of Symonds' inherent sincerity, taking that word in its absolute sense. From his acceptance of Whitman sprang the animated point of view which controlled his later life and underlay his writings. That alone is an earnest of sincerity! and yet I accept it with misgivings, because he never eradicated his even more fundamental scepticism, he never ceased interrogating the sphinx even in the midst of his adoration. Or perhaps I should say the cosmic law remained for him a sphinx—the projection of his own sphinxliness (I think Plato would forgive this word) instead of the more obvious, blunt, vital force Whitman felt it to be: which means merely that both men created the cosmos in their own image, that their personalities were not identical. I mention it because it qualifies our notion of this discipleship. It enables us to see that for Symonds the cosmic enthusiasm could really be only a working-plan, a literary and intellectual synthesis and a social platform, while the quintessence of the man remained as volatile, as evanescent, as unremoved and unexpressed as ever. The real Symonds—the "Opalstein" of Stevenson—could never flash itself into the rough colors of critical prose and common life. Behind the calm sweep of a more and more fruitful actuality, the mystery of life, dim, inscrutable, hidden away, seemed continually surging to the surface, questioning, warning, troubling, like a soul seeking a body and always baffled. But for us, who can be students only of the *fait accompli*, the working-plan is there and must suffice.

That the cosmic enthusiasm did not altogether absorb or satisfy him is proved by certain notes and miscellaneous papers he published on the question of God. He was plainly not con-

tented with the impersonality of Cosmic Law. He described himself as an agnostic leaning toward theism, which may be taken as a precise way of shadowing forth his need of a devotional object. Of the definition of deity he says well: "What must of necessity remain at present blank and abstract in our idea of God may possibly again be filled up and rendered concrete when the human mind is prepared for a new synthesis of faith and science." [*Notes on Theism.*] To me it seems that the words agnostic and Whitman can hardly be uttered in the same breath: for the whole hopeless tangle of cold metaphysical processes implied in words like agnostic withers away before one luminous heart-felt glimpse into the infinite. This illustrates the dualism in Symonds, his incapacity to accept a soul-stirring intuition without submitting it immediately to analysis. It illustrates the lifelong struggle in him of the poet and the critic. A man who could write, near the close of his life: "If there is a God, we shall not cry in vain. If there is none, the struggle of life shall not last through all eternity. Self, agonized and tortured as it is, must now repose on this alternative"—a man who could write this could not have possessed quintessentially the spirit of the cosmic enthusiasm. He could not have been so troubled with definitions, he could not have wavered so in faith.

So far as he possessed it he found it imaged in the Alps. His feeling for the Alps once more illustrates the physical basis of religious emotion. It was the longing of stifled lungs for oxygen, literally as well as figuratively. So far back as 1858 we find him speaking of grand scenery as an elevating influence which depreciates one's estimate of self. Visiting Switzerland for the first time at twenty-one he fills his mind with haunting pictures and memorable sounds—the murmurous air of waterfalls and winds, wild flowers that call to him more and more compellingly through days and years of illness and heated study in England. "I love Switzerland as a second home," he writes already in 1866, "hoping to return to it, certain that I am happier, purer in mind, healthier in body there than anywhere else in the world. I would not take Rome, Florence, and Naples in exchange for the châlets of Mürren." A year later in London, in the roaring, dazzling summer streets, he dreams of sunrise over the snow-

fields, the church-bells ringing in the valleys, the dew upon the flowers: and without forgetting their pitiless indifference to man, he says, "I love the mountains as I love the majesty of justice. I adore God through them, and feel near to Him among them." At Mürren in 1863 he first read Goethe's *Proemium*; on the Pasteuze Glacier seven years later he translated it. In 1869 he describes the Alps as his "only unexploded illusion." The slopes of the cemetery where his father was laid to rest in 1871 remind him of an upland Alpine meadow. Gradually the Alpine sentiment becomes central in him. He connects it with all his major impressions—with Prometheus on Caucasus, with Beethoven and Handel, Cleanthes and Plato, Bruno and Whitman, Michael Angelo and Goethe, Moses and Christ. In 1867 he writes, "The only thing I know which will restore my physical tone and give me health is living in the Alps. The only prospect of obtaining spiritual tone and health seems to be the discovery of some immaterial altitudes, some mountains and temples of God. As I am prostrated and rendered vacant by scepticism, the Alps are my religion. I can rest there and feel, if not God, at least greatness—greatness prior and posterior to man in time, beyond his thoughts, not of his creation, independent, palpable, immovable, proved."

Here then is indicated the relation between his physical condition, his religious attitude, and his theory of criticism. The Alps which could give him health could give him also, and for the same reason, faith. And they gave him that sense of "greatness," the importance of which in his own work is indicated in a passage of one of his Greek studies: "No one should delude us into thinking that true culture does not come from the impassioned study of everything, however eccentric and at variance with our own mode of life, that is truly great." There we have the logical basis for his literary, as well as his religious, enthusiasm for Whitman. In the Alps he not only found, as Obermann had found, an outlet for his mystical pantheism, but he found, as Tyndall found, the laboratory for placing some such pantheism on a scientific basis. He found moreover practical democracy among the peasants, he found his ideal of the human body, which drew him to Michael Angelo; and he came to feel

that "elevating influence which depreciates one's estimate of self"—which troubled him at eighteen—as a blissful relief. Years of introspection had given him too much of himself, and he was glad enough to be "sweetly shipwrecked on that sea."

It is not surprising then that Symonds came to look in literature for everything that has tonic value. Health, moral and intellectual, and all that nourishes a high normality in man, was the object of his quest in art, history, and literature; not sensations that console the pessimist, nor distinction that implies a dead level to throw it into relief, nor the restoration of past ages lovelier than ours in specific points at the cost of true democracy. His vision was wide and sane: power and clairvoyance might have made it prophetic. For the underlying principle of his critical theory—that life is deeper than thought—is only in our day, after centuries of philosophical delusion, becoming recognized once more. It was a principle far more "modern" than that of a greater than Symonds, Matthew Arnold. *Prose of the centre* was Arnold's criterion, meaning prose of the social centre. But the criterion of Symonds held forth with however much defect of power, was a more fundamental centre than that of taste: one in which even taste, even the social centre, becomes provincial and which admits Rabelais, Burns, Thoreau, Whitman and a hundred others who have no other centre at all than native humanity. "Life is deeper than thought"—a contemporary platitude which with Symonds was notable for two reasons. In the first place, it was with him a true discovery of experience, and that always glorifies a platitude. Secondly, it stands almost unique in an age of culture and in a man who contributed so much to culture in its popular aspects. "I am nothing if not cultivated," wrote Symonds once, "or, at least, the world only expects culture from me. But in my heart of hearts I do not believe in culture, except as an adjunct to life. . . . Passion, nerve and sinew, eating and drinking, even money-getting, come, in my reckoning, before culture." In his day perhaps only a man deprived of life and submerged in literature could have proclaimed that. Robust minds like Arnold or Browning could not feel so keenly the tonic element in thought. Life in its own abundance was tonic enough. To them it was a commonplace

from the outset that life is deeper than thought—they could not feel it as a revelation. It was from excess of vitality that they were able, without losing their personal equilibrium, to emphasize the purely intellectual. In everything written by these men health and strength were implicit, and for this reason they were seldom explicit. Browning could afford to occupy himself with intricate psychological cases, and Arnold with writers of exquisite and correct prose: but Symonds required vital forces like Michael Angelo and Whitman.

Symonds again was one of the first English men of letters to grasp what may be called the optimism of science. To Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Arnold, Clough, science appeared in one way or another as an enemy, a negative agent, a cause of melancholy, pessimism, or resignation, subverting God, revelation, personal immortality. To them it brought with it an overwhelming sense of loss. Arnold and Clough consoled themselves with duty and work, Carlyle and Ruskin passionately recalled the past, Tennyson credulously snatched at the hope that it might after all be theology in another form, Browning proclaimed a totally unreasonable optimism. The positive aspects of science meanwhile remained hidden, unpopularized, uncompromisingly "scientific." Such an aspect as eugenics, for example, has only in the last few years, and chiefly through Continental influence, begun to take its place in our literature. Science, not as a destroyer but as a builder, Symonds divined, and his training enabled him to link that modern view with the thought of the past. He would have gladly recognized the truth that doubt and faith are attitudes toward life itself, not toward figments of the brain, that states of mind like scepticism and pessimism are to be explained rather by experiments in circulation and digestion than by abstract metaphysical questions of immortality and God. And he would have recognized that this, instead of debasing our view of the human soul, glories our view of the human body.

These, I say, are aspects of science that Symonds divined, largely because the problem of his own life and consequently the nature of his experience was, unlike that of his greater contemporaries, more physical than intellectual. There was only a defect of power in the man to make it memorable, in the sense

in which the teachings of Carlyle, or Ruskin, or Arnold are memorable.

A defect of power: and also a defect of coherence. The writings of Symonds do not stand together as do those of Arnold or Ruskin. There has never been a collected edition of his works, and the idea of such a thing is inconceivable. With all their community of tone and subject, their marked evolution of style, their consistently delivered message, they lack that highest unifying bond of personality. Some of them are isolated popular handbooks, others are esoteric and for the few, others again are merely mediocre and have been forgotten. Individually they appeal to many different types of mind. Taken together they do not supply any composite human demand, nor are they powerful enough to create any such demand. They are indeed rather the product of energy than of power.

The conclusions of Symonds reduce themselves, upon analysis, to sanity and common sense: and it appears certain that nothing is more perilous to long life in literature than sanity and common sense when they are not founded upon clairvoyance. Only the supreme geniuses—Tolstoy and Goethe—have been able to carry off the palm with platitude. That is because they not only see and experience the truth in platitude, but feel it, with a dynamic and world-shaking passion. Symonds, in specific traits the equal of Arnold, or Ruskin, or Carlyle, falls short of their finality partly because more than any of them he saw life steadily and saw it whole. He saw life neither through the spectacles of the *Zeit-geist* nor of the Hero. To him England was not accurately divided into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace, nor was the world wholly a world of Plausibilities. And he was obviously more sensible in his hard-won faith in human evolution than that nobler prophet who strove so tragically to restore the Middle Ages. But common sense unhappily is the virtue of equilibrium: and equilibrium is a state of the mind which has no counterpart in life or in men who in the profound sense, in the *normal sense*, grasp life—that is to say, the prophets.

ST. JOHN AND THE FAUN

G. E. WOODBERRY

I

O BLEST Imagination!
Bright power beneath man's lid,
That in apparent beauty
Unveils the beauty hid!
In the gleaming of the instant
Abides the immortal thing;
Our souls that voyage unspeaking
Press forward, wing and wing;
From every passing object
A brighter radiance pours;
The Lethe of our daily lives
Sweeps by eternal shores.

II

On the deep below Amalfi,
Where the long roll of the wave
Slowly breathed, and slipped beneath me
To gray cliff and sounding cave,
Came a boat-load of dark fishers,
Passed, and on the bright sea shone;
There, the vision of a moment,
I beheld the young St. John.

At the stern the boy stood bending
Full his dreaming gaze on me;
Inexorably spread between us
Flashed the blue strait of the sea;
Slow receding,—distant,—distant,—
While my bosom scarce drew breath,—
Dreaming eyes on my eyes dreaming
Holy beauty without death.

III

In the cloudland o'er Amalfi
 Where with mists the deep ravine
 Like a cauldron smoked, and, clearing,
 Showed, far down, the pictured scene,—
 Capes and bays and peaks and ocean,
 And the city, like a gem,
 Set in circlets of pale azure
 That her beauty ring and hem,—
 Once, returning from the chasm
 By the mountain's woodland way,
 Underneath the oak and chestnut
 Where I loved to make delay,
 (And dark boys and girls with faggots
 Would pass near on that wild lawn,
 And at times they brought me rosebuds)—
 There one day I saw a faun.

The wood was still with noontide,
 The very trees seemed lone,
 When from a neighboring thicket
 His moon-eyes on me shone,
 Motionless, and bright, and staring,
 And with a startled grace;
 As nature, wildly magical
 Was the beauty of his face;
 And as some gentle creature
 That, curious, has fear,
 Dumb he stood and gazed upon me,
 But did not venture near;
 And I moved not, nor motioned,
 Nor gave him any sign,
 Nor broke the momentary spell
 Of the old world divine.

IV

Love, with no other agent
Save communion by the eye,
Evoked from those bright creatures
Our secret unity;
There, flowering from old ages,
Hung on time's blossoming stem
All that fairest was in me
Or loveliest in them;
And truly it was happiness
Unto a poet's heart
To find that living in his breast
Which is immortal art.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The President of the United States

IN his inaugural address, President Wilson showed that the high hopes based upon his personality and record are destined, if events run their normal course, to be realized.

More and more noticeably, the feeling has been spreading through the country that, at this exceptional time, an exceptional man has been found to give effective shape to the ideas that have been growing in the minds of thinking people, changing the old outlook and giving to new conditions a new value. Twelve years of the twentieth century have already gone by, and the majority of men still imagine that they are living in an outmoded era. The nineteenth century had its triumphs and its failures: but the time has come to discard and pass on. We are grateful for what all the centuries have taught us, and won for us; but our work is with our own time, and with our own generation. It is not right to sacrifice the present even to the future; for in that creed lies procrastination, and the ruin, often, of great endeavors. What is worth doing, is worth doing now; and if the living can live rightly, shall it not be better for the unborn?

And so those men and women who have tried to comprehend the conditions of life as it is to-day, and to mould the conditions of life as it shall be to-morrow, have listened to, or read, the President's inaugural address. They have found in it the fine note that they expected: simplicity; strength without crudeness; purpose; idealism; realism; insight. It is the first clear expression of the twentieth century that has been given, without rodomontade, by a statesman who has the power and the will to carry it into effect. It is the unmistakable revelation, not of a party nominee, but of the President of the United States.

"Some old things with which we had grown familiar, and which had begun to creep into the very habit of our thought and of our lives, have altered their aspect as we have latterly looked critically upon them, with fresh, awakened eyes; have dropped their disguises and shown themselves alien and sinister. Some new things, as we look frankly upon them, have come to

assume the aspect of things long believed in and familiar, stuff of our own convictions. We have been refreshed by a new insight into our own life

"This is not a day of triumph: it is a day of dedication. Here muster not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men to my side"

When the forward-looking shall be tested in due time by the looking back, the name of President Wilson should surely be high in the list of those who have served their country, their generation, and humanity, not as routineers or machine-men, but as thinkers and doers, leaders and inspirers.

The Victors, and the Spoils

THERE are now more than 390,000 federal office holders and employees. The number of office seekers has not yet been accurately computed.

Is it entirely in keeping with the traditions of a great nation that the raucous clamor for appointments as rewards for party services should everywhere overwhelm the still, small voice of modesty?

The President scarcely faces a pleasant or profitable task; and he has the poor consolation of knowing beforehand that for every applicant who is placated, ten will be disappointed or antagonized. In the circumstances, it would seem scarcely worth while for a man of Woodrow Wilson's mental calibre to worry overmuch about perpetuating the stupid spoils system—even if Tammany Hall, in spite of its delicate designation of Senator O'Gorman as the "regular channel," should be deprived of the anticipated plunder. It would be an interesting change, not hopelessly opposed to the welfare of the country, to fill vacancies by appointing those who are best qualified to perform the duties of the office, without regard to their Tammany or other political affiliations. It is time that a strong stand on this question should

be made. But, if the civil service is still to be regarded as the happy hunting ground for every busybody who wishes to emphasize the fact that he is not in politics "for his health," why not be consistent and confer the same advantages on the army and navy? Surely they should not be deprived of the services of the professional politicians who add such lustre to other departments of the Government?

The Mexican Tangle

WHATEVER specious excuses may be offered by the Provisional Government of Mexico, the slaughtering of President Madero will be regarded as a planned assassination by the civilized world.

Yet the tide of indignation has run somewhat sluggishly. This is due in large part to the widening knowledge of Mexican conditions. It is understood that in the welter of conflicting factions, any man who takes part in the "constitutional government of a constitutional republic" does so at his own risk. He ventures his life in the service of his country, or of his private interests. Only success can transform a rebel into a recognized ruler. Madero himself gained power by the usual means. He has paid for his inability to hold that power, in the usual way.

More and more clearly, the people and press of the United States have been facing the possibility of intervention. Intervention may come: but it must be thrust upon us, beyond all cavilling or doubt. It might be far better for Mexico to receive the benefits that an army of occupation could confer; but we cannot expect Mexicans to welcome the invasion of their country. They claim the right to conduct their national affairs in their own national way. The right must be respected until it becomes incompatible with self-respect. Then, and then only, can intervention be justified. But the cost, in lives and money, and racial animosity, would be enormous. No administration, and no country, is entitled to assume such a responsibility without complete comprehension of all that is implied, both to itself, and to the nation which it wishes to coerce.

Captain Scott

THE full story of Captain Scott's expedition remains to be written; the equipment and plans of the explorers will be compared with those of Captain Amundsen's successful party; the routes will be contrasted, the weather conditions explained, and more details of individual conduct will come to light. Yet the world already has a singularly clear picture of that far-away battle with growing odds. There are many who maintain that there is no chance in life, no luck, good or evil. Yet the irony of life is strangely disproportionate. How often does it happen that indomitable resolution, meeting and overcoming successive difficulties, is at last weighed down by a relentless and inexplicable persistence of opposition! It would seem that the death of Captain Scott and his companions had been inexorably decreed: yet surely such courage as they displayed might have placated even the sometimes demoniac antagonism of nature. They did so much, and came so near to a final victory. Within eleven miles of the depot where supplies were waiting—and knowing that only those eleven miles separated them from safety—they were stopped by the extraordinary nine-day blizzard that blotted out the last hope of escape. "For four days," Captain Scott wrote, "we have been unable to leave the tent." As day followed day, one can imagine the dying men listening to the tempest, until its malignancy seemed unappeasable, its duration eternal. The relief party, which made a futile effort to save them, was compelled to return from One Ton Depot on March 10. Had they pushed a few miles further south, they would have met their commander and their comrades. Captain Oates died on March 17: the others survived for twelve days longer.

It is in the careful manipulation of such close margins that the irony of destiny reveals itself. But the world has one more legend of brave men. "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." It is an epitaph worth dying for: worth the vision of victory snatched at the last moment from hands that had not faltered.

Washington and the Suffragists

THE mob at Washington imagined that it was amusing itself by stupidly or viciously insulting those who took part in the suffragist parade: instead, it was performing—entirely against its intention—a public service. It drew attention to the fact that an orderly, well-organized parade, designed to further a perfectly legitimate cause in a perfectly legitimate way, could be interfered with and broken up at the whim of unreasoning, unmannerly rowdies.

The women who suffered from the typical boorishness displayed, will not regret their personal inconvenience. Their compensation will be not merely in the fact that such ruffianism will scarcely be repeated, though the parades certainly will be; but in the enduring effect upon public opinion. Some hundreds of thousands of people have been drawing comparisons between the mob with the "vote," and the women without; and reflection of this kind is always useful to a progressive movement.

There is a vast difference between the ultra-militant suffragette, who uses mob methods and invites mob retaliation; and the earnest, orderly suffragist, employing constitutional methods to secure what will soon be constitutional rights. No section of the police or the public can be permitted to ignore that difference, or to treat as law-breakers those who are quietly and effectively presenting their claims for reasonable consideration.

The Passing of Mrs. Pankhurst

No unprejudiced supporter of the movement for the enfranchisement of women can condone the recent excesses of the militants in England. The united efforts of the bitterest opponents of the cause could not have done more to discredit it than has been achieved by Mrs. Pankhurst and her army of fanatics. A few more months of such militancy, and Votes for Women can be relegated to the category of lost causes, so far as England and the present generation are concerned.

There has been altogether too much foolish childishness in connection with the movement in recent years. There has been

courage also, of course; endurance, resource, extraordinary devotion. No one will undervalue the resolution and heroism that have been displayed. But few religious or social movements in the world's history have lacked such lavish devotion, which is as often identified with ignorance and fanaticism as with high ideals and intelligent action. The courage of fanaticism is precisely what the world does not now want. It is outgrowing its littleness; is insisting more and more upon the reasoned view, the power of right, the stupidity of the force-theory. And the women, awakened from their long sleep, could have given such an impetus to the new WILL-TO-REASON of humanity, that it would have been irresistible. Instead, they have gone back, if they are content to be judged by their more clamant representatives.

But it is wrong to confuse the rational suffragists throughout the world with the reactionary English militants. The women themselves, however, must make the separation clear by publicly rejecting the counsels and methods of the violence-mongers, before the movement is fatally associated with intolerance and hysteria. Mrs. Pankhurst and her subordinates have been strangely over-rated, even from the point of view of mere advertising. They have brought no inspiration to their cause, have contributed no large conception to modern thought. They have merely conducted a class-war, with all the pettiness and provincialism of other leaders of class-wars. They have appealed to prejudice, not to reason; and have been astonished to find that prejudice responded to the appeal. In the place of discussion, we have recrimination. Instead of reasoned statements, there are illogical, formless outbursts. The crowning stupidity is the invention of the "sex-antagonism" parrot cry which the more stupid women find pleasure, instead of shame, in repeating.

It would seem, from the attitude of some of the revolutionists, that there has been throughout the ages a massive wall of masculinity, shutting out women from the enjoyment of all the pleasures and duties that make life worth living. We read and hear of man-made law; man's inhumanity to woman; man's selfishness and cupidity and criminality. If one may judge from the general tone of the articles that come into an editor's hands,

man has spent the greater part of his time during twenty centuries in plotting to deprive woman of her manifest rights; in heaping indignities upon her; in subtly protecting his special penchant for lust and outrage, while denying to woman, not merely license, but the rudiments of liberty. Indeed, man has apparently been entirely indefensible, while woman has been grievously defenceless. The wildest absurdities are credited, and put forward in all good faith—and altogether unreasoned argument—as the basis for general and specific accusations. For instance, some eccentricity of criminal law has gone the rounds, gathering portentousness by the way, until a certain section of the public believes that the law of England deliberately assigns a week's imprisonment as the punishment for the rape of a girl of seven by an old man of seventy.

If this attitude of accepting without inquiry or elementary review the crudest assertions of mere propaganda-manufacturers is to be accepted as typical of the new movement; if "sex-antagonism" is to be insisted upon until it becomes a reality; if every point of difference is to be magnified, and every point of agreement ignored; if humor and courtesy are to be forsaken, and distrust and virulence adopted as the distinguishing marks of political life; if blatant rudeness, calumny and vilification are to be directed continually against public men of integrity and fine aims; then the sooner the movement becomes completely stationary, and is provided with a suitable epitaph, the better.

In the meantime, according to Mrs. Pankhurst's gospel, men are to be "intimidated" by the women. In other words, the militants admit that they can find in support of their cause no arguments capable of influencing the fairly intelligent and well-meaning men who constitute the great bulk of the controlling classes of the world. Is it, then, a cause abandoned in reality by the women themselves, as incapable of reasonable advocacy, that is to be thrust upon men by force of smashed windows, burnt pavilions, devastated golf-links, destroyed letters and blown-up buildings?

Surely it is time for the passing of Mrs. Pankhurst and the obliteration, so far as possible, of her unhappy record. Her courage may be remembered gratefully; her high aims acknow-

ledged. But she is a mediævalist; out of touch with the modern world, out of touch with modern methods. She has done little good, and the gravest harm, to the suffragist cause, so that it is identified in the minds of vast masses of the people with indecency and outrage, with narrowness, intolerance, and the perpetual threat of "war."

In the background, behind Mrs. Pankhurst with her fireworks and personal notoriety, have been the real armies of the women: fighting with fair weapons; trying to overcome prejudice with courtesy and reasoned discussion. From a false sense of loyalty, they have been unwilling to disown the mountebank element—recognizing, through all the foolishness and little-mindedness, the devotion and fine purpose. But an army is conscious of no disloyalty—though it may feel regret at the necessity—when a courageous but incompetent general is retired. A great cause must be greater than any personalities.

There has been much reference to the "sixty years of constitutional agitation" that preceded the militant dementia. The true leaders of the women know the nature of that constitutional agitation; how, in the face of the accumulated sentiment of centuries, women, not yet sure of themselves, unfamiliar with the atmosphere and exigencies of public life, felt their way, through mistakes, often through incompetence, always through opposition and ridicule, to self-confidence, the mastery of conditions, the sense of power. They realized that the prejudice inherited, not merely by the huge majority of men, but also by the majority of women, could not be broken down cataclysmically, without patience, preparation, persistence. And if at last, wearied of a too-long struggle, they adopted or acquiesced in militant tactics as they were first conceived, who will blame them? It is not the inception of militancy that must be utterly condemned; but its stupid, futile extension, without necessity or excuse; when it can arouse only antagonism, misunderstanding, contempt. Able and resolute constitutional methods can now win what militancy is obviously driving further away.

For whatever men and women have been in the past, men and women together—not men alone—must accept responsibility. Though there have always been women—like Gertrude in

Milestones—who were in advance of their generation, the majority of women, with the majority of men, were in agreement with the social order of their time. It is the fashion now to sneer at any suggestion that women—mothers and wives and moulders of men—could ever have influenced the conditions of their life, without the “vote.” The absurdity need not be elaborated. Is it because they have or have not a vote that Theodore Roosevelt, Jane Addams, John Smith and Mary Brown have influenced the thought and the destiny of their country or their village? It is because of their personal contribution to public opinion, progress, worth-whileness.

But what is the use of raking among the ashes of the past for smouldering embers that may be fanned into a flame of hatred? Admittedly, men have been stupid and selfish. The world has moved on. Even the habits of a decade ago, a year ago, are outmoded. Yesterday, only the vicious could allude to the fundamental facts of life. To-day, mothers teach their children in the nursery. What do we care for the prejudices and stupidities of last year? Twelve months have gone by, twelve or twelve thousand men and women have been added to those who realize that they are living in the twentieth century. Let the dead bury their dead.

Whatever may have been wrong or right in the past; whatever may have seemed necessary or unnecessary, justifiable or intolerable; there can be no doubt about the present. Reason, not force; brotherhood, not selfishness; internationalism, not provincialism—these are the essential and quickening ideas. But Mrs. Pankhurst has been so busy that she has forgotten to grow up. She walks in paths littered with broken glass, and calls upon the world to follow her.

Yes, it is time for the passing of Mrs. Pankhurst. If the true leaders of the movement will assume control—as they should have done long ago—they may repair the ravages of the militants. If Mrs. Pankhurst be permitted to remain as dictator, the outcome is already assured. No man of the old type will yield to threats what he would not yield to persuasion. No man of the new type will yield anything at all to intimidation. If a cause cannot justify itself by reason, let it die. It has no place in the world to-day.

THE FORUM

FOR MAY 1913

THE HOLY MAN

FRANK HARRIS

PAUL, the eldest son of Count Stroganoff, was only thirty-two when he was made a bishop: he was the youngest dignitary in the Greek Church, yet his diocese was among the largest: it extended for hundreds of miles along the shore of the Caspian. Even as a youth Paul had astonished people by his sincerity and gentleness, and the honors paid to him seemed to increase his lovable qualities.

Shortly after his induction he set out to visit his whole diocese in order to learn the needs of the people. On his pastoral tour he took with him two older priests in the hope that he might profit by their experience. After many disappointments he was forced to admit that they could only be used as aids to memory, or as secretaries; for they could not even understand his passionate enthusiasm. The life of Christ was the model the young bishop set before himself, and he took joy in whatever pain or fatigue his ideal involved. His two priests thought it unbecoming in a bishop to work so hard and to be so careless of "dignity and state," by which they meant ease and good living. At first they grumbled a good deal at the work, and with apparent reason, for, indeed, the bishop forgot himself in his mission, and as the tour went on his body seemed to waste away in the fire of his zeal.

After he had come to the extreme southern point of his diocese he took ship and began to work his way north along the coast, in order to visit all the fishing villages.

One afternoon, after a hard morning's work, he was seated on deck resting. The little ship lay becalmed a long way from

the shore, for the water was shallow and the breeze had died down in the heat of the day.

There had been rain-clouds over the land, but suddenly the sun came out hotly and the bishop caught sight of some roofs glistening rosy-pink in the sunshine a long way off.

"What place is that?" he asked the captain.

"Krasnavodsk, I think it is called," replied the captain after some hesitation, "a little nest between the mountains and the sea; a hundred souls perhaps in all."

(Men are commonly called "souls" in Russia as they are called "hands" in England.)

"One hundred souls," repeated the bishop, "shut away from the world; I must visit Krasnavodsk."

The priests shrugged their shoulders but said nothing; they knew it was no use objecting or complaining. But this time the captain came to their aid.

"It's twenty-five versts away," he said, "and the sailors are done up. You'll be able to get in easily enough, but coming out again against the sea-breeze will take hard rowing."

"To-morrow is Sunday," rejoined the bishop, "and the sailors will be able to rest all day. Please, captain, tell them to get out the boat. I wouldn't ask for myself," he added in a low voice.

The captain understood; the boat was got out, and under her little lug-sail reached the shore in a couple of hours.

Lermontoff, the big helmsman, stepped at once into the shallow water, and carried the bishop on his back up the beach, so that he shouldn't get wet. The two priests got to land as best they could.

At the first cottage the bishop asked an old man, who was cutting sticks, where the church was.

"Church?" repeated the peasant, "there isn't one."

"Haven't you any pope, any priest here?" inquired the bishop.

"What's that?"

"Surely," replied the bishop, "you have some one here who visits the dying and prays with them, some one who attends to the sick—women and children?"

"Oh, yes," cried the old man, straightening himself; "we have a holy man."

"Holy man?" repeated the bishop, "who is he?"

"Oh, a good man, a saint," replied the old peasant, "he does everything for anyone in need."

"Is he a Christian?"

"I don't think so," the old man rejoined, shaking his head, "I've never heard that name."

"Do you pay him for his services?" asked the bishop.

"No, no," was the reply, "he would not take anything."

"How does he live?" the bishop probed further.

"Like the rest of us, he works in his little garden."

"Show me where he lives: will you?" said the bishop gently, and at once the old man put down his axe and led the way among the scattered huts.

In a few moments they came to the cottage standing in a square of cabbages. It was just like the other cottages in the village, poverty-stricken and weather-worn, wearing its patches without thought of concealment.

The old man opened the door:

"Some visitors for you, Ivanushka," he said, standing aside to let the bishop and his priests pass in.

The bishop saw before him a broad, thin man of about sixty, dressed half like a peasant, half like a fisherman; he wore the usual sheepskin and high fisherman's boots. The only noticeable thing in his appearance was the way his silver hair and beard contrasted with the dark tan of his skin; his eyes were clear, blue and steady.

"Come in, Excellency," he said, "come in"; and he hastily dusted a stool with his sleeve for the bishop and placed it for him with a low bow.

"Thank you," said the bishop, taking the seat, "I am somewhat tired, and the rest will be grateful. But be seated, too," he added, for the "holy man" was standing before him bowed in an attitude of respectful attention. Without a word Ivan drew up a stool and sat down.

"I was surprised," the bishop began, "to find you have no

church here, and no priest; the peasant who showed us the way did not even know what 'Christian' meant."

The holy man looked at him with his patient eyes, but said nothing, so the bishop went on:

"You're a Christian: are you not?"

"I have not heard that name before," said the holy man.

The bishop lifted his eyebrows in surprise.

"Why then do you attend to the poor and ailing in their need?" he argued; "why do you help them?"

The holy man looked at him for a moment, and then replied quietly:

"I was helped when I was young and needed it."

"But what religion have you?" asked the bishop.

"Religion," the old man repeated, wonderingly, "what is religion?"

"We call ourselves Christians," the bishop began, "because Jesus, the founder of our faith, was called Christ. Jesus was the Son of God, and came down from heaven with the Gospel of Good Tidings; He taught men that they were the children of God, and that God is love."

The face of the old man lighted up and he leaned forward eagerly:

"Tell me about Him, please."

The bishop told him the story of Jesus, and when he came to the end the old man cried:

"What a beautiful story! I've never heard or imagined such a story."

"I intend," said the bishop, "as soon as I get home again, to send you a priest, and he will establish a church here where you can worship God, and he will teach you the whole story of the suffering and death of the divine Master."

"That will be good of you," cried the old man, warmly, "we shall be very glad to welcome him."

The bishop was touched by the evident sincerity of his listener.

"Before I go," he said, "and I shall have to go soon, because it will take us some hours to get out to the ship again, I should like to tell you the prayer that Jesus taught His disciples."

"I should like very much to hear it," the old man said quietly.

"Let us kneel down then," said the bishop, "as a sign of reverence, and repeat it after me, for we are all brethren together in the love of the Master"; and saying this he knelt down, and the old man immediately knelt down beside him and clasped his hands as the bishop clasped his and repeated the sentences as they dropped from the bishop's lips.

"Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."

When the old man had repeated the words, the bishop went on:

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

The fervor with which the old man recited the words "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" was really touching.

The bishop continued:

"Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts,* as we forgive our debtors."

"Give . . . give——" repeated the old man, having apparently forgotten the words.

"Give us this day our daily bread," repeated the bishop, "and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

"Give and forgive," said the old man at length. . . .

"Give and forgive"; and the bishop seeing that his memory was weak took up the prayer again:

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Again the old man repeated the words with an astonishing fervor, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

And the bishop concluded:

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

The old man's voice had an accent of loving and passionate sincerity as he said, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the beauty, for ever and ever. Amen."

The bishop rose to his feet and his host followed his

* This form of the Lord's Prayer is evidently taken from Matthew.

example, and when he held out his hand the old man clasped it in both his, saying:

"How can I ever thank you for telling me that beautiful story of Christ; how can I ever thank you enough for teaching me His prayer?"

As one in an ecstasy he repeated the words: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. . . ."

Touched by his reverent, heartfelt sincerity, the bishop treated him with great kindness; he put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"As soon as I get back I will send you a priest, who will teach you more, much more than I have had time to teach you; he will indeed tell you all you want to know of our religion—the love by which we live, the hope in which we die." Before he could stop him the old man had bent his head and kissed the bishop's hand; and tears stood in his eyes as he did him reverence.

He accompanied the bishop to the water's edge, and, seeing the bishop hesitate on the brink waiting for the steersman to carry him to the boat, the "holy man" stooped and took the bishop in his arms and strode with him through the water and put him gently on the cushioned seat in the sternsheets as if he had been a little child, much to the surprise of the bishop and of Lermontoff, who said as if to himself:

"That fellow's as strong as a young man."

For a long time after the boat had left the shore the old man stood on the beach waving his hands to the bishop and his companions; but when they were well out to sea, on the second tack, he turned and went up to his cottage and disappeared from their sight.

A little later the bishop, turning to his priests, said:

"What an interesting experience! What a wonderful old man! Didn't you notice how fervently he said the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes," replied the younger priest indifferently, "he was trying to show off, I thought."

"No, no," cried the bishop. "His sincerity was manifest

and his goodness too. Did you notice that he said ‘give and forgive’ instead of just repeating the words? And if you think of it, ‘give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors’ seems a little like a bargain. I’m not sure that the simple word ‘give and forgive’ is not better, more in the spirit of Jesus?”

The younger priest shrugged his shoulders as if the question had no interest for him.

“Perhaps that’s what the old man meant?” questioned the bishop after a pause.

But as neither of the priests answered him, he went on, as if thinking aloud:

“At the end again he used the word ‘beauty’ for ‘glory.’ I wonder was that unconscious? In any case an extraordinary man and good, I am sure, out of sheer kindness and sweetness of nature, as many men are good in Russia. No wonder our *moujiks* call it ‘Holy Russia’; no wonder, when you can find men like that.”

“They are as ignorant as pigs,” cried the other priest, “not a soul in the village can either read or write: they are heathens, barbarians. They’ve never even heard of Christ and don’t know what religion means.”

The bishop looked at him and said nothing; seemingly he preferred his own thoughts.

It was black night when they came to the ship, and at once they all went to their cabins to sleep; for the day had been very tiring.

The bishop had been asleep perhaps a couple of hours when he was awakened by the younger priest shaking him and saying:

“Come on deck quickly, quickly, Excellency, something extraordinary’s happening, a light on the sea and no one can make out what it is!”

“A light,” exclaimed the bishop, getting out of bed and beginning to draw on his clothes.

“Yes, a light on the water,” repeated the priest; “but come quickly, please; the captain sent me for you.”

When the bishop reached the deck, the captain was standing

with his night-glass to his eyes, looking over the waste of water to leeward, where, indeed, a light could be seen flickering close to the surface of the sea; it appeared to be a hundred yards or so away.

"What is it?" cried the bishop, astonished by the fact that all the sailors had crowded round and were staring at the light.

"What is it?" repeated the captain gruffly, for he was greatly moved; "it's a man with a gray beard; he has a lantern in his right hand, and he's walking on the water."

"But no one can walk on the water," said the bishop gently. "It would be a miracle," he added, in a tone of remonstrance.

"Miracle or not," retorted the captain, taking the glass from his eyes, "that's what I see, and the man'll be here soon, for he's coming towards us. Look, you," and he handed the glass to one of the sailors as he spoke.

The light still went on swaying about as if indeed it were being carried in the hand of a man. The sailor had hardly put the night-glass to his eyes, when he cried out:

"That's what it is!—a man walking on the water . . . it's the 'holy man' who carried your Excellency on board the boat this afternoon."

"God help us!" cried the priests, crossing themselves.

"He'll be here in a moment or two," added the sailor, "he's coming quickly," and, indeed, almost at once the old man came to them from the water and stepped over the low bulwark on to the deck.

At this the priests went down on their knees, thinking it was some miracle, and the sailors, including the captain, followed their example, leaving the bishop standing awe-stricken and uncertain in their midst.

The "holy man" came forward, and, stretching out his hands, said:

"I'm afraid I've disturbed you, Excellency: but soon after you left me, I found I had forgotten part of that beautiful prayer, and I could not bear you to go away and think me careless of all you had taught me, and so I came to ask you to help my memory just once more. . . .

"I remember the first part of the prayer and the last words

as if I had been hearing it all my life and knew it in my soul, but the middle has escaped me. . . .

"I remember 'Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven,' and then all I can remember is, 'Give and forgive,' and the end, 'And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the beauty for ever and ever. Amen.'

"But I've forgotten some words in the middle: won't you tell me the middle again?"

"How did you come to us?" asked the bishop in awed wonderment. "How did you walk on the water?"

"Oh, that's easy," replied the old man, "anyone can do that; whatever you love and trust in this world loves you in return. We love the water that makes everything pure and sweet for us, and is never tired of cleansing, and the water loves us in return; anyone can walk on it; but won't you teach me that beautiful prayer, the prayer Jesus taught His disciples?"

The bishop shook his head, and in a low voice, as if to himself, said:

"I don't think I can teach you anything about Jesus the Christ. You know a great deal already. I only wish——"

TIGER

A One Act Play

WITTER BYNNER

[Painful and almost terrible as this may seem to some readers, it merely focusses, in dramatic form, the abominable realities to which "civilized" people have so long shut their eyes, publicly and pharisaically; but to which, in tens of thousands of cases, they have given vicious personal and private encouragement.—EDITOR.]

*"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?"*

Time: To-night.

Scene: A room in a house not far east of Times Square. A curtained door at the back of the stage leads into the hallway. A closed door at the right leads into an inner bedroom. The furniture and pictures are more showy than expensive. The shades are drawn.

At the rise of the curtain, the keeper of the house sits in an easy-chair. She is a woman of thirty-five, handsome, well-dressed. Her familiars call her Tiger, on account of her hard, lithe brilliance. She is looking over a handful of bills and writing cheques with a fountain-pen on the arm of the chair. On a couch reclines Annabel, a girl of twenty-four, beginning to fade under her paint, but an effective type still with her hair parted and drawn simply over her forehead to a flat coil behind. She is in a loose, thin dressing-gown, reading a novel, eating chocolates and smoking cigarettes. An ash-tray, cigarettes, chewing-gum and the chocolates are on a chair beside the couch. At a table across the room, a man of thirty, with somewhat refined features, a suggestive pallor and flush, and a habit of biting the skin on his red lips and of rubbing his thumb over his finger-tips,

is pouring himself a glass of straight gin. He is over-dressed, over-mannered and wears several bright rings, but might pass with the young for a gentleman. On account of what is known as his "class," he has been dubbed The Baron.

ANNABEL

Put water in it, Baron. Spare your liver.

BARON

Mind your own liver and shut up, will you?
Whenever I want your dope, I'll ask for it.

[*She returns to her reading. He gulps his drink, then loiters toward Tiger. Suddenly he sits on the arm of her chair, catches her close and kisses her hard]*

TIGER

[*Pushing him away]*

Cut out that stuff, Baron.

[*Picking up her bills from the floor]*

Come across first

With what you promised.

BARON

Oh, you needn't worry,

Dear Madam Shylock. You're going to have your pound
Of flesh,—I've said that you shall have her here
To-night. She may be waiting for me now.

[*He looks at his wrist-watch]*

Less than a block away, ready to serve

And honor and obey me.—Damn you, Tiger!

I wonder if I love you more or hate you.

Damn you, anyway!

TIGER

Oh, swear your head off!

Go over it again, make up your mind

One way and then the other!

[*Looking up from her bills*]

Kiss me, kid!

[*He kisses her hungrily. She stands up and throws him away from her*]

Now snarl at me, you cur. I don't know why
 I keep you round; except to purr and snarl
 Myself,—first kiss your feminine eyes because
 They look so lost in the world, then curse your breed,
 You most of all, because you're so unlike
 The brutes I'm tired of.

[*She crosses to lay bills and cheques in her desk*]

But what's the use

Of bothering? You suit me. And you're good
 For the business. Run along and bring her here.

[*She sits at her desk and writes*]

BARON

[*Taking a cigarette from Annabel's supply*]

Remember now. She's young, and I'm her first
 Offence. And I've been careful with her, Tiger,
 Not touched her fingers only once or twice
 And used good English and been sympathetic.

TIGER

Oh, yes, I know all that.

BARON

She's different though.

She hasn't got the taste for it beforehand
 Most of them have.

TIGER

[*Looking round as she seals a letter*]

Then she's the very kind

We want, old boy. The other kind is common
 And some of our customers amuse themselves,
 You know, by being fastidious. Is she a blonde?

BARON

Brunette.

TIGER

Too bad.

BARON

No, you can fix that up.

Light hair'd be fine with her dark eyes, good change.
She's just the girl for it, solemn and slow
And innocent. Poor kid, I pity her.

TIGER

You act like you were getting stuck on her;
Perhaps she'll keep you when you're tired of me.

BARON

You've got me hypnotized. I don't get tired.

TIGER

[*She approaches him, seductively, mockingly*]
Be true to me, sweetheart!

BARON

Oh, go to hell!

[*She lays her hand insidiously on his arm. At once he seizes and kisses her. She leads him to the hallway door, and opens it as he kisses her again, then she pushes him out with both hands and, closing the door, turns back to Annabel, who at every amorous passage between Tiger and the Baron has looked up from her book and watched with curious but accustomed interest*]

ANNABEL

[*Chewing gum*]

Gee, but I wish I had a man like that!

TIGER

You'd have one, dear, if you were business-like.

ANNABEL

[*Shaking her head and marking her place in the book with a cigarette*]

I couldn't hold a man. They get so bored
With me. And, after all, there isn't much
To say to one man. I'd be bored myself
To have to think of new things all the time.
Variety, Tiger, is the spice of life,
Not in the spiel but in the spelers. Dear,
Do you like my hair this way? One of the boys
Suggested that it makes me look too old.
I think I'll put it back again.

[*She starts to uncoil it*]

TIGER

No, no!

Let it alone. You'll be told quick enough
When you look old. Leave it to me!

ANNABEL

Well, looks
Ain't everything. I'm getting wise to the game.
Say to a gink, "Your nose is beautiful,"
"Your mouth was made to kiss," or call his figure
Military.

[*She examines herself critically in a hand-mirror which she takes from under a sofa-cushion*]

TIGER

There's just one kind of figure
That makes a hit with me. A good full chest!

ANNABEL

Gee, ain't they handsome when they have green—backs!

[*They laugh*]

I told a guy last night that it takes dough
To make a tart. Dear, that's my own!

TIGER

And say,

Here's business, Annabel, take it from me!
You've seen the belly on the dollar-sign?—
Well, the man who has the stomach has the figure!

ANNABEL

I've noticed that.

TIGER

Sure thing! And while he thinks
You're waiting for his phoney kisses—pay
Attention to his stomach and his roll!
Make him eat, drink and spend! My dear, the way
To passion's through the stomach every time.

ANNABEL

[*Meditative*]

Champagne, you mean?

TIGER

Eve got there with an apple.
But the apple has fermented some since then.

ANNABEL

[*Laughing with Tiger*]

We have a good time, don't we!

TIGER

You do, dear.

You've been here seven months and, Annabel,
You never once in all that time have had
A grouch.

ANNABEL

You're square with me, Tiger, that's why.

TIGER

But, on the level, you don't like the life?

ANNABEL

Better than selling underwear to women
And paying fines on four whole bucks a week!
Talk as you please, the men have more respect
For a girl that's a good looker and can earn
A seat in a restaurant than for a dub
Who stands up all day waiting on their wives.

TIGER

Besides, you have as good a chance as me
To save up coin enough before you're old
And rent a house and get some girls together—
And after a while to live in a good hotel
And settle down respectable.—Perhaps
A friend or two. But independent.

ANNABEL

Chance!

Yes, I've got that. But, dear, I haven't got
The brains to make a hit in any line.
I know my limit and I'm satisfied.
I'm better off than I ever was at home,
And that's enough. The future can go hang.
There's more than one way to prepare a corpse.
Ain't I the cheerful guy?

TIGER

You're lazy, dear,
That's all the matter with you.

ANNABEL

Who's the new girl?

TIGER

Oh, I don't know. The Baron falls for me.
So I can trust his taste.

ANNABEL

Say, does he fall?

He's jealous, now, of me!

TIGER

Who's on the job

Downstairs?

ANNABEL

Cassie to-night. I'm tired. She knows
The steps and laughs a lot, loosens 'em up.
She's popular.

TIGER

And *she's* the Baron's work,—
He brought her here last winter. Cassie thinks
The Baron the one bet and he, poor kid,
Just keeps her on because I tell him to.
And see how well the combination works?—
The happy family!

ANNABEL

Business-like's the word!

[*A knock is heard at the hallway door*]

TIGER

Quick there! Be business-like yourself for once!
Clear off those things!

ANNABEL

All right.

[*While Annabel puts bottles and glasses under the table so they are hidden by the table-cover, Tiger picks up the gum, cigarettes and ash-tray from the chair and tucks them all under a sofa-cushion. The knock is repeated*]

ANNABEL

Where is it?

My fancy work,

TIGER

[Taking a piece of embroidery from under a cushion]
Here.

[She hands it to Annabel and crosses to the easy-chair]

ANNABEL

[Sitting on the couch, with the embroidery, as though she had been sewing]

Now we're a boarding-house!

TIGER

Throw me the book!

[Annabel throws Tiger the novel from the couch, Tiger holds it as though she had been reading]

Come in!

[The Baron enters, leading by the hand Margaret, a simple, romantic girl of seventeen. She is in street-clothes. She looks toward the two women bashfully, innocently, as they rise and come toward her]

BARON

It's Margaret.

This is Miss Dillingham, my aunt, and here's
My Cousin Ann.

MARGARET

How do you do? Gene's told
Me lots about you. I suppose you think
I'm foolish running away like this?

TIGER

Why, no!

You loved each other, Margaret.

MARGARET

My aunt

Was angry when he wanted to call. You see,
She's not like you, Miss Dillingham; she's set
And so old-fashioned. And she thought because
Gene works in a store he isn't good enough.
She said I never should have talked with him
At all. And then she didn't like his voice
On the telephone. . . . *I do, don't I, Eugene!*

BARON

[*His arm round her*]

I guess you do, darling.

MARGARET

You see, my aunt

Has been with us for years and father takes
Her word as law. I knew what she would say
About Eugene and how she'd make it sound.
At first I thought he'd better go himself
And see my father.

BARON

But I told you, dear,

He wouldn't fall for me. And I couldn't give
You up, now could I?

MARGARET

No. And so I thought

And thought—and prayed. And finally I came.

TIGER

And aren't you tired out? Let Annabel
Show you your room. You ought to rest before
You make your plans.

[*Annabel opens the bedroom door. Margaret, vaguely troubled, does not follow her*]

MARGARET

We must be married soon.

BARON

To-morrow.

MARGARET

Oh, I thought to-night.

BARON

But first

I have to get a license and attend
To things like that. And I can leave you here
With Tige—Miss Dillingham. She'll take good care
Of you.

MARGARET

[*Doubtfully*]

I'll do, dear, as you say.

ANNABEL

Your room

Is ready for you.

MARGARET

[*Crossing to the Baron*]

Oh, if only I

Had seen my father! He might not have felt
As Aunt Louisa felt. It seems so mean
Of me to run away from him. But I left
A little message on his dressing-case
Saying that he would hear from me to-morrow.

TIGER

You didn't write him anything about
Eugene?—or where you——

MARGARET

We thought best to wait,

Not to say anything till we could go
To him together, married, hand in hand,
And make him like us both.

TIGER

When will he find

The note?

MARGARET

To-night. Or—let me see,—what day—?
Why, it's Friday! Then he won't be home till Monday.
I hadn't thought of that. He always goes
To the country somewhere Sunday with his friends.
Poor Aunt Louisa will be scared to death
When I'm not back for dinner.

ANNABEL

But she'll find

The note.

BARON

Surely, and send your father word.

MARGARET

She won't know where to reach him.

ANNABEL

Then I'll go

Outside and 'phone her that you're safe with me,
One of your friends. Who shall I say I am?

MARGARET

Oh no, that would be worse.

BARON

That would be lying.

TIGER

You must be tired, Margaret.

MARGARET

Yes, I am.

[With a smile]

You see, I never ran away before.

ANNABEL

Didn't you bring——?

MARGARET

I didn't dare. I just
Went out and walked like some one in a dream
And took the train. My heart was beating so,
I thought that people would look round at me.

TIGER

And did they?

MARGARET

No.

TIGER

You dear! Come, Annabel,
She's talked enough for now. Lend her something
To wear to-night.

ANNABEL

Sure will I.

[As she goes up toward the hallway door, a knock is heard]

Who's there?

[She opens door slightly and takes from some one a cup of tea]

Thanks.

TIGER

[Crossing and taking the cup from Annabel]

Oh, yes, we've made some nice, hot tea.

[Exit Annabel]

MARGARET

I don't
Like tea.

TIGER

Take it this once, it'll do you good.

MARGARET

[*Tasting it*]

Isn't it very strong?

TIGER

There's medicine——

MARGARET

I don't need medicine.

TIGER

It's very little.

Only to rest your nerves and make you sleep.

MARGARET

[*To the Baron*]

I'll take it if *you* ask me.

BARON

Take it, dear.

That's right. All down!

MARGARET

It burns.

BARON

One swallow more!

[*Annabel returns with a night-dress*]

TIGER

Leave her to Ann and me now till the morning.

BARON

There. Thank you, sweetheart.

[*He takes the empty cup from her and hands it to Tiger, who lays it down*]

Good-night, Margaret.

[*He holds her hand in both his*]

MARGARET

Good-night, Eugene.

[*She shyly lifts her face to him. He kisses her*]

BARON

To-morrow, darling!

MARGARET

Yes.

[*Exit Margaret into the bedroom. Annabel, with a wink to the others, follows her, closing the door. The Baron turns from Margaret and looks at Tiger, who stands facing him with her arms down. She smiles and nods. He crosses to her, puts his arms round her, holds her now with assurance and kisses her. She responds by kissing his eyes. The stage now darkens to indicate the lapse of time from Friday night to Sunday night. When it grows light again, a small table is beside the couch, with a chair or two round it, and with cards on it and poker-chips. The Baron sits on the couch idly throwing poker-dice. Annabel, who has been as idly watching him, crosses to the closed door of the bedroom and leans with her ear to the crack of it*]

ANNABEL

[*Moving away again from the door*]

That little girl's more bother than she's worth.

BARON

[*Still throwing the dice*]

The stuff you gave her in that tea started

The devil in her. Every finger-nail
In action! Tiger bawled me out for quitting.
Poor little girl! I wish she wasn't there.
Damn it, I was a dog!

ANNABEL

Well, you lap the hand
That feeds you!

BARON

[*Putting down the dice*]

Shut up now! I can know myself
And kick myself. But I won't let you do it!

ANNABEL

Oh, well, who wants to kick a rotten egg?

BARON

[*He jumps up and, catching her by the wrist, twists it*]
I'll teach you—

ANNABEL

Ouch!!

[*Tiger enters from the hallway*]

TIGER

Stop making love, you two!

[*Crossing and listening at the door*]
How is she, quiet?

ANNABEL

There hasn't been a squeak
To-day.

BARON

[*Back at his dice*]
My God, she couldn't cry any more!

[*Tiger turns round at his tone, crosses to him, lifts his chin with her fingers and looks into his eyes*]

TIGER

If you should dare to let her out, you fool!

BARON

Who's going to let her out? I did the thing.
And I know why. And *you* know why I did it!

TIGER

[*Walking away from him*]

I've paid you.

BARON

[*Amorous*]

Kiss me, Tige!

TIGER

Let me alone!

[*Turning sharply*]

Good God, you don't think I'm in this for fun!
I'm in it for the future. And there'll be
No Baron in my future.

[*She walks away again*]

BARON

[*He follows her and, grasping her shoulders, turns her to face him*]

Wait and see!

You'll need me, Tiger, more than I'll need you.

TIGER

[*Looking at him shrewdly*]

You think so? Annabel, bring me her clothes.
I guess I'll keep an eye on them myself.

[*Exit Annabel into the hall*]

BARON

There's mighty little you don't keep an eye on.

TIGER

You nearly took up Cassie for your girl,
And Cassie bores you, Baron. Some one's got
To use their eyes for you. You don't use yours.

BARON

You're jealous, Tige. Insult me, kid, I love it!

TIGER

It's business, Baron. Jealousy's a joke.
You know me well enough to quit your bluff
And quit me too, or else to give this girl
The go-by. It's plain business. Do you get me?

ANNABEL

[*Returning with Margaret's clothes and hat*]
Where shall I put them, Tiger?

TIGER

Leave them there

For now. And put that over them.

[*She indicates her own cloak. Annabel lays them on the couch*]

BARON

[*Cowed*]

You're dippy.

I wouldn't do a thing you didn't want.

TIGER

[*Crossing toward the bedroom*]
What time is it? I guess I'll try again.

BARON

She hasn't had a bite of food—since when?

ANNABEL

Not since she came.

BARON

Lord, Tiger, give her something!

TIGER

This is my business now. You've done your part.
Get out of here!

BARON

You bet!

TIGER

Come back on Tuesday.

These little cooings will be over then.

BARON

They're over now. I love you, Tige, you devil!

[*He kisses her passionately*]

TIGER

[*Wearily*]

Good-night.

[*Exit the Baron*]

ANNABEL

You sure have got him going, Tiger.

TIGER

I'm sick of him! But I can't throw him down.
The fool might shoot me or else go and blab.
He's the only one I've cared for in ten years;
And I knew, the night I met him, that I ought
To look away and leave him be. It comes
Of letting sentiment into your business.

ANNABEL

I wonder if I'll ever fall in love.

TIGER

The only other man I ever loved
Married me, and he used me like a dog.
The time I wasted moping for that boy
Would have set me up by now in Easy Street.
I hung on fourteen months. He didn't hand
Me coin enough for food—there were other girls
More business-like who hadn't married him—
Then cussed me when I couldn't buy his friends
Big eats at home. One of them helped me out
The last two months. He liked me. And I ran
Away with him. I learned a lot from him.
A man's an easy mark unless you love him.
I love that first one yet.

[*Crossing to the bedroom door and signifying Margaret with her head*]

She loves the Baron.

[*Speaking through the door*]

Margaret?—When you choose you can have food.
Just say the word and you'll have it—not before.
You know what good your screams did Saturday!—
And you can cry till doomsday if you want,
Nobody'll hear. Your father'll never come.
And you won't kill yourself. I didn't, dear.
Just say the word, I'll send you in Eugene—
Or some one else—and food!

ANNABEL

[*Improving her make-up. Pallor and red lips are effective with her black hair*]

She may be dead.

TIGER

Dead nothing! I can hear her through the door.
She'll come to terms. Hunger and time are good

Persuaders. And she knows the Baron's waiting.
He'll teach her first. Then nothing matters. Eight
Or ten hours more at most and she'll begin.
She'll not be too unhappy, *you* know that,—
Probably happier than she would have been
With a cold husband and an empty life
Selected for her by her Aunt Louisa.

[*There's a knock at the hallway door. Annabel goes to it*]

TIGER

Who is it?

ANNABEL

Willie's here.

TIGER

Well, let him in.

ANNABEL

You think——?

TIGER

It's safe enough. He's an old friend,
He knows the game and plays it like a good one.
In fact it's sports like Willie have to have
The dainty morsels.

[*She moves Annabel out of the way and opens the door herself*]

Come in. How are things?

[*Enters Willie, a patron, of later middle-age, a stout, prosperous-looking, pleasant gentleman*]

WILLIE

I'm fine—but hungry, Tiger. Cassie said
She'd send my supper here. I've been outdoors
All day at Ardsley—golf—played well to-day.

And by the way, we asked a girl out there
—A decent girl, you know—to join a foursome;
And what do you suppose she said, not meaning it
At all, referring as she thought to one
Of the sticks? “I never play,” she said, “don’t know
A thing about it, shouldn’t even know
Which end of the caddy to use.”

[*They all laugh*]

Good, isn’t it!

She was a beauty too! Do you know, I’m tired
Of all your girls! I come here still because
I like *you*, Tiger.

[*Looking round*]

I’m tired of Annabel.

ANNABEL

[*With a deep bow*]

Oh, thank you, Willie.

WILLIE

—Cassie, all of them,

The same old faces. Haven’t you something new?

TIGER

I’m tired, Willie, of that same old question.

[*A sudden sobbing is heard*]

WILLIE

Listen!

[*It dies away into a moan*]

What was that, Tiger?

TIGER

[*Crossing and whispering in his ear with a smile*]
“Something new!”

WILLIE

What do you mean? A new one? In that room?

TIGER

Come here now, dearie!—On your honor, sir,
As a friend and gentleman—repeat it, please!

WILLIE

Well, Tiger, on my honor——

TIGER

If I put
You wise to a professional master-stroke,
You will not preach *nor peach*?

WILLIE

I swear.

TIGER

Willie,
The “something new” was brought here——

WILLIE

Never mind
The story. Is she young?

TIGER

Young as they come,
And new to it,—in fact rebellious, dear,
And fasting for her pains.

WILLIE

I'll break her in!

TIGER

The Baron's a much better hand at it.

WILLIE

Oh, come! It's an adventure!—let me try!
I'll be as gentle as a kitten with her.

TIGER

No, no,—some other time. There's nothing in it.
It's just a stupid, necessary job.

WILLIE

But, darling, an experience and different!
Girls *like* me, Tiger. Come on, let me try!
I'll make it worth your while.

TIGER

Well, you may have

Your supper with her, if you want to pay
Big money.

WILLIE

Sure. I'm rich to-night. I won
A case last week. And I am going to win
Another case to-night,—you know, a case
Of love at first sight. That's how I feel!

TIGER

Go in.

And don't believe the fiction that you'll hear.
She's peevish now, that's all. You know these girls
And their romances and their grievances.
Help her forget them, Willie.

[She takes a key out of her pocket and puts it in the lock of the bedroom door, then turns before she opens the door]

Pommery?

WILLIE

[Nodding]

And a tasty little supper for your Willie!

TIGER

[Unlocking the door]

Remember now, you're not to preach——

WILLIE

Nor peach.

TIGER

Promise!

WILLIE

I promise. Wish me good luck, Tiger!

[She opens the door for him; he enters the bedroom. There is a pause, then, inside the bedroom, a scream of mingled terror and joy from the girl, and a moan from the man]

MARGARET

[Her voice is heard, heartrending]

Father! Father, I knew you'd come! Father!

WILLIE

[Reappearing and facing the women, livid]

Give me her clothes! Damn you, give me her clothes!

[*Tiger stands motionless, petrified. Annabel crosses as in a nightmare and picks up Margaret's clothes from the couch. As she pulls them across the table, the poker-chips are dragged to the floor. Annabel turns at the sound and looks down at the poker-chips, dazed. Willie re-enters the bedroom. Annabel suddenly drops the clothes on the floor and runs out into the hall. Tiger stands motionless]*]

CURTAIN

BERGSON'S MESSAGE TO FEMINISM

MARIAN COX

IT is Bergson's hour. Is it because he brings us a needed message? Those who see only the mysticism in his philosophy claim that it is convertible into any and every significance; but a definite message is in his insistent demand that we turn away from the intellectualism of life to life itself, and this also is the aim of Feminism.

The especial appeal in Bergson's philosophy resides in the fact that it reflects the spirit of this age. It is essentially an attack upon the methods and conceptions of the past and sounds a clarion-call for change, for quest of new values and adjustments to life, and, above all, expresses the modern reaction from the laws of the material to the laws of the spiritual—in freedom, growth, and universality—which, indeed, constitutes the feminine element in his system of thought and accounts for its peculiar attraction to a world newly pulsing in “the woman movement.”

Philosophy is becoming more human. This is why we see a popular interest in it awakening everywhere. When subjects of thought are said to become “human” it is but a synonym for sympathy and harmony with the movement of life; which, as I shall endeavor to show, is the *feminine* element in humanity, as in the universal consciousness, created—as Bergson tells us—by the two movements of two opposite but complementary elements of being. And this is the idea in Bergson's theory which is of paramount importance to us Feminists.

In order to apply to human existence the cosmic speculations of Bergson, we must accept his conception of life as a consciousness which possesses two divergent laws, the spiritual and the material. The law of the spiritual is liberty and evolution, the law of the material is necessity and mechanism; one is the movement of ascent, the other the movement of descent. And we see these two laws at work in the human consciousness, one as instinct, or intuition, belonging to the rhythm of life, the other as intelligence, or intellect, belonging to the rhythm of matter. The revolutionary idea in this conception is Bergson's

flat that intellect is incompetent to know life because it deals only with the outside of things and the conquest of matter, and that instinct can know life because it is united by sympathy with the inner nature and flux of reality. Now if we will identify these two laws of consciousness with the division we can recognize in human nature between the male and female elements or laws of being, we shall find a new enlightenment with which to read the failures in culture and civilization.

There is but one failure possible to human beings: failure to understand life. It was this that Descartes meant by his cryptic saying, all errors are crimes. Every mental and physical ill is rooted in this failure of knowledge, from the pessimism and spiritual despair of the intellectually cultured, to the racially-murderous vices of the ignorant. Upon the current understanding of life the civilization of every era has been constructed; and, so far, we have seen their falls almost contingent upon their triumphs, because all have been founded upon the male-elements which embody the movement of matter, necessarily opposed to the movement of life which the female-elements embody.

"Life is a movement, materiality is the inverse movement, and each of these two movements is simple, the matter which forms a world being one undivided flux, and undivided, too, the life which courses through it and carves out in it living beings." From Bergson's sweeping synthesis of the great antinomy of the spiritual and material worlds, we are brought to observe its workings in various and obvious forms. Of the two laws operative in an organic form, Bergson comments: "One of the most notable naturalists of our time has insisted upon the opposition of two orders of phenomena observed in living tissues, anagenesis and katagenesis. The rôle of the anagenetic energies is to raise the inferior energies to their own level by assimilating inorganic substances. They construct the tissues. On the other hand, the actual functioning of life is of the katagenetic order, exhibiting the fall, not the rise, of energy." Bergson adds a criticism which, throughout his thesis, he applies in general to the sciences. "It is only with these facts of katagenetic order that physico-chemistry deals—that is, in short, with the dead and not with

the living. Organic science has reconstructed hitherto nothing but waste-products of vital activity, the peculiarly active substances absolutely defy synthesis."

Many biological facts could be adduced to confirm the identification of the anagenetic impulse of life with the female-principle, and the katagenetic impulse of life with the male-principle. Incidentally, the idea suggests itself, that this truth underlies much that Ellen Key claims in her philosophy regarding the difference between the sexes; for instance, in her summary—"Human souls can be divided into organic and inorganic," when she describes how Ibsen "makes the masculine soul inorganic, definitive, finished, determined: the feminine soul, on the other hand, he more often makes organic, growing, in evolution." Only a decade or so ago the theory was revolutionary that sex-difference exists in everything, but it is now supported by many scientists. And in the light of modern views—based as they are on the growing sense of universality—we must realize that every cell of animal, plant or mineral is actuated by the same laws that imbue the universe with its life impetus: the two movements of sublimated sex.

And so far the evolution of the human species has been directed by the male-movement in its consciousness, and it has ended in the *impasse* of the intellect, the male goal. The major application of Bergson's theory is, indeed, that intellect falsifies every temporal process, and so inevitably attains ends that sooner or later reveal themselves in a false relation to life. Through the ages, humanity itself has been in a false relation to life in so far as civilization with its male-bias has affected it. For the male movement has led it only in the direction of intellect, whereas—to reach reality—it should have followed the direction of intuition as well. "Intuition goes in the very direction of life, intellect goes in the inverse direction, and thus finds itself naturally in accordance with the movement of matter."

Since all that we are and all that we can become is based upon the truth or falsity of our knowledge in relation to life, it is curious to see how and why humanity has been deflected in its quest of knowledge by the one predominant male influence.

Buckle, the historian, in his study of the influence of women upon knowledge, declared that "Not one single physical discovery that has ever been made has been connected with the laws of the mind that made it, and until that connection is ascertained our knowledge has no sure basis." And he attributes this futility of knowledge to the pursuance of the male-method in thought: inductive, empirical, teleological, obliterating the whole for the parts, and to the exclusion of the female-method in thought: deductive, intuitive, anti-teleological, obliterating the parts for the whole.

Bergson's philosophy is an exposition and a plea for this female-method in the future quest of knowledge. He arraigns humanity's materialistic culture as being false to life, and so, pernicious to evolution, and urges that we discard all the sophistications, heredities, prejudices and artifices of the past for a new vision of life; and a vision of life which, upon analysis, we find to be simply the feminine vision. Thus it is nothing more or less than the admission of the *failure* of man, alone and dominant, in the world of intellect, and an augury that the missing link to attach us to a higher evolution of the human mind is to be found in woman. With this key to the failures of culture, how many doors are opened.

It opens a new field of conjecture as to why science has been so richly competent to explain all the physical operations of life, to grasp all the secrets of matter, and yet life itself, with all its secrets, has completely escaped science. Modern science with its mechanical Cosmism, given it by both the Neo-Darwinian and Neo-Lamarckian schools, is said by Bergson's followers to have been destroyed by his theory—that environment is not a cause, but is merely a force in evolution. Another deep thinker, Fechner, attributes "the failure of scientific thinking" to mankind's way of regarding "the spiritual not as a rule but as an exception in the midst of nature." This is necessarily the result of the male-movement following the configuration of matter, into disintegration, finalities, the *made*, which, in the Bergsonian sense, is the dead. "All that exists is things in the making. *Once made they are dead.*" But the female-movement is toward fusing, re-forming and organizing with everlasting life. Woman's spirit

is the depository of the life-essence. She eternalizes: man externalizes.

Man has been defined as "a religious animal." So to see him at his best we must study him in his religions. All the traditional religions have been designed and influenced by the male elements alone; hence we find them all rooted in antagonism to life, and antagonism to woman: Judaism, the Old Testament, Genesis, the Decalogue, intellectual feats of maleness in its attempt to legislate woman and the human out of existence. We see here man's nature of anti-nature. Also in Christianity. But I separate Christianity—as it has been made by man—from the genius of Christ, which for the first time in the history of the rise and fall of religions embodied the female-elements in religion. Sympathy, intuition, passionate vision and love, these are the staple powers in the genius of Christ. The miracles he performed were but the result of the perfected genius of both male and female within him. He had the psychic mastery of woman's genius, the material mastery of man's genius; hence he represented the highest type of *human* consciousness this world has yet evolved. But three hundred years after Christ, Christianity had fallen into the constructive hands of man alone: hence the essence of its nature was destroyed. Up to the second century of the Christian era, Spirit or the Holy Ghost was considered feminine and this constituted the equality of the feminine with the masculine in the Godhead to the early Christians, as with the ancient peoples in other religions. Origen refers to the Holy Ghost as such; for "holy" simply means whole, undivided. Jacob Boehme and many other mystics recognized the double sexuality of God. But the Church soon destroyed this conception of the feminine Spirit in religion, and instead denied a soul altogether to everything feminine, and pursued as its chief doctrine the evil of woman. "The badness of man is better than the goodness of woman" (*Ecclesiasticus*). In order to realize how completely and successfully this doctrine—upon which the persecution, scorn, and oppression of woman has rested until the nineteenth century, the century of "free-thought"—was substantiated by precept and practice, it is only necessary to read what the Apostles and the Christian Fathers have said of woman, and what the canon laws

of the Church enacted regarding her. The death-enmantled days of humanity through the centuries of the complete reign of the Church, reveal to *what* conducts the separation of male and female in religion. Thus it is that the world of the human has escaped religion, just as the world of consciousness has escaped science. Man has given us un-human ideals. In his religion, he made his God what Matthew Arnold called a magnified, non-natural man, and for woman's worship and following, he created an archetype which is a freak of thought in its unlikeness to mortal woman and in its absolute impossibility for human imitation, the virgin-mother, the Madonna. Celibacy, self-mutilation, fasting, woman-hate, and life-hate, in every form, entrenched themselves in the male-fetichism of the Church.

The woman-movement is but the movement of life—toward the human. One cannot repeat this too often, for the salvation of the future race depends upon it. Whenever the great emancipations have taken place for humanity, we shall find them coincident with some definite expression of a woman movement in that period. It is the woman movement of to-day which has awakened the new spirit of change in every vested interest of Church and State. The State is beginning to see that its profession of democracy is a parody, while half of its constituents are debarred from the exercise of democracy, in the ballot: and that, the more democratic portion of humanity; for woman is intrinsically more democratic than man. Her democracy has its source in her sympathy, by means of which woman sees herself in humanity and humanity in herself; and to such an extent, that it has been disastrous, as yet, to the fruition of her own personality. Primarily, it was this reflective quality, this nucleus of democracy, in woman's nature which enabled man to obtrude upon woman his personal values instead of her own and thereby to secure his precedence and sovereign place. The Church, too, is being aroused by the woman movement of to-day, and is at last groping for her elements of democracy, universality, the human. It has begun to see that, without these, it stands merely as a relic of the androcentric past, and that it embodies nothing but symbols comparable to the raised lettering on the books made for the reading of the blind: the new vision does not need them

in its quest of the true knowledge. Hence the instinct of self-preservation in the Church is alarmed. We read of Church congresses convening to discuss ways and means of uniting religion—in their sense of the word—with the new spirit in the world's fermentation; and the clergy have adopted an attitude which is the complete reversion of the policy they have pursued through time immemorial. They have decided to surrender the ancient sacerdotal claim to supernatural wisdom,—so jealously maintained by sword, sceptre and secret synods of man through thousands of years; to surrender all the distinctive male-claims, of the esoteric, the aristocratic, the "holier than thou" tenets, for a recreation of religion in the modern currents of the human. Human service must be preëminently the ideal of any religion that seeks to be a living factor in our new developing civilization. And this we can only get through the female-elements being freely admitted into every phase of this mundane life. Already we see the signposts of woman's influence in the modern substitutes for religion which have taken such a hold upon cultured minds in America: Mrs. Eddy's "Christian Science," "The New Thought," Mental Science and Healing under their various names:—all are directly concerned with human service, in making the human being sound, self-helpful, efficient, fulfilled, omnipotent; which, indeed, is the very contrary of the old religion, which proselytized for the human being's dirt, starvation, poverty, dependence and eunuchism, as virtues.

But it is as astonishing as it is consistent with modern attitudes, to find the theologians now claiming the philosophy of Bergson as the underlying metaphysics in the Gospels of their hoary faith, for Bergson's concepts of life are the very antithesis of their religion's concepts. He bids us realize God as One who "has nothing of the already made: He is unceasing life, action, freedom," and "Creation, so conceived, is not a mystery; we experience it in ourselves when we act freely." What arrant heresy this would have been called—even in this Land of the Free—in the days before Ingersoll! Proteus our God! To what awful ultimates of conduct it seems to lead!

An exponent of the same concept of life who preceded Bergson was Walter Pater. He, the artist, expressed the idea in a

picturesque manual (the Conclusion to *The Renaissance*) whose publication raised a storm of protest from the professional moralists. What was repudiated in Pater, and so recently, is now being welcomed in Bergson. Let us see. Bergson says that we exist to the degree that we are experienced. Pater says, "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end." Bergson says one must live only to procure the greatest possible intensity of life and that the vital impulse has no goal more definite than that of acquiring an ever-fuller volume of free, creative activity. Pater says, "How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life." Bergson tells us that life is but a "reality that is making itself in a reality that is unmaking itself," like a chain without beginning or end. Pater tells us of "that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unwrapping of ourselves." Bergson teaches that the law of evolution is change, and that the consciousness of the soul is commensurate with its power for self-recreation. Pater teaches "to regard all things and principles of things as inconstant modes or fashions has more and more become the tendency of modern thought." In Pater this philosophy of life was called irreligious and immoral, in Bergson it is called the new doctrine of religion.

The past has shown us the nature of man's genius: the future must show us the nature of woman's genius. For she has lost her true powers and the consciousness of her own character through the civilizations forged wholly by the male. The Greek and the Roman civilizations—those great hegemonies of the male intellect—have vanished because of their separation of the two sex-forces immanent in all generative life. It is of interest to note also, that the decline of art began in Greece conjunctively with the ascension of the greatest Greek thinkers, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, abnormally male-geniuses, to whom William James traces the "vicious intellectualism" of modern thought, transmitted through antiquity. For art is nearer to life and to woman than is intellect. I believe the genius of woman sleeps in that mystical basis of her nature which has always made her a

more natural force than man. Man is the creature of civilization. Social life and social mandates began in associations of men and like everything else which man, the law-giver, has moulded, they have characterized themselves by arbitrary and artificial disqualifications of the human, directed specifically upon woman, the life giver. Whenever instinctive and natural conditions have prevailed among peoples, woman has been more powerful and more self-revelatory. For instance, woman possessed a power in barbarous Sparta which she lost completely in intellectual Athens. In the Homeric days woman was deified, side-by-side, goddess and god, with man. Among the early Germanic peoples woman was regarded as a prophetess and a seer, and no warfare was engaged upon until her vision and judgment had been consulted. Tacitus tells us that the Gauls and Celts believed there was something divine in woman, and that many were famed among them for their healing powers and miraculous cures of diseases which baffled the male physicians of those days. We learn from ethnologists to-day that among all uncultured peoples, the woman is brighter, more psychic and understanding than the man; and naturalists write that the female animal is more perceptive, more ready to seize ideas and motives than the male.

One of the strangest phenomena in history, but something relevant and illuminative of woman, even as she is to-day, is found in the weird, lunatic, and fragmentarily written records of the witchcraft of mediæval days. Millions of women were tortured or killed because of the biblical injunction, "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"; but as ecclesiastical versions have chiefly been handed down from those days, it is generally believed that these "witches" (victims to the long sex-hate inculcated in man by Genesis and the Church) were only the old hags, the eccentric beldames and moonlight herb-gatherers of that superstitious era. This is the version most favorable to mankind and the Church. But the truth is, that the women upon whom the ban of witchcraft inevitably fell, were the superior women, the women endowed with "strange gifts of wisdom"; for the strongest bulwark of the Church was in its destruction of knowledge in woman. But in some of the archaic lore of witchcraft, we find

sufficient testimony to know that the witches of that benighted period were the women who had succeeded, haphazardly, and in spite of the enforced ignorance of all womankind, in gaining possession of certain forces in mind and soul, which gave them strange bits of knowledge. They were the advanced thinkers, the scientists, the mystics, the healers and seers, the inheritors of the magical powers of Circe, Medea and Thracia,—intuitive geniuses, but warped and maddened by the thralls upon their sex in that day. We are told that Paracelsus once threw all his medical works into the fire, saying that he knew nothing except what he had learned from witches. These suggestions can merely indicate my belief that the great revelation in store for future humanity, is the revelation of woman's genius. And the spiritual revelations we are to have through the development of her genius will be as magnificent and amazing as the material revelations we have had through man's genius. We have discovered the limits of the intellect: but the world of the intuition is uncharted and unexplored.

To evolve her genius, woman has but one need, freedom. "The humblest organism is conscious in proportion to its power to move freely." Therefore upon Bergson, the new apostle of freedom, we can substantiate the present world-wide movement for woman's freedom. She must be free to form her own ideas and morals, to create her own conduct, and to seek her own experiences for self-development. Personality is identical with free-will; and the soul is but the complex of experience. Free-will and experience is what the long male-régime has denied to woman. Woman will never come into her own kingdom, nor man into his, and will never reveal her own genius, until she has evolved herself through these two agencies into complete self-realization.

Woman must reorganize the mind and the soul of humanity, for man has disintegrated it. It is with this meaning that we can take the declaration of Comte—that humanity is made up of more dead than living. Man has stood for division in everything. Woman stands for wholeness. We can see these contrary characteristics in every phase of life or thought, and in the relations of the sexes to each other. No matter whatsoever union

woman makes with life, whether of evil, good, faith, or anarchy, she gives herself to it wholly. But man divides everything, even himself. He has invented the dual moral system and the social codes, by means of which he can so readily lead two lives and profess two conducts, one public and one private. Even in the love between the sexes, we see these essential differences. Woman, when she loves, gives herself wholly, and she falls or she triumphs through it with the fanaticism of sincerity. But man has wondrously contrived to divide his love into various kinds of love: one for wife, one for mistress, many for light-o'-loves. Some morbidly male geniuses, such as Schopenhauer, Weininger, and Strindberg (whose psychologies prove the curious fact that the more male a man is, the more hostile and, at the same time, the more attracted he is to woman), have built up ingenious arraignments of woman from the premises that she is a non-moral being. This, they have been able to sustain by the undeniable fact that woman has never created an ideal, a law or a code of morals, outside of the single one that man invented for her, the purity of matter, chastity. My answer to them is this: Man has been the moralist, *par excellence*, because, in Weininger's own words, "the creation of anything implies duality," and man being by nature vicious, has been inspired to become the draconian moralist. The world's morality is founded upon man's sincere and unconscious hypocrisy. And, man always stands outside the things he creates. He is an "exception" in the midst of his creations: laws, logical and fixed formulas of all kinds, whether of the positive sciences in which he has excelled, or the dogmatic religions, or the world's moral system founded on legality and property. On the other hand, woman has not created moral laws for others to follow, simply because she is by nature moral. She is too intimately a part of moral life itself to conceptualize it as man has done. Maternity rests upon no moral grounds of law or logic; it is instinctive, it is pagan, it is lawless, and yet it achieves the quintessential flower of all that so-called morality professes to instil within humanity: altruism, devotion, self-abnegation, consecration to the noblest aims and sympathies. Thus, through the material instinct alone, woman possesses the true morality. The laws of true morality

are nothing but the laws of wholeness and growth, of health, in fact. And woman *feels* this: therefore she has not been obsessed as man has been by the necessity of inventing moral systems. Woman is no more capable of inventing a great moral system than she is capable, for instance, of creating great music; and both for the same reason. Often the woman-arraigners have pointed with scorn at woman's futility as a musician in comparison with man's success in this particular field, open to her when all other professions and arts were closed. But woman cannot be a creative musician, just as she cannot be a creative moralist, because both music and morality are too intimately one with the life-essence, the life-clamor within woman's intrinsic being. The infinite mood of life is that of formlessness and universality, of majestic waywardness, like some wild essence of passion, urging onwards and onwards to the search that never ends, to the climax that never comes, irrational, mutable, ecstatically unresting, and living in explosions of stupendous sympathy; and this mood of life has expressed itself fully in music and the vivification of woman's soul. Man has been glorious as a musician, a moralist and an architect. For these three *fortes* represent the triumph of matter over spirit.

But our one-sided evolution has fulfilled a vital purpose. It was necessary in order to acquaint us with the character and limitations of this world of matter in which we dwell. Bergson writes: "This conquest (of matter and the human self) in the particular conditions in which it has been accomplished has required that consciousness should adapt itself to the habits of matter and concentrate all its attention on them, in fact, determine itself more especially as intellect. Intuition is there, however, but vague and above all discontinuous. It is a lamp almost extinguished, which only glimmers, now and then, for a few moments at most. But it glimmers whenever a vital interest is at stake."

The vital interest of humanity's future evolution is now at stake, so we see the woman movement appearing to guide the world with woman's long-extinguished lamp, on the pathway toward that complete and perfect humanity which can ransack the universe of its secrets and consummate itself in the divine event to which all creation moves.

THE COMMON ROAD

MARTIN SCHÜTZE

AND now for reaches of open road,
With sun and flowers and fragrance abroad,
With sun and breezes and birds in the leaves,
And the year on the turn in yellow sheaves.

A road not so new it troubles the mind,
Nor so storied, memories limp behind,
Where hoof and foot and tire unite
One large inseparable tale to write.

Each bird has a voice and different air;
Is it thrush or yellow-throat? What do I care!
The trees tell tales, and the hill streams shout;
I do not trouble to make them out.

I do not strain after clues that fail,
I do not camp on the edge of the tale,
Nor teach my feet to falter and stray,
But hold to the immemorial way.

I hear but one great voice abroad,
Singing the song of the common road,
When the season's traffic burdens the air
And the sun spreads blessings everywhere.

And it's: Ever to keep on an even way,
Never to hasten, never to stay,
Nor vainly linger, nor backward yearn,—
Onward and sunward, and never turn;

Attuned to the one great voice abroad,
Heeding the call of the common road,
When the season's traffic burdens the air
And the sun spreads blessings everywhere.

RADICALISM

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, JR.

RADICALISM is in the air. It has fascinated modern thought. It has become necessary for every public man to declare himself progressive and advanced. The conservative confessed is predestined to political destruction.

And so we have the false prophet. Radicalism is distorted to include every outbreak of originality in conviction or of individuality in nature. Every man whose ideas are new, or whose personality is unique, considers himself entitled to wear the popular name of radical. How fiercely the title is sought! There are abortionists who mould their innately conservative natures into an outward semblance of radicalism; there are mental prostitutes who become radicals to serve the hour, bartering personal convictions for political profit; there are "cob-webbed" radicals of ten years ago who refuse to subscribe to the age-long law of evolution and change—they cry "once a radical, always a radical," and they honestly believe that a progressive can stand still. There are radicals professed whose actions and pursuits are a living denial of the faith they claim in their hearts.

It's as hard as passing through the eye of a needle—this being a radical. A genuine radical must be a flaming paragon, reckless of outlawry and ready for crucifixion. He must be intelligent. He must know that change is necessary and inevitable and good, and that to-morrow is constantly dawning with demands for new institutions and new morals and laws. He must needs have the internal honesty which is an invariable corollary of productive thought and which forces him to admit to himself and to others the facts his intelligence offers. He must have the courage to face these facts and preach them and act them, whether they are garlanded with popular approval or thorny-crowned with society's condemnation. He must be courageous to be cruel to those he loves if this love runs athwart his faith. He must be scrupulously sane, with a sanity that sorts the reality from the illusion, the substance from the form, the

true emotion from the sentiment, the religion from the dogma and the animate from the inanimate. And lastly, most of all, he must be equipped with a keen sense of direction—he must know, not merely that life is on the move, but that it has a fixed direction and an unswerving purpose. He must believe that the chief end of Progress is Harmony, and the radical is its prophet. He must see that all the lesson of the past and all the press of to-day and all the promise of the future point toward coöperation —toward a greater harmony of purpose, an increasing synthesis of toil and socialism of spirit. A world-will and a world-purpose exist, and the radical's supreme function is to fall into line and direct his own will and purpose into combination and coördination with that of the World-Force.

It is a soldier's life, forever changing, forever breaking camp and on the march, with constant skirmishing and battling, eternal in restlessness and discontent. But it has the compensating joy of life, a life in the open, rioting in motion and color—and an everlasting youth that lusts in the glad delirium of battle for the Lord.

A NATION IN IRELAND

DARRELL FIGGIS

III

The Way of Oppression

IT would be difficult to recall any nation, save the Jews, that have had to endure so continuous and severe an oppression as the Irish. It may be asked, however, seeing that deliberate oppression has very largely passed away, what service can be rendered in recalling the way it travelled or the instruments it employed. To that a number of answers may be made. It may justly be said, for example, that oppression becomes a constitutional habit; and it is notorious that constitutional habits have a knack of re-asserting their sway, however much they may seem to have been conquered, in some moment of excitement—and even in the more insidious and less precipitate reverisons of daily life. It is also true that the subsequent emotions of a nation can never properly be understood without recognizing its pains in the past—even as a man may flinch when the place of an old wound is touched. But oppression most truly wins that name when its avowed intention is, not merely to impose hardships on a nation, but to repress a nation's instincts; and it then becomes impossible to neglect it, because that repression weaves it in with the whole being of the nation, embracing its past and its future.

It has been so with Ireland. Hardships have been imposed on her that might or might not have much reference to the future or the past; but there has also been a kind of oppression that now belongs to the historical evolution of the nation. Such oppression is impossible to understand without a knowledge of the old polity in which the instinct of a nation first framed itself; and in its result to-day the national instinct is impossible to understand without perceiving, firstly, what the old polity was, and secondly, how the centuries of oppression struck upon it.

It is even curious to notice how one led to the other. Or,

to alter the phrase, it is interesting to notice how oppression led the way to repression. The vitality of the people being too strong easily to be subdued by the natural results of the military conquest—being, in fact, so strong as to nullify the conditions of that military conquest—the only alternative to a withdrawal, in fact or in essence, from the country was to stamp out that vitality by attacking the institutions in which it was couched. The sequence of history shows this.

Already, in a previous paper, we have seen how strangers coming into the land were drunk up into the national existence. Danes, and later the Norman adventurers, were so quickly subdued that a few generations sufficed to make them even as the Irish themselves, in speech and general custom. They might claim a kind of victory by force of arms; but the major victory remained with the people of the country. Nor did they take their new citizenship in the spirit of resignation, as men might who had determined to make the best of conditions: they became more enthusiastic with regard to their new nationality than the Irish themselves. As has been seen, they not only spoke the Irish tongue and wore the Irish dress, but they supported, and even in some cases helped to revive, the schools of learning; the more notable of them supported their own bards and brehons, as the Irish chiefs had always done; and then surrendered (in some cases, in public and by oath) their order of succession for succession by tanistry.

In other words, the national civilization had overcome the evil effects of military possession; and, after the natural abeyance following on the introduction of a new element into the nation, had proceeded again with the working out of a national entity. But so healthy and desirable a movement was not viewed with any favor by the military ascendency. When it had gathered way and promised the fairest results, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III, formulated his famous Statute of Kilkenny. He had come over, as most of his race had done, with a view to winning land, that he claimed was his through his wife. In this he was unsuccessful. Moreover, in many of his acts and decrees during his stay in Ireland he had made it only too evident that he hated the Irish race bitterly. And both

of these things are clearly shown in the provisions of his statute, whereby he sought at once to penalize the Irish of the soil and the Anglo-Irish whose chief wish was to become of the soil and to live in concord and brotherliness with the people.

By this statute it was enacted that the Irish and English were enemies and that they should live always as enemies under penalty of treason. It became no crime to kill an Irishman, in time of peace and without provocation: or to violate an Irishwoman. It was forbidden that any English settler should intermarry, gossip or foster, or have any relations with the Irish, under penalty of death. If he rode a horse barebacked all his property was forfeit, and he himself was liable to imprisonment: because it was thus that the Irish rode. The penalty was the same if he wore a moustache; and for the same reason. It was the same if he wore the Irish dress, spoke the Irish tongue (and the major part of them by that time could speak no other), entertained, or was entertained by, an Irishman, or played at hurling, quoitings or handball. The influence of Irish culture and learning (that was famous throughout Europe) was especially aimed at. Forfeiture and imprisonment was the price of hearing or supporting an Irish poet, musician or Seanchaidhe. And it was treason to submit any case to a brehon for judgment. It was even forbidden to any religious order to accept a "mere Irishman" into its ranks. In short, in the words of a writer in the reign of Henry VIII who wished to have them re-enforced, "the old statutes of Kilkenny are good to be put in execution for the extinction of any ties between the Englishry and the Irishry."

It was scarcely to be expected that the mere pronouncement of such a law would counteract the civil influence it sought to destroy. Its execution depended on military conquest; in fact it might almost be said that each attempt to execute it outside the diminishing borders of the Pale demanded a separate military expedition. For the settlers not only desired identity with the Irish nation; as we have seen, they even regarded that identity with enthusiasm, becoming "more Irish than the Irish themselves." And out of this very identity Ireland's last great period of prosperity was erected, in arts, crafts and trade.

This does not mean, however, that the statute became a dead

letter. It might be inoperative, but this was not altogether because the executive (or would-be executive) regarded it negligently. The forward thrust, as it were, was more or less continually maintained, however much the thrusting party might be compelled to fall back before the renewal of youth in the nation. And it was not long before other methods were found of attacking the vitality of the national life.

The Irish tribes were the centres of crafts and industries, even as they were the centres of the arts and learning; and the Irish towns, most of them with close corporations, traded with their produce. Clearly, therefore, if it was impossible to affect the health of the nation by direct edict, the same end could more easily be served by driving a wedge in between the tribes and the towns. Two ends would thus be gained. The tribal life would be injured, and the trade of the townships would be destroyed. A blow would thus be aimed at the Irish; and the Anglo-Irish would have inducements to join their life with them effectually ruined. Consequently it was, in the reign of Henry VI, "argued and established that henceforth no manner of merchant, nor any other liege person, shall go nor resort, in time of peace nor of war, to any manner of fair, market, nor other place among the said enemies with merchandise or things vendible, nor send the same to them." Any man so trading was decreed a felon; his goods were forfeit; and he himself was liable to imprisonment.

There is evidence to suggest that the immediate effect of this was such as the drafters of the decree desired; but that it was not very permanent in its effects is sufficiently obvious from the fact that in the following reign an act was passed lamenting the great prosperity of Irish trade, and laying further heavy disabilities upon it. For at this time English trade began to grow; and nothing exasperated the English traders more than their inability to cope with their rivals in the neighboring island. As we have seen, the City of Chester found the speediest method of communicating with Spain was through Ireland. But not only could they not hold their own abroad: Irish linens, wools and leathers invaded England, and were sold widely there—with the result that it was forbidden to the Irish to trade with England.

All through the times of the Tudors this state of affairs continued with increasing severity, every attempt being made to crush the Irish trade in the interests of English trade. Sometimes such attempts were spoken of as bringing the blessings of civilization to the "wild Irish"; sometimes (as with a man like Strafford) their real intention was given clear expression. Each trade or industry was taken in turn. For example, since the very earliest days the west coast of Ireland had done a rich import trade with the wine-bearing districts of the south of Europe. The Fenian heroes had drunk such wine, as well as native mead. Now this was attacked. A duty was put upon wine; but that duty was doubled if it was carried in ships other than English. The result was that the trade in the course of time was ruined.

So it was with the industries; linens and wools, particularly, which came in for special attack inasmuch as English weavers and traders complained of the competition. In one of Strafford's letters the whole matter is put concisely. "If," said he, "they should manufacture their own wools, which grow to very great quantities, we should not only lose the profit we make now by indraping their wools, but it might be feared they would beat us out of the trade itself by underselling us, which they are well able to do." This was late in the contest, when already the industry had been grievously injured. Doubtless Strafford knew that in earlier years the Irish had outdone their rivals in the trade in wools and linens throughout Flanders and in the Low Countries; and that Henry VIII had issued a charter to the City of Galway forbidding it to export wools or linens. Indeed, the further stage in the oppression is to be discovered by another passage in the same letter, where Strafford declares that so long as the Irish "did not indrape their own wools they must of necessity fetch their clothing from us, and consequently in a sort depend on us for a livelihood, and thereby become so dependent upon this Crown, as they could not depart from us without nakedness to themselves and children." Its trade having been injured, its very manufacture was to be ruined. The people were forbidden by law to wear their own spinnings in the interests of civilized, that is to say, English, cloth work and fashion.

But a far more central attack fell on the manifestations of

Irish culture, on the poets, historians and brehons, they who "by their Irish gifts and minstrelsy provoked the people to an Irish order." Similarly the schools, that had won for Europe the basis of much of its culture and the new beginnings of much of its learning, were sought out and uprooted. Not only they themselves, but their manuscripts were marked for extirpation. "The English burned," said Lynch, "with savage rage for the annihilation of our Irish documents," in the same campaign that sought to pluck away "the evil education and instruction of children by schoolmasters in Ireland." There is a lament* entitled *The Empty School*, where one of the schoolmasters so ruined gives his grief a characteristic and poignant expression.

"Hard is their toil when men of learning find not the bright-threaded artistry of illustrious scholars, to whom belonged the mystic import of words.

"Woe to the quarter whence came their slackness in meeting together! The cause of the dispersion of the schools is that the Gaels of Macha are in bondage."

Thus the provisions of the Statute of Kilkenny, inoperative through many centuries, began to find themselves coming into effect because of the steady malignity of those who were interested in extinguishing all that was fair and desirable in the nation. The trade was being slowly ruined; the learning starved; and the culture despoiled. The weaver at the loom, the tradesman with his commerce, the scholar at his books, the historian at his manuscripts, the brehon administering the equity of an old and intricately devised law on a hilltop in the presence of a confirming people, and the poet with his poems that were the result of many years' study and discipline: all were broken, ostensibly in the name of government, but truly by shameless avarice, and the hatred with which the oppressor inevitably hates the victim whom chance has placed in his power.

But these things were twined in with the polity of the people; and it was not easy utterly to break them. Though no Irishman was allowed to open a school, keep or hear a poet, or submit to a brehon, yet it was not easy to destroy these things root and

* See *The Irish Review* for January, 1912, where the poem is given, with a translation by Osborn Bergin.

branch as it was hoped. The polity itself first would have to be destroyed. Even as the culture lay before the prosperity, so the organization lay before the culture; and it would be necessary to uproot the organization before the culture could perish, since, in the principle and memory of things, the polity nurtured the culture. And so was born that "suppression of the native race" which, says Lecky, "was carried out with a ferocity which surpassed that of Alva in the Netherlands and has seldom been exceeded in the pages of history."

The first credit of this policy must be given to Queen Mary of tender memory. Yet the Pale administrators, in their attempt merely to subjugate rather than govern the people, had for many years advocated the policy that was now adopted. They had continually, in the course of this subjugation, been compelled to realize how unbreakable the nation was, so long as it was framed in its system of tribes and sustained by its evidences of culture. It was so not only in general strategy—in the complicated texture that made victories merely local affairs, soon remedied; it was not less so in the particular details. For instance, if a chief were defeated, his victor would formally depose him and put another in his place. But this called out a fury of resentment that it was plain the Crown officials could not understand: and which, therefore, they considered as original sin. Yet the matter was exceedingly simple. The Crown, interpreting another nation in terms of its own usage, had conceived of a chieftain's lands as belonging to him, which, for some misdemeanor, it took from him and gave to another. But they did not belong to him: they were the people's possession. And his chiefdom, with its mensal lands, lay at the election of the people. Consequently the whole tribe (the nine-tenths that had not been in the war together with the one-tenth that had) stood fiercely out at once against the arbitrary nomination of a chief. It stood in defence of its age-long proprietary. And it stood, too, in defence of law and order, an old law and an excellent order, against those who were acting lawlessly. So that victories became not only local affairs: even as local affairs it was difficult to wrest permanent advantage from them.

Therefore, now at the bidding of the Crown, oppression

was turned to repression, and repression in its turn became merciless extermination. The people were not only to have injurious regulations put against them; they were not only to be considered as seditious in struggling against such regulations; but they themselves were to be rooted out of the soil, driven from their ancient proprietaries, and left to starve in waste-lands or on the mountains. Incoming adventurers, called undertakers, were then granted the lands so cleared, with the condition that they should "plant" them with colonists brought in from England.

It was not to be supposed that the owners of the soil would make this supplanting quite an easy matter—however much their natural defence might call down on them the epithet of rebels in some Lord Deputy's despatch. But their very resistance was overcome, in many cases, by methods as debauched as the system of plantations itself. In one instance the chiefs were invited to a conference, and urged to bring all their tribesmen with them. When they arrived and took their place for the conference, soldiers surrounded them, firing on them till all were killed. In another case Essex, having accepted the hospitality of Brian O'Neil, went with soldiers, who, as the company sat at meat, surrounded the place and slew all that were there. Torture was freely resorted to. Soldiers went everywhere, and, since it was to be extermination, they did not stay their swords or pikes at women or children. And when, during this time, a man like Shane O'Neill arose, the Lord Deputy Sidney (with Elizabeth's connivance, as Sidney's own despatches and subsequent words make evident) after several futile attempts secretly had him assassinated.

Succeeding to Ireland's period of renewed prosperity, these things fell on her and broke her in all places. It cannot be denied they were an effectual method of severing that connection with her past, that continuity with it, that was so earnestly desired by the incomers. The Meath O'Conors, the O'Moores, the O'Kellys, O'Dowlings and O'Lalors, had for centuries possessed the tribe-lands of Leix and Offaly, and round about Kildare. Many were killed, as already said; and the others were driven to starve on the bogs and waste places. In Munster, not only were the tribe-lands so despoiled, but the miserable

fugitives themselves were hunted out and destroyed. The Lord President of Munster declared that his soldiers "burnt all the houses and corn, taking great prizes—and harassing the country killed all mankind that were found therein"; and proceeding on their journey, again "did the like, not leaving behind them man or beast, corn or cattle, except such as had been conveyed into earth." Famine itself was turned to as a means to the desired end; for as the gentle Spenser was careful to explain, if such methods were sufficiently employed the people "will soon be compelled to devour each other." In Munster in six months over thirty thousand people starved to death, besides those that fell by the sword; and, as Lecky puts it, "no spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of the towns, and especially of the wasted counties, than to see multitudes of the poor people dead with their mouths all colored green with eating nettles, docks, and all things they could find above ground."

From Mary's reign to the days of William III, plantations, on the one hand, and extermination, on the other, continued almost without intermission. During the eleven years of Cromwell's wars in Ireland it was computed that 616,000 persons were destroyed out of a population of 1,466,000. It was he who was responsible for the plantation of Ulster; in fact, he sought to drive the Irish completely out of the provinces of Ulster, Leinster and Munster, confining them to Connacht. He was not successful. The incomers required assistance in the cultivation of the soil, and the native owners of the soil continued in large numbers, in far larger numbers than the new colonists, throughout the interdicted areas. It was a plan impossible to execute. The way in which the people of Ulster, where the plantations had been most successful, rose to the aid of the Stuarts, in the hope that the Stuarts in turn would ameliorate their lot, is sufficient to prove how very far the plan failed of its intention. Yet such was the intention.

While, however, it was not possible to exterminate the people, or even to reduce them so that the colonists could maintain their own ascendancy even in the most successful areas, the result in the country was its final ruin. Both under her own rulers and under the English Crown she had proved her capacity to win

to a prosperity that was the result of a national entity: not a sporadic outgrowth but a natural achievement: and now this was utterly destroyed. It seemed, too, that the constituents of that prosperity were also destroyed; for the blow, as we have seen, had always fallen, designedly fallen, on the national characteristics. And this in a measure was true; though only in a measure, for Celtic memory is an unusually tenacious thing.

Yet out of the troubles of the past more troubles were born for the future. Seeking to remedy their evils, deluded by fair promises, the people espoused the cause of the Stuarts, and so were drawn into complications that were truly outside the national orbit. It mattered nothing to Ireland if Stuarts from France or princes from Holland were chosen to fill an English throne. The only thing that concerned her was that she should have peace from vicious legislation, from vindictive injuries, and be permitted, as best she might, to give her wounds time to heal. In that case, there is little reason to doubt that the memory of her ancient distinctions would work themselves again into a constructive polity. In spite of the religious difference that now seemed to give an entirely new complexion to the two races living side by side in the country, the newcomer would again have been caught into the national life, as so often in the past. And this peace, based on a more intelligent understanding and a better will, the Stuarts, with their quick perception for a position of intrigue, only too glibly led her to expect. In return for which, she espoused their cause, though they were to her little more than a rumor.

Yet, in spite of all, for some time it seemed as though Ireland was to win by her national self what she had lost in war, as she had ever done. Indeed, the early days of the eighteenth century have in many ways a remarkable resemblance to the days succeeding the Norman invasions; and were, like them, the clue for the repressions that followed. Cromwell's Ironsides married Irishwomen; and their children scarcely knew a word of English. The very stalwarts with which William had won the battle of the Boyne were, within seven years, Roman Catholics living in amity with the people. Their descendants were some of the first to rise up in indignation against the senseless vindictiveness

of the future. But even as the Pale in olden times had regarded the submergence of one nationality in another with bitter anger, so now the Garrison viewed the same movement with the same spirit and desire for vengeance. In other words, even as one led to the Statute of Kilkenny, so the other led to the Penal Code.

The religious character of this Code has been over-emphasized. In spite of the fact that it seemed purely a religious document, it was, in truth, far more an instrument for the wounding of national life than for the achievement of religious conformity. When, for example, it was decreed that the law of primogeniture should prevail only with Protestants, Catholic moneys being distributed in equal portions to his children whatever the testator might have desired, it is not difficult to see how this would naturally tend to maintain the Garrison ascendancy, and so cause the national life to sink in value. The intention may be seen more clearly, especially in the light of the past, in the provisions whereby Irish education, or any education other than English, was forbidden; or when Catholics were debarred from holding any real estate—whereupon, be it said, their Protestant neighbors often came to their assistance, holding their lands nominally on their behalf. Even when prices were offered for information against priests, when they were forbidden to exercise their office, or when the Garrison Privy Council desired to have unregistered priests castrated (at which the authorities in London thought it well to cry a halt)—the intention was much the same. For in the zeal of the people for learning the priests held hedgerow schools all over the country, in waste and secret places; even as, by the very function of their office, they provided centres for the meetings of the national units. The Penal Code is usually spoken of as an oppressive measure, whereas, if the truth be told, it was far more repressive than oppressive in its intention. And the fact that its intention was repressive is a tacit testimony to the vigor with which the national life still flowed through the wounded national frame. A more open testimony may perhaps be found in the statement made by a Protestant Archbishop that, despite the fiercest persecutions, the driftage from the Protestant to the Catholic camp was far greater than from the Catholic to the Protestant; since by the very will

of the Ascendency, religion had become a badge, as it need never have become, for national entities.

Not only the intention, but the very course of the old repressions began to repeat itself. Famine after famine laid waste the country. In one winter it was said that nearly half a million died from hunger. In all parts of the country it was the same; and the same terrible scenes that were the result of the plantations were again to be witnessed, only, if possible, in a darker form.

It is a terrible tale, as senseless as it is debauched. From their very misery the people were driven to revolt; and they were crushed without mercy, and with every brutality, immediately they did so revolt. One fails to find a single circumstance throughout the continued persecution in alleviation of the crime it meant. Its results were not less deadly on those in whose interests the repression ostensibly was prosecuted than on those against whom it was carried. It would probably be difficult to find a more thoroughly debauched race of men than the squirearchy of that time. As Henry Grattan declared, "The poor were struck out of the protection of the law, the rich out of its penalties"; and if the result on the former was unexampled misery, the result on the latter was an unparalleled profligacy. Absenteeism became prevalent; and worse even than the absolute squirearchy were the questionable agents who took their place. Indeed, to such a state was the country reduced that the Protestants themselves began to form a main part of the stream of emigration; and it was they who, from Ulster, originated and led the insurrection of the United Irishmen. And when that insurrection was first spoiled of its force by the apple of discord being thrown into it in the shape of religious bigotry, and finally crushed, scenes were witnessed not to be exceeded in the most violent outrages of the French Revolution.

This was the immediate prelude to the Act of the Union. The corruption and chicanery with which that act was passed through the Irish Parliament are a small matter beside the centuries of repression that led towards it. It is true that the Parliament had never played a part in the true life of the nation. The national life expressed itself in ways that have already been

seen; while the Parliament had been the expression of the Pale and Garrison, in their activities either against the major authorities in London or against the life of the people over whom they sought to maintain an ascendancy. Yet it stood as a kind of a symbol: the more truly so as the oppression immediately preceding the Union had thrown the two races somewhat together: and its abolition signified the logical bent of a policy that had ruthlessly been prosecuted since the day when Henry II came over to claim the fruits of Strongbow's personal enterprise.

It might well be asked what remained, at the end of these centuries of repression and hatred, of that polity in which the national life had once expressed itself, which in its turn flowered into a distinction that won honor in all lands within the extended reach of its influence. To pick some characteristic examples of that polity: what became of the zest for learning; the instinct for culture; the honor accorded to the poet; the poet himself, the historian and the seanchaidhe; the Brehon system of laws, of customs and institutions; the tribal life? It was scarcely to be expected that many vestiges of these remained. Vindictiveness had taken too particular a care for that. It was scarcely even to be expected that the national memory would hold a very concise and well-ordered picture of what once had been. But a national instinct cannot deny itself. What it once expressed it may express again; and the dim memory of an earlier expression cannot help but give an especial poignancy to that instinct. At least, in examining Ireland to-day, as we have said, its acutest problems fail to be understood, as many of its most interesting experiments lack appreciation, without a knowledge of how they carry forward the memory of things that have been. For the roots of the present, there particularly, as everywhere, are fixed firmly in the past.

THE LEGAL MINIMUM WAGE

JAMES BOYLE

THE propaganda for a legal minimum wage now under way with so much enthusiasm suffers from too much dogmatism. It assumes that wherever the principle has been tried it has been successful, and it insists that the same remedy be applied everywhere, to all sorts and conditions of wage-earners.

It is a matter for rejoicing that political economists, enlightened and democratic Governments, and the courts, have come to recognize that human welfare must be taken into account in the relations between employers and employees. The new century has brought many changes, but none greater than the dissipation of the old doctrine of *laissez faire* and of "free and unrestricted contract."

The justification in England and America for the State's interference in the relations between capital and labor has been that there has not been equality of position in making bargains—that capital has had all the advantage and that labor was helpless. But since this doctrine has been accepted by our legislatures and courts, to a greater or less extent, there have been great changes going on in a directly contrary direction. These changes have affected not only labor in its ever-increasing ability through organization to meet capital on more equal terms, but have permeated even the supposedly soul-less corporations. The power of the strike—barbarous though it be—has within the last two years impressed itself forcibly in England; and, subject to the natural laws of economics, the participants have forever lifted themselves—to some extent, at least—out of their former deplorable condition. In the United States, trade agreements have practically ended conflicts between employers and employees in many branches of industry, and have secured at any rate approximately "living wages,"—to a greater degree, indeed, than has been done in Australia and New Zealand through the law. As to the capitalistic side, he must be a pessimist indeed, who does not recognize its changed attitude with respect to labor—all in

the direction of a juster appreciation of the workman's right to a fuller share in the profits of his labor. These great and beneficent changes have been accomplished while the workman has retained and developed his own personal individuality—as a member of a trade union maybe,—in being one of the parties to the contract made. Under these conditions, American workingmen feel that they are their own masters in the disposition of their labor power—only relatively, perhaps, but the feeling is still there. Whereas, if they surrender to the State the right to fix their wages, they must also stand ready to accept conditions which the State may lay down as a corollary—compulsory arbitration, for instance, as in New Zealand and in some of the Australian states; and American organized labor has sternly set its face against that. Hence it is, that in the well-organized trades in America, there is a suspicion of, if not actual opposition to, the principle of a legal minimum wage; but, at the same time, organized labor is persistently trying to obtain a "living" wage, and as much more as possible. In addition to the objection to the State regulation of wages above noted, there is the practical—and indeed, primary—objection, that the tendency is for the minimum wage to become the maximum; at any rate, that is the belief of probably a big majority of the members of the American Federation of Labor.

While much is to be said in favor of the contention of the new school of economists that there is just as much reason why the "police power" of the State should be invoked to fix a minimum wage as to fix hours of labor, sanitary conditions of employment, etc., yet there is a difference. The wage question is subject to an economic law—that of supply and demand. Granting equality of bargaining power between employers and employees, there is still the law of supply and demand to be reckoned with; neither side can control that law, but that law affects wages. The State can absolutely enforce its decrees as to the physical conditions and environments of labor; but it cannot do that as to wages under certain conditions—human nature would refuse to submit to this strait-jacket whenever the situation called for the violation of the law. This is the case in New Zealand and Australia even in a period of phenomenally

good times; and there is a wide feeling that the State regulation of wages in those countries will break down when bad times come, as they are bound to come. Until these laws show that they can stand the stress of adversity, they must be counted as experiments only. Even while this article is in course of preparation, news comes that the strike fever is waxing strong again in New Zealand, and the Melbourne *Argus* laments that compulsory arbitration and the minimum wage have not solved the labor problem in Australia.

Without going into a statement of the two British minimum wage laws—one covering certain "sweated" industries in which women are almost exclusively employed, and the other giving district boards power to fix a minimum wage for miners—it should be pointed out that owing to their limited sphere of action and to the fact that they apply exclusively to peculiarly exceptional conditions, they do not afford any reliable basis for a judgment as to what the effect would be if the principle were applied to the general field of industrialism, under approximately normal conditions. The British Government ventured on the experiment with the confession that it was meant to cover abnormally distressful conditions, and any intention to establish a general system of State regulation of wages was specifically repudiated.

The cautious, tentative attitude of the British Government in enacting minimum wage laws is largely owing to the very guarded and qualified report of Mr. Ernest Aves, the expert it sent to Australia and New Zealand to study the system in operation in those countries. Mr. Aves was commendatory in some particulars, but his final judgment is:

"The evidence does not seem to justify the conclusion that it would be advantageous to make the recommendations of any Special Boards that may be constituted in this country legally binding, or that if this power were granted it could, with regard to wages, be effectively exercised."

In this report Mr. Aves draws attention to a fact which is generally lost sight of by advocates of the legal minimum wage in this country, namely, the small number of workers affected in Australia as compared with England or the United States. He

says that "as regards the numerical features of the problem, it has been almost as though the whole machinery of propaganda and of government were concentrated on a city something smaller than Birmingham." Think how huge the problem would be in such a vast and varied country, industrially, as the United States!

The Progressive party declared in their Chicago platform for a legal minimum wage for women. Commenting on this plank, Mr. Woodrow Wilson supposed that it might be assumed that the principle was not, in the long run, meant to be confined to women only in Col. Roosevelt's application of it, and that the Third party looked forward to the establishment by law of a general minimum wage. This assumption seems to be justified by the subsequent utterances of Col. Roosevelt. Mr. Wilson said that he took it for granted "that if a minimum wage were established by law the great majority of employers would take occasion to bring their wage scale as near as might be down to the level of that minimum; and it would be very awkward for the working-men to resist that process successfully, because it would be dangerous to strike against the authority of the Federal Government."

Col. Roosevelt's reply in *The Outlook* might be called characteristic. He declared that Mr. Wilson's objection "is purely academic; it is formed in the school room; it will not have any weight with men who know what life actually is." Then he went on to insist that the proposition is "not an ultra-radical one. It is both modest and conservative"; but he conceded that "we know that in all matters like this it is necessary to proceed slowly, so that we may test each experiment, and then, if the test is successful, proceed further along the same line."

In the contention as to whether the legal minimum wage is likely to become the maximum, Mr. Wilson appears to have the better argument, not only as a matter of logic but as a matter of fact. It is quite true that elaborate reasons are advanced by the new school of political economists and enthusiastic social reformers against this objection. It is also true that authorities can be quoted against this objection based on the experiments in Australia and New Zealand; but the weight of authority is

certainly to the effect that the tendency is for the minimum to become the maximum wage.

The largest and most influential organization of American trade unionists—the Federation of Labor—is not in favor of the *legal* minimum wage, although of course it is strenuously devoted to trying to secure a *living* wage for all of its members. Some years ago Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, debated the subject of a living wage with Edward Atkinson. Mr. Gompers took the position that a minimum living wage should be recognized as a principle and rule of life; but he took the trouble to say in his opening: “I trust no one misapprehends my position so far as to believe that I favor a governmental enactment of a ‘living wage’ for wage-earners in private employ, for, as a matter of fact, I recognize the danger of such a proposition. The minimum would become the maximum, from which we would soon find it necessary to depart.” This is still Mr. Gompers’ view. A short time ago there was a debate in San Francisco on the legal minimum wage. The affirmative side was taken by a professor of the State University, and the negative by two officials of organizations affiliated with the Federation of Labor. The reasons advanced against the legal minimum wage were that the minimum would become the maximum, that to be effective compulsion must be used by the State against work people, and that, in accepting a legal minimum, workmen were abandoning the fundamental principle that they should own their own labor power. Subsequently the San Francisco Labor Council concurred in a recommendation made by the Law and Legislative Committee of that body, declaring itself “opposed to the principle of establishing the rate of wages, whether for men or women, by legislation,” thereby placing the council on record as being opposed to the proposed minimum wage law in California.

The Webbs themselves—who are in favor of a national minimum—admit (*Industrial Democracy*): “The proposition of a national minimum of wages—the enactment of a definite sum of earnings per week below which no employer should be allowed to hire any worker—has not yet been put forward by any considerable section of Trade Unionists. . . . A hun-

dred and fifty years ago it was especially the skilled craftsmen who wanted their wages fixed by legal enactment. At present such favor as is shown to this idea comes almost exclusively from the lower grades of labor." English trade unionists in the past have been divided on the question. By voluntary arbitration boards and the "sliding scale" the English iron-workers and miners in 1869 accepted the axiom that wages must necessarily fluctuate according to the capitalists' profits, and with every variation of market prices, and there was even an agreement that there should be no minimum wage. It is undoubtedly true that in England there has been somewhat of a change in sentiment among trade unionists, and particularly among the miners. This change, it is to be noted, has been co-temporaneous with the development of Socialism among English trade unionists, and now there is a rampant spirit among the laboring people of Great Britain which calls upon the Government to provide everything—work, with short hours and good wages, with pay during sickness, and a pension after middle age, and many other things which heretofore were considered outside the province of the State.

Dr. Clark, in his report on the New Zealand system (Bulletin No. 49, U. S. Bureau of Labor), emphasises his conclusion that "such legislation is still in an experimental stage, that it has been framed along lines of practical expediency alone, and that it is not sufficiently tried and tested to allow any broad generalizations to be made as to its final efficiency and permanent success." In the opinion of Dr. Clark the conditions in New Zealand do not apply to the United States, and he seems more than doubtful whether the legislation peculiar to that country would be a success over here.

"An American," he says, "while he finds much to admire in the intent and in many of the details of social legislation in the colony, senses a class consciousness among the people and a tendency toward rigidity and status in their institutions that does violence to his inherited ideals and sympathies. It is not in a dead level of material comfort that the real prosperity of a nation consists. That was provided by the Incas of Peru. But it is in the constant incentive to individual enterprise, in un-

trammelled ambition, in the consciousness of the call to labor on the part of every member of the community. . . . An American community would soon kick holes all through the acts of Parliament of the other country. 'An ideal laboratory' is what a canny Scotch labor leader called New Zealand."

After making subsequent observations of the working of the same system of State Socialism in Australia, Dr. Clark practically reiterates the conclusion he had reached with regard to the experiments in New Zealand. (Bulletin No. 56, U. S. Bureau of Labor.) In a nutshell, that conclusion is that the system is still on trial. It is also noted that in Australia itself public opinion on the subject is as yet inconclusive:

"Public opinion has not yet matured and crystallized in regard to the chief features of the labor propaganda; in fact, people are still only half aware what the underlying theory of that movement is or whither it leads. Employers view with misgiving the effects of laws lately enacted or in prospect. The system of party politics is in a state of transition, both as to platforms and alignment and as to tactical organization. The impermanency of present conditions impresses itself everywhere upon the visitor. Predictions as to political developments or legislation made by those most competent to speak upon such subjects are falsified almost before they are uttered. Under such circumstances it would certainly be presumptuous for a stranger in Australia to draw final conclusions as to the meaning and the probable results of present economic tendencies in that country."

The Australian and New Zealand system of State Socialism is still in the melting-pot. The British Trade Commissioners to both countries report labor unrest and strikes within a recent period. So radical have become the demands of the Labor party that the farmers and the unorganized citizens have become alarmed. In the State of South Australia the Labor party was defeated at the election in February, 1912, after having been in power for several years. In the State of Queensland there was a general election in May, 1912, and the Labor party lost six seats, this result being a rebuke to the Commonwealth Government for refusing to send troops to keep the peace at a strike

of street-car men at Brisbane. The truth is that the trade unions have lost, to a great extent, their power of fighting for what they consider their rights, and so they get deeper and deeper into the abyss of State Socialism. Independent observers are not at all optimistic as to the outlook. The *Socialist Annual* (London) for 1913 has an article by the famous Labor member of Parliament, Will Thorne, against compulsory arbitration, in which he says: "I do not think that the wage-earners in this country [England] will ever agree to compulsory arbitration for settling trade disputes. The American workmen will not touch it at all, and in Australia and New Zealand the wage-earners have found out that it is against their interests, and they want to abolish it." The outlook is that when they do abolish it, the farmers will see to it that some other things are abolished, because compulsory arbitration is now considered as a whip held by the conservative elements to keep the radicals in the ranks of the laboring men in order.

The Massachusetts Commission which recommended the establishment of a minimum wage for women in sweated industries (and a law covering this recommendation takes effect on the first of July) observe as to the English, Australian and New Zealand systems: "No accurate statement can be made as to the effect of this legislation upon wages, and the difference in social and economic conditions renders comparisons of less value. Their experiences, while interesting and important, are not conclusive."

A few of the friends of the movement in America frankly recognize some of the difficulties. For instance, Professor Holcombe admits (*American Economic Review*, March, 1912) that the ultimate consequences are uncertain; that the minimum wage cannot directly raise the general level of wages; that it cannot guarantee employment; that in the long run wages must depend upon efficiency,—and that "the State which assumes the responsibility for the establishment of a minimum wage must also assume the responsibility for the establishment of a minimum standard of efficiency."

Opponents of the system present many objections to which it would not be within the scope of this article to refer. There

is, however, one result of the operation of the law in New Zealand and Australia which certainly should be carefully taken into account in connection with any proposed legislation on the subject in this country. The testimony is overwhelming that under a minimum wage law men find great difficulty in retaining situations when they pass middle age, and that it has been made harder for the slow or inefficient workmen to get a job, as the employers will not pay them the legal wage. And yet, it is claimed that the anomaly presents itself that the general standard of efficiency has fallen off under the law. This was the observation of Mr. Aves, the expert of the British Government, who spent nine months in studying the system in Australia and New Zealand.

The case in favor of a legal minimum wage for women in certain lines of employment is unquestionably a strong one. The same may be said in regard to men whose labor is unfairly "exploited" and whose compensation is admittedly flagrantly below value, but who are in too helpless a position to secure reasonable compensation. These are obvious exceptions, and the spirit of the times justifies exceptional treatment of them.

But it is submitted, that outside of these exceptions, the evidence up to the present is inconclusive as to the success or the desirability of the legal establishment of a minimum wage.

However, so extraordinary has been the recent extension of the State into activities and functions heretofore considered as belonging to the individual domain, that dogmatism in opposition to a general legal minimum wage would be as unwise as dogmatism in advocacy of it is now unwarranted.

THE RING FIGHTERS

FRANCIS HILL

ONE vital brown, thick, aquiline,
Moist-eyed, straight-haired—the Orient, he.
And one milk-white, thick, yet more fine;
Blue-irised, curly—Celt, maybe.
And both so naked, bright and trained
To all the faces serried round!
Pale smoke that drifts. All hot gaze strained
To mark whose flesh shall pay the pound.

The Semite and the ruddy one,
Under the stark electrics' glare,
With eager hands to stab and stun,
And skin to take the bruises bare.
What odds, what odds—the brown or white?
Whose jaw more iron, whose cords more true?
Which eyes shall close upon the night—
The desert eyes, the north eyes blue?

A fateful gong—ah, see them leap!
How cruelly the people cry!
And lazy the soft smoke-clouds sleep.
The hands flash quicker than the eye.
Then, sudden, sharp, a crimson blot.
More fierce the cheers. The blood looks clean;
And it was cleanly ravished, shot
By all the will that Youth can mean.

Red grows the white, and red the brown.
Swift purple flowers, strange as spring.
And now a slip, and one is down.
They ricochet across the ring.
Then slash and block and feint and shift,
Wide swing, straight cut—a smile, a moan.
Each hoards himself with miser-thrift.
Clear crack the gloves, as stone on stone.

Again the gong. Again, again.

They whip and wrestle, break and clinch.

Two bodies saturate with pain.

What spot shows weak—what covert flinch?

The brain cries halt, the eyeballs throb.

New wrench, old fracture, adds Hell's pang.

Their breath rasps bitter, sob on sob.

They live but for the timed gong-clang.

So to and fro across the square,

Pillared in brass and roped with red,

The Semite and the Celt outwear

Ten thousand blows to wind and head.

But when one single blow is piled

Too much upon the many less,

Some mourning mother bathes her child—

An Hagar in the wilderness.

STATE REGULATION OF VICE AND ITS MEANING

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

THE early attempts of Christian rulers to stamp out vice by cruel punishments of both men and women offenders proved failures in so far as the extinction of the evil was concerned. And as humanity reacted against Christian asceticism, and as increased wealth created greater luxury of living, and as the conditions of urban life became the lot of vast multitudes, social vice became more rampant. This led to various forms of State regulation as shown in the statutes of many countries. This newer type of permissive regulation, although differing in many particulars, was identical in this, that it placed under prostitution, as a supposed necessary and permanent evil, the power of government itself; while at the same time aiming to prevent its worst effects. It was, therefore, under all its forms a *license system*, whether called "license," "permission," "toleration," or "tacit consent." Under this regulation system, of whatever variety and kind, the general or local government in all cases offered protection to a select class of practitioners of vice on a basis of "adequate protection," or "assured freedom from molestation" in return for obedience to required limitations. "Truants" from this system of license were punished not for a vicious life but for failure to pay a required sum or to "register" in a required manner, or to assent to sanitary regulations of a specified kind; and the punishment for "clandestine prostitution" was made as harsh and as certain as the law would allow. State regulation of vice, therefore, has always established an aristocracy in vice, a privileged class of those called "sinners" yet able to escape punishment by payment of legal tax, or by "registration," or by fees to police officials; and has placed the "isolated prostitute" in danger of as severe a punishment as the early Christian statutes attempted for all guilty of vicious practices. Hence all State regulation of vice which carries with it any *permissive* features, like some infamous decrees of the Church in its more corrupt periods, has been a two-faced dealing with the social evil; on the one side to force

all prostitutes to become members of a State-protected class by hunting down and driving out of business all who would not accept the terms offered for such protection, and on the other side, to attempt to cure the evils of vice without abolishing vice itself.

The law of "Alfonso the Wise," the famous historical code of Spain, shows clearly the passage of social control from the early attempts of the Christian Church to extirpate vice to the later permissive measures by which both Church and State profited by the revenues from licensed houses of prostitution. In this law the twin elements of protection of the legalized "public women" and harsh treatment of the "free prostitutes" are most dramatically mingled. In the twelfth statute, found in Chapter XX of the first *Partida*, is to be found an account of the profits accruing to the Church "as coming from public women although evilly acquired." This is by no means an exceptional source of Church revenue, as shown in the annals of legalized vice, but it is more picturesquely as well as more minutely recorded in this law than in many other accounts. The requirement of this law was that prostitutes "must not be virgins" (that is to say, they must have been already debauched before entrance into the licensed houses); they must be "not less than twelve years old"; they must not be "honest widows"; nor "related by blood to the men who visit them." Moreover, this law required that the mistresses of "nobles and of men of condition" should be protected against all approach of procurers for inmates of such registered houses, "lest the mingling of the blood of nobles with such vile women" as would willingly enter such houses "taint the family life of the higher classes." It is easy to see how a "noble," tiring of a mistress or a defenceless child whom he had allured to ruin, might find such licensed houses a fit place to which to consign one no longer in danger of sullying a noble line of inheritance! This elaborate code, with others of similar import, although assuming as basis the continuance of the social evil, yet branded as "infamous" the procurers made necessary by the licensed business; precisely as in the days of African slavery the American owner of men and women and children who necessarily used both slave-drivers and slave-dealers, disdained

to meet such low persons as his social equals. Among the "infamous" procurers, however, those were especially condemned who were guilty of "forcing free or even slave women to vice"; or those who "deceived and bartered women"; and those who "while keeping harlots who follow publicly a vicious life, take for themselves large share of what the women gain"; and, lowest of all, and liable to the death penalty itself, were those who "become procurers for their own wives."

The Church was, of course, not the only, and usually not the chief recipient of the gains from vice even during the Middle Ages. We read of many kings who profited vastly in purse from licensed public women; like that one who, in a decree of 1486, was "authorized by right of privilege to be the exclusive proprietor" of the "tolerated houses of prostitution" of eight large cities, "which shall pay their rents and tributes to him." The deliciously expressive phrase, "right of privilege" which so well portrays the true basis of many laws from the effect of which humanity suffers to-day, fitly describes the identical foundation of both the Church and State license of vice.

It was an ethical advance, however, when the State took over from the Church this particular source of revenue, for it left the Church at liberty to deal with sin in a less hypocritical manner. When, for example, Clement VIII "compelled the public women" to give a part of their earnings to the "Convent of St. Mary of Penitence," it must have been difficult to manage confession and the shriving of souls for sacramental discipline and solace! The State in the Middle Ages, however, had not yet attained an ethical content in the common mind; it was still the military institution of unbridled power of strong over weak and of rich over poor; and hence there was less dislocation of thought, less ethical confusion, involved in the partnership of the State with vice, than in that between the house of prostitution and the Church which professed worship for One whose "purity of heart" made Him "see God." In our time, however, the State as well as the Church has a moral significance. It is now regarded as an organic social unity to secure the common welfare, and is shaped to express, in varying function, the idealism of mankind. Hence the moral right of the State to take

revenue from vice is becoming as acute a problem in ethics as was the question of an earlier period concerning the moral right of the Church to take the pay of shame for its own treasury.

There are three general phases of State regulation of vice which present clear outlines to the historian. The first was the ancient sex-slavery of the foreign-born woman captured in war, and of the slave-class of women generally, a type of public use of women justified by almost all the moralists of ancient times. As the men of the lower classes and of alien birth were considered fair prey in labor and in military service for the native and ruling classes, so the women of the same menial and foreign grades of society were supposed to be the fair prey of men of native and noble birth for the basest purposes. They could be used at will in all the earlier days of our slowly growing civilization by the higher classes of citizenship with little, if any, check upon private exploitation or public outrage. In classic civilization, however, when the cohesive power of government was developing strong control of the individual, the sex-slavery of both foreign and slave women was generally commercialized for the benefit of the State treasuries. As, for example, in Rome, where a free woman who committed adultery might sink to the legal condition of a foreign-born woman, the prostitute class became not only an open revenue to the State but a source of secret corruption of the magistracy, as at the present day. Required to live in a segregated district, to wear a special dress, and to be registered in a particular manner, these women could hardly escape detection, and we know they paid heavily for what measure of protection the Imperial City afforded them.

In mediæval times many houses of ill-fame were built by public funds and managed for public gain and supplied by public officials with inmates from other countries or municipalities, by means of agents whose services were secured by grants from public moneys. A condition often imposed upon a citizen who leased such an establishment was that he "should provide a sufficient number of suitable inmates without entering the homes of respectable citizens of his own town." Even now, the exploitation of foreign-born women is both legally easier and less abhorrent to the common mind than the abuse of women who can

claim legal residence. In point of fact, the traffic in womanhood is often conducted in three countries, the one from which the girls are lured, the one in which the exchange is made, and the one in which they end their wretched lives; the severance of all connection between their birth-place and their graves being not only a safer procedure for the dealer in womanhood, but also serving to break the connection of human sympathy between the victim and the rest of society. For these reasons the history of the State regulation of vice and of commercial gain from the business on the part of governments forms a section of that slowly outgrown ethics that has made the hatred and misuse of the stranger seem right, and synonymous with loyalty to the brother of the clan or the native of the same city.

The second distinct stage in the State regulation of vice forms a part of the conscious need of mediæval times for the restraint of public disorder and for the application of new rules for the protection of the family from indiscriminate outrage. The strong headship of the family and the protection of its members from the world at large, which inhered in the patriarchal order, had passed; the newer and more individualistic type of the family was developing; and the incursions of lust and outrage from without needed a new sort of check. Vicious nobles and "strolling bands of outlaws" made short work of despoiling the virtue of exposed women, even those of most respectable lives. This fact gives some excuse for the provisions of several chief cities of the Middle Ages for public brothels of the higher class in which "all notable visitors and all travelling gentry should be entertained freely"; and also for "lower sorts of public houses in which all soldiers and sailors should be favored" at certain fixed rates, "low enough to suit their condition." To assert at this late day, as has been recently done in the public press, that "no woman would be safe in New York City were it not for the prostitute class," seems to many an arraignment of men which cannot be justified in our modern life. But in the days when no woman had power to protect herself, and the law made assault upon her an offence against her husband or father alone, and assured her no personal rights to legal protection, such municipal provision of

"public entertainment" for vicious men may have been necessary for the safety of family life.

The third stage of State regulation of vice, and the one which is now in control of many centres of population, and which is still a moot point in discussion, is that stage which has to do with hygiene and the checking of diseases incident to vice. This phase is indeed not wholly modern. As early as 1450 to 1500, the masters of licensed houses in several cities were bound by law to consider among other matters the health of the inmates. A traveller of 1486 described in vivid narration the "tolerated houses" of a Spanish city "in a place as big as a town," "surrounded by walls closed by a single gate," just outside of which stood a whipping post where unruly men who sought to injure the women inmates might be punished; with rates for entertainment specified by law; to which district of vice "came once a week two physicians appointed and paid by the city to inspect the women and to separate immediately from the rest those attacked by secret disease." If such a sick woman were a resident of the city, the seigneurs had a special place in which to care for her at the city's expense. If she was a foreigner or from another city, she was sent where she desired to go. The traveller's description ends with the naïve remark: "I have written the preceding because I had never heard of so good a police system in so vile a place."

In 1539 a most elaborate code to govern "masters of brothels" was decreed by "Charles, by divine clemency August Emperor, and by the grace of God King of Germany, of Castile, of Leon, of the Two Sicilies, etc., etc.," and by "the Council, consisting of the Justice, twenty-four Chevaliers, Knights, Officers and Nobles of the City of Grenada." This set of decrees was aimed at protecting the public women against the greed and injustice of the keepers of these houses, and dealt in the most minute manner with the items of food, dress, bed-linen, candles, furniture, space in each chamber, privileges of outside purchase of delicacies and of "gifts to lovers"; and also put down the evil of "tipping" with a blunt statement that the "master of the house if he wants servants to help him must pay them out of his own pocket," and not exact fees for them from the women

of the house. Among the itemized provisions of this code is one forbidding on heavy penalty for disobedience that "any master shall receive any woman coming to earn her living by prostitution until the Judge has been informed, in order that a physician may be sent to examine her to see if she is afflicted with contagious disease," and if she is so afflicted the "master must not receive her." In 1570 the "Regulations of the Public Houses of Seville" contained definite provisions for a "weekly visit of a physician and surgeon with special charge to examine all new tenants" and remove them at once for treatment if found diseased.

In the early English legislation public order, rather than public health, was the aim in view. When, however, in 1180 Henry II gave a royal decree legalizing those houses of prostitution in London which had been originally licensed and regulated by the Bishops of Westminster, that decree entered into particulars as to the sort of "single women" to be allowed to "enter freely at all times when they listed" these "stew-houses," and ended with a stringent prohibition against "keeping in them any woman that hath the perilous infirmity." This is one of the earliest uses of the power of the State to lessen diseases incident to vice. The confirmation of this patent of license in 1345 which passed the control of this segregated district into the hands of Edward III made the same mention of health protection; and the later record which marks the passing of the definite ownership of these "stew-houses" to the Mayor of London, and the appropriation by him of the revenues therefrom in the reign of Richard II,—a record which lays great stress upon keeping such resorts away from the residential "districts where honest people live,"—retains the specification concerning the removal of diseased women.

The Puritan Commonwealth, as a matter of course, tried to repress the "detestable sins" which had been tolerated in licensed houses and the repressive legislation then inaugurated continued after the Interregnum.

In the time of George IV a law of 1824 was directed only against "riotous and indecent behaviour of prostitutes in public places," while retaining the clauses that stigmatized all man-

ner of illicit sex-relationship as "crimes" or "misdemeanors" punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. This legislation marks distinctly the beginning of the era of *legal prohibition and secret tacit consent* which has resulted in the present almost universal police practice; the practice which "lets alone" those who pay well for protection, or even many who behave with discretion in the presence of others who do not enter into graft-relationship with the officers, while retaining on the statute-book the laws against fornication and holding them as a rod over the heads of all who lead irregular lives.

In 1844 the Bishop of Exeter introduced in Parliament a bill providing for "More Effective Suppression of Brothels and Trading in Seduction and Prostitution." This began the movement toward the abolition of the traffic in womanhood and the effort to protect young girls, especially of the poorer classes, against the exploitation of combined greed and lust. The movement against the commercialized brothel was definitely started by an act, passed in 1847, in which heavy penalties were imposed on "publicans suffering common prostitutes to assemble and continue in their premises." These laws show a reaction against the *laissez faire* policy which followed the abandonment of the early English State license system, and which marked the reaction from the Puritan attempts to abolish vice. The Statutes which outlaw brothels as a "common nuisance" to be suppressed at any time by their rigid enforcement still remain in the laws both of England and of the United States; but for a long period these have been nullified for the most part by means of secret connivance of the police or through indifference on the part of the public toward the conditions which the laws were intended to remove.

There are minor differences in the various State licensing systems of Continental Europe, but the major elements are identical. The elements of uniformity are the most important for the student to consider, and they are the following:

First, SEGREGATION, in a specified district given over to commercialized brothels. This is a vital element in all permissive police regulation; and, *per contra*, the history of permissive regulation shows no instance where segregation has not been used

as the first step toward larger license of vice. This segregation is generally the legal or "tacit" recognition that a certain district, on its way perhaps from residential to business uses, has become the resort of vicious people, and the decision that it shall remain so, and that to it shall be driven all who practise vice in so far as the police power can accomplish that end. The advantages, from the police point of view, of having an outlawed business, which is yet "allowed," in one locality, where it can be under the eye of the authorities and away from decent homes, and where it may be easily visited for purposes both of control and of graft, are obvious. The advantages from a social point of view of keeping vice out of the tenements of the poor but virtuous, and away from churches, schools, libraries, and all institutions of light and leading, also seem obvious to many. The moral disadvantages of having a "show place" of vice, a section where it is expected that visitors shall go for immoral purposes, and one in which it is supposed that the ease of police control can secure immunity from physical and economic dangers which visitors to brothels encounter in "unregulated prostitution," are not so obvious, except to those looking below the surface; but such know them to be very real and serious. The troops of students from universities so often seen going through a district of vice advertised by police regulations as to locality and condition, and the ready reference of travellers to such a district through the City Directory itself, are not helpful to the morals of men. The haughty air and unreserve of those who have obeyed the law of segregation and feel themselves wholly at ease, therefore, to pursue their calling in the most efficient manner by reason of their distance from the respectable portions of the city, are not deterrents of vicious habits in women. Above all, the easy comradeship of police corruption and the social evil always afforded by a segregated district, into which can be driven, by all sorts of police terrorism, every woman that can be deprived of her liberty of residence, makes such vice districts a sure foundation for the permanence and growth of prostitution, as a business resting on vested interests of varied sorts.

Second, the uniform demand for segregation made by every system of tolerated vice leads as directly to the REGISTRATION OF

PROSTITUTES, as that registration makes demand for a segregated district. We have no record of any plan to register prostitutes which did not demand a special district into which to put such listed women; and there is no record of any attempt to segregate that did not at once demand the definite listing in some manner of the residents of the district. In many codes of Continental Europe there are, it is true, two classes of prostitutes listed, as in the Brussels "Communal Regulations"; namely, those living in "Houses of Debauchery" and those going freely to "Houses of Resort," and living in lodgings which must be registered also by the police. Where there are these two allowed classes the effort is, however, always toward increasing the proportion of "stationary women" in the first class, and toward lessening the number of "isolated" or "stary" women, as they are called, in the second class. The reasons for this preference for "stationary women" on the part of the police are obvious:—lodging can be changed often to elude the surveillance of the police; the lists of certified residences of these women in lodgings must be frequently changed as movements of population make them impossible for such use; few people want such women for neighbors, and hence often compel their removal; and the control of drunkenness, gambling and criminality which always hover near the prostitute class, is more difficult where the area of their residence is extended. Registration may be effected, as it often is, by baldly defined license systems; it may be accomplished to some degree practically by finger-print and measurement, or by picture identification and police blotter record, in the case of all women and girls who have at any time been arrested; it may be identification solely by the memory of policemen and their interpretation of the conduct of suspected women, a memory always accepted as infallible and an interpretation always accepted as right judgment when complaints are made against women for licentious conduct. In any case and in any form registration that constitutes a permanent record against any woman's character is a process destructive of all self-respect and of all incentive to ambition to change the way of life in the overwhelming majority of women. Even the most enthusiastic supporters of segregation and registration declare with Dr. Jeannel that

such definite listing is the "last degradation to which the fallen woman can be subjected." Moreover, the ease with which a woman can get her name on the register and the difficulty she finds in getting it removed, is frankly confessed, even by advocates of the system. By the Parisian code, so admired by many, all a girl has to do to become registered, is to "present herself for residence in a house of prostitution" and agree to obey the sanitary and other rules; but to have her name removed she must "prove her ability to earn a livelihood in some other manner," or that she has friends who will care for her in another way of life; a proof impossible to secure, in most cases, while it is still in the power of the police or the keepers of the house where she has lived to show that her name is on the register. It is not strange, therefore, that women earning their living by vice resist by every form of cunning and every device of ingenuity the attempts of statutes or of police practice to get them fixed in one place of residence and put on record as prostitutes.

A third element—increasingly pressed in all permissive regulation—is that of Compulsory Medical Inspection.

The regulation codes and practices of different countries require "examinations" varying in frequency from one in every fortnight to two each week; and those who desire to render vice less dangerous to health and think it can be accomplished by medical supervision of one sex involved, clamor constantly for more thorough sanitary treatment, even for a daily examination; and also for a far longer term of isolation for diseased women than any code now demands. In all cases, this is an element of control resisted by the women as a despotic interruption to their business; and that fact, together with the impossibility of segregating and registering more than a small minority of the dangerously diseased class, has led to abandonment of the attempt to reach the evil in this manner in many cities where "regulation" was once believed to be an all-powerful and beneficent system.

Not even the promise of relief from suffering and the possible cure of serious ailments have ever reconciled women to this form of medical supervision. Where it has been conditioned either upon a sentence to a "lock hospital," or upon absolute

control in registered houses, they have not been grateful for such social attention. Women, like men, have always been glad to be helped in illness, when the help came to them as human beings. Women, even of a very low and a very ignorant class, have known enough to resent enforced medical care when it was given to them as an outcast-class and only to save others from suffering, without regard to their own moral or social condition.

To give women a light sentence, or dismiss them with a fine, for misdemeanor when they are found, upon enforced examination, to be fairly well, and to give them for the same misdemeanor, a long sentence to a reformatory or to a "lock hospital" when they are found on the same enforced examination to be diseased, is clearly a case of punishment in proportion to one's misfortune, and not one's wickedness; and as such, the injustice is felt as keenly by prostitutes as by any other class. The difference between medical care for the sake of the individual and of her restoration to normal life, and the same attention for the sake of others and of her restoration to the business of prostitution in a condition less dangerous to her patrons, is distinctly seen, even by a very limited type of intelligence.

The result of resistance to law and to police control on the part of prostitutes is that under no system ever attempted or worked out has any permissive regulative measure succeeded at any time in registering the majority of such women. A vicious way of life does not destroy, it increases the art of women in deception; that art which thousands of years of past subjection to man have developed as the only way of getting things which are desired on the lower plane of life. The annual meetings of police officials and publicists devoted to corralling all vicious women and getting them under perfect rule of the police have been marked in consequence by pitiful confessions of absolute failure. In the case of a few only, and those most often the older and less successful in their calling, have they been able to register and fully segregate such women; save, indeed, where a girl has been despoiled while still a child and passed, helpless, from degradation to degradation. "Clandestine prostitution" has risen like Banquo's ghost at every conclave of "Regulationists" to destroy all complacency and lead to more severe meth-

ods of compelling women of ill-repute to live where they could easily be found and be registered so that they could be dealt with easily. Regulative methods, rendered the more futile as they were the more to be feared, are now largely discredited because of this fact. Barthélemy estimates that clandestine prostitutes are from ten to fifteen times more numerous than registered even in the most rigorous systems of regulation. Lecour, a foremost authority, writing during the seventies of the nineteenth century, estimated the number of prostitutes in Paris to be above 30,000, of which number only about 4,000 were registered. Müller, in 1867, estimated the number of prostitutes in Vienna as at least 20,000, and the number is known to be now much larger; while those registered and under sanitary control, after a long and serious effort to prevent clandestine vice, are admitted to be but 2,400. In 1890 Nieman estimated the prostitutes of Berlin as numbering somewhere near 50,000, of whom only about 4,000 were under sanitary control, through segregation and registration. The absurd delusion that a confessedly inadequate medical treatment of a small element of the prostitute class can give security against the evils that follow upon vicious living is one of the strangest hallucinations that ever possessed the human mind.

The fourth element common to all systems of permissive regulation, whether they are frankly "license" or merely "toleration" or "tacit" consent, or "letting alone" when money enough is paid for actual protection, is that all such systems place the control of vice and of the women who practise it wholly in the hands of the police. In all other concerns a citizen can appeal to statute law, and to court procedure in public, with personal rights protected by judge or jury. In this matter of illicit sex-relationship a hypocritical law against, and practice in favor of, rules the common mind; and this leads to shoving all definite social responsibility upon the shoulders of one class only. We have by this process exposed this class to the worst temptations that can assail human beings, and we have washed our hands of the resulting degradation of the police as though we had not made it almost inevitable.

The time has arrived for straight thinking on this whole

matter. Do we accept monogamic marriage as the only right and wise arrangement for the union of the sexes? If so, then we cannot longer tolerate the brothel, with all its vulgar concerns turned over to the police force, while the rest of us shut our eyes. For the brothel, as we know it in modern life, is at once the last vestige of human slavery in that it sacrifices its women inmates in the most ruthless manner to the supposed needs of others; and also a tacit admission that we do not mean what we say by the marriage laws. Do we believe, on the other hand, that "human nature being what it is," we must allow some other form of sex-relationship than the straight and narrow path of monogamic marriage? Then let us say so honestly and provide rationally for an "outlet" for the rebellious and uncontrolled. If we should thus decide, there is much to be said, especially in the interest of women, of family, of public decency and of political honesty, for that old-fashioned polygamy which the Old Testament makes familiar to children in our Sunday Schools. As against institutionalized prostitution plural marriage makes our Mormon crusade seem a bit farcical! If, as most of us do, we accept as a fixed fact in social evolution monogamic marriage as the only form of permitted sex-relationship which does for individuals what social welfare demands, then whatever else we may do and however we may condone lapses from sex-morality, *we cannot longer provide for prostitution an institution built on vested interests of greed and lust.* Firm in its hold upon all systems of police control and linked by unbreakable chains to every form of social disorder and social demoralization, as we know it to be, the brothel now compels us to accept its challenge and choose to be for it or against it. In this country, so far, however confused the moral sense and intelligence may have been in beginning the study of the social evil, at the end of thorough-going investigation by wise and good men and women, our numerous "Vice Commissions" have all reached the conviction that the brothel must be abolished. Hence free debate and sincere study are the next duties.

The common conception of the State is still the ancient one of punitive and prohibitive rather than preventive function; and hence constructive and social approach through law has not yet

been made. There are, however, at least three vital approaches of the State to the social evil which would greatly lessen it, and without taint of co-partnership between the State and social vice. These are:

I. To abolish the traffic in womanhood; which is a goal already in sight.

II. To place in permanent custodial care every feeble-minded girl and woman; which would, of itself, in ten years remove from within and from without the brothel a large proportion of those inevitably the victims of vice.

III. The segregation of all diseased women who would be thrown upon the world, if a really honest and efficient effort were made to abolish the commercialized brothel; their segregation under physical, mental, moral and vocational treatment until prepared for self-control, self-direction, self-support and honorable citizenship; or if hopelessly degraded, ill, or perverted, their perpetual care in humane control.

The prostitute has a right to such segregated care and treatment, continued as long as needed, if society uses its power to deprive her of the refuge of the permitted brothel. Society has a right to compel her to accept this care and control whether she likes it or not, as a measure of both personal and social protection from the evils of her past calling. The one thing society has no moral right to do is to despise her and yet use her for immoral purposes; neglect her and yet punish her; partially heal her in ways she must accept, and yet give her a "health certificate" to continue her in the way of life that kills her in a few years, and allows her to leave a trail of disease and suffering behind her! The one thing that proves society both meanly hypocritical and rashly stupid is to hold aloft with one hand its ideal of monogamous marriage and hold the other hand out slyly to take and give the price of tolerated vice.

ENTER THE LAST OF THE FINE ARTS

CARL S. HANSEN

THREE has sprung up in recent years, notably with Ibsen, a drama which, through asking questions, has suggested affirmatives incorporating all our notions of modernity. The old drama was concerned with the growth, culture, and sensibilities of the classes. It is true a growing democracy began to share in these things, and to be concerned with a taste hitherto foreign to it. Democracy, indeed, begot a literature of its own in imitation; it diluted old plots, it changed names, stations, costumes, it made much of settings. But not a single thing did it offer for a hearing except a popular way of amusing itself. In Ibsen's day, however, all this was changed. Democracy for the first time invaded art to strengthen it, even to challenge it, with fresh thoughts. The old drama had been one of curtains; the new drama is one of ideas. The old reiterated propositions long considered proved; the new be-speaks only what the modern world is striving hard to prove. This movement constitutes not only a new drama, but is part of a vast upheaval that is trying to make out of life itself one of the fine arts.

All our social unrest, our thousands of platforms, may be interpreted as phases of this striving to work up a real art of living supremely. Thus we have socialism protesting for a different system of distribution; we have in feminism a cry of women against being classified as mere sex. We live in a ferment in which every tenth couple seeks a divorce, and in which many who abide with each other chafe at being broken at the wheel for the sake of another generation. Everybody is questioning old premises. The revolt against a sordid, automatic existence has worried Ministers and frightened Governments. Few have the optimism to rejoice at these growing-pains, and to be glad at the fervid desire of so many asking so much.

Most remarkable of all the revolts, utterly unconscious of leadership, or even the very art it is seeking to create, is the

revolt of the common man against the distinctions that once marked him. Chesterton deplores the lack of color in modern life; he harkens back to the Middle Ages, when a tinker was a tinker with pack and apron, and when a smith was as easily recognized in a crowd as a sailor. But a first essential in the new art of being is, that a tinker shall not be a tinker when he is not tinkering, or a smith a smith when he is not at the forge. Your tinker of old was a tinker in his evenings and on his holidays; the modern tinker must not be out of place in the research library. Country people no longer wear peculiar styles; they are more distinguished for telephones and taste in opera. Only a few weeks ago the mail-carriers of England held an exhibition of oils painted by their own members, and some of the work was creditable. The modern smith, tinker, even laborer, has not stopped at imitating the clothes of his master. He is now living the life of that master. He reads the same papers, goes to the same church, votes at the same poll, criticises the same drama. On his walls, as much as he can afford of it, he hangs the same pictures; he has carpets of the same pattern; his very table manners are as much superior to Chesterton's tinker's as were the noble's of that mediæval day to his serf's. The truth is, that in all this conformity, there is a still greater non-conformity. The day of the conforming smith is gone. He seeks the same refinement as has the doctor who attends him, the teacher who instructs his children, the politician he elects to represent him, the minister who exhorts him. It is part of his ambition to live and to think middle-class.

There is no longer the solidarity of a closely-knit middle class. There is only a rich class and a middle class of all sorts of workers, when you have segregated the beaten sunk in torpor at the bottom. The old middle class and the old working class are steadily approximating to each other. The old middle class is having an increasingly desperate time maintaining its higher standard against many of the better-paid artisans. There are electricians, machinists, organ repairers, who, income for income, are as well off as many lawyers with twenty years' practice. All the fresh-comers lack, and they are trying to make it up, is the particular culture for which the middle class stands.

It has not been a levelling down of classes; it has been a working up of masses.

What is typical of the successful mechanic is typical of his neighbors and the whole world. Each person is passionately striving to achieve a joyous, forceful personality. Where that personality is not forthcoming, where it is fettered by restraint or poverty, there you will find ferment, often explosion. A wife will no longer endure a drunken or tyrannous husband. Why should she? She sees about her so much to live for; she could fairly sing herself a soul, and he will not let her. No one ever accused women of underworking; now comes the feminist, asking eagerly, in her desire of a richer personality, not for less to do, but for more to do. A complaint goes up that underlings no longer know their place. But what is their place? Once they have done their work quietly, quickly, and well, who dares ask more? The modern wants no people to be humble. They represent repression, inefficiency, tragedy. Sad, broken, or penurious people are humble. All have thrown down the brush as valiant artists of life; some will never, never dream again! You have as much reason to ask your carnation to be humble, your charger to be humble, as your nurse or your clerk.

Now to many virile minds this is an alarming state of affairs. For a whole people to grow artistic is synonymous to them of idleness, unthrift, effeminacy, decay. To many stalwart leaders an artist is merely a highly specialized drone, a tramp educated off the road, a troubadour for the amusement of the frivolous. Nothing could be more untrue. The real artist is as industrious as Edison. Indeed, we may as well accept Edison as a real artist of life. For what else is an artist, but one who loves his work, who is always working and perfecting? All great artists have been tremendous workers. It is only the dilettante, the pretender of enthusiasms, who never works and sweats. It is in work, sweat, creation, construction, doing, that the new art of life must rest. Its first essential (what folly to theorize! —look at the energy of men rising out of the ranks) is that it shall keep workers busy, not idle; that it shall increase production, not decrease it. When the whole world wants more and more of fine things, no one is so silly as to expect to receive

richly the results of others' energy, without paying richly in energy himself.

Thus modernity has given birth to a new impulse—the impulse to live greatly. As against the old notion of merely being industrious and thrifty, we now oppose the newer notion of being even more amazingly industrious, both in work and in leisure, and reaping at least a wealth of personality. There is being created for us an ideal of life that shall give full expression to big men, and as complete expression to lesser men as they can unfold. Every single revolt agitating us comes back to this proposition. Every single revolt aims at gaining a right to express that personality now. These signs of unrest should gladden, for they are not of sloth, but of awakening. Following revolt and resolution, comes preparation and action. Those determined to abide no longer in hovels, will surely build houses. A nation at last sternly set against the scold, the nag, the wife-beater, the drunkard, the home as a prison and a chamber of horrors, will more surely specialize on the better types it seeks, the more swiftly it rejects the stupid, tyrannical, sordid. Impatience at last has become a virtue; impatience at littleness, meanness, inward and outward poverty. Only energy can transmute all this; only energy can make life more nearly an art. The gospel of beauty is doing. The prayer of discontent is holy in the eyes of God, when those that pray set about with zeal to mend what is wrong. A brave, glad life this, calling for enthusiasm, power, endless effort, with the glow of striving for each breath.

We have, then, at last a fresh note in much-belabored optimism. We have a worthy democratic art, notably in the drama, seeking to shape ordinary life with ideas that are the touchstone of modern culture. We have a meaning to all the unrest of movements, passionately appealing for more work, individuality, personality. We have the wide world of the average man, bringing patches of color into his soul, striving to make of himself a real person, to be distinguished even in a world of energy by his special mark of energy. All these are workers in the newest and latest of the arts of the ages, the fine art of democracy, the art of being.

There comes as a corollary to this new optimism, its special canon of criticism. The old culture had a drama concerned with a set of formulas of unities of time, place, action; its critics asked that it be beautiful, and not much more. The new culture has a drama concerned with only one unity, the unity of ideas; its critics ask that it be beautiful, and very much more. Artists of the drama, protestants of movements, workers in the vineyard, all are creating by questioning, criticism, effort, a dazzling new art of living, a way out of boredom, repression, incompetence. The new critic asks that henceforth all art shall not deny in terms the hopes of the many on the road to becoming. Art is asked to prepare people to live.

THE SERENE EVANGEL OF SCIENCE

F. B. R. HELLEMS

I

“**C**OME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

The words came so gently, so trustingly, so winningly, from the lips of the reverend speaker, that even careless ears were quickened to hear his lesson.

“When Science can offer the stricken heart a substitute for that divine promise, it may overthrow the Christian religion. Until then, mankind will seek a shelter in the shadow of the cross, a balm in the loving care of a Father who is at once the all-wise and the all-kind.”

As I listened, the voice of the speaker became the voices of a thousand Christian apologists from St. Matthew and Francis of Assisi to Cardinal Newman and the pastor I had loved since childhood. Here the faithful have ever found a stay against the persistent aggression of Science, a bulwark against the pervasive tide of Humanism. Through the centuries the thoughtful Christian has been repeating in changing forms the experience of St. Augustine as he felt himself carried away by the irresistible charm of Plato, and exclaimed, half in self-support, half in criticism of the great Athenian's teaching: *Nemo ibi audivit vocantem, Venite ad me qui laboratis.*

And even as this cry represents the heart of Christianity, so it suggests the error of the extreme assailants of revealed religion. Shelley, with his passionate, idealistic pantheism; Huxley, with his conscientious, militant agnosticism; Swinburne, with his almost demoniacal bitterness; Haeckel, with his incisive, relentless materialism;—all these, and countless others, have failed to reckon with the strength that is rooted in weakness. Their onslaughts have often appalled the simple and kindly by sheer ferocity, no less than they have irritated the thoughtful by a lack of human sympathy. Even in after years none of us can easily forget the youthful perturbation and instinctive revulsion

that swept over his being when he first encountered the flippant and mordant sarcasm of Voltaire, or such hurtling lines as these from Queen Mab :

“ Religion ! but for thee, prolific fiend,
Who peoplest earth with demons, hell with men,
And heaven with slaves.”

But now, it seems to me, there has come a change. I do not wish to imply that the fiery, ruthless, jeering types of rationalist, realist, and atheist are no longer to be found; I only mean that there are signs of a gentler spirit in Science, of a greater breadth in Naturalism, and of a kindlier heart in Humanism. Belike their champions feel that a triumphant cause may doff its most bristling arms; or it may be they have traced more clearly the course of religion, and have reached an understanding of its place in evolution as a direct outcome of elemental human nature. Perhaps, again, they have simply learned that a “ sweet reasonableness ” is, after all, the surest path to the upward surging heart of man in his present stage of progress. At any rate, they seem more willing to grant that eternity is no slight thing to lose; that “ the hope, whereto so passionately cling the dreaming generations from of old,” is not to be dashed lightly down like a childish gaud; and that the final dayspring of victorious truth ought to come richly fraught with tenderness and healing.

And to-day, if my ears have heard aright, Science is standing before the great congregation of civilized mankind and declaring this gospel: “ Come unto me, and ye shall not labor with wrung hands unto bitterness, nor be heavy laden unto faintness. Come unto me, and for the peace that passeth understanding I will give you the peace that is based upon reason and knowledge. Come unto me, and for the inveterate hope of a life to be, ye shall learn the glorious meaning of the life that is. Come unto me, and for your need of an Omnipotent Kindness to save you from sin and shame, I will teach you the beauty and dignity of human nature. Come unto me, and the Earth shall have more gladness and the Hours more hope.”

II

In this serene evangel the opening promise may well prove to be the most fruitful and important. It is desperately hard to decide just how large a part has been played in the history of religious feeling by physical want and weakness and fear; but it has been very large. When a thoughtful delver into the psychology of religion tells us that "hungering after righteousness is an irradiation of the crude instinct of Food-getting," our lips may start to word a protest; yet we must agree with the author of *The Mystic Rose* that every man, when he happens to be brought down face to face with the elemental realities of existence, birth and death, hunger and thirst, *ipso facto* becomes a religious subject. And it is indisputable that in the dim abysses of time, when primitive man first became feelingly aware of his own weakness, he soon learned to appeal for help to something outside himself. Then, with the development of the race, with the growth of needs and emotions and capacities, this instinct to look beyond the known kept taking on new aspects, until it is almost impossible to trace the remote and humble origins of many phases of religious experience. From the transcendental ecstasies of St. Mary of Ognies and other famous ascetics it might seem a far cry to the physiological needs of early man, yet who can be quite sure that they are not closely akin?

In any event, the factors just enumerated have been powerfully operative in a score of ways. King Hunger has made many sinners; but he has also made many saints. Pain and suffering and fear have driven many men to violate laws and conventions; but they have driven more to seek some superhuman stay and solace. "I am lord of bodies, I am lord of souls," runs the proud vaunt of Poverty in one of the saddest of the *Little Gray Songs*; and it is heartbreakingly true.

But what if want and distress should be replaced by comparative material comfort? What if Poverty should be driven from his lordship, and King Hunger should be dethroned? There can be little doubt, I think, that we should see a decided decrease in the number of men and women who profess a need of the supernatural. Our youngest poet of the workaday world

may not be quite justified in singing, *The days that make us happy make us wise; but assuredly they do make us more inclined to depend on ourselves and to trust the common lot.* Of course, it would be an idle mockery to assert that all pain and suffering will be eliminated by scientific progress and economic development; but the possible betterment is so tremendous that it can hardly be overstated. Much is being done, as we all know; but the advance in the next few decades may well make earlier progress seem like stagnation.

In all probability the most striking improvement will be in the rearing of children, and this will be greatly facilitated by a declining birth-rate. The fundamentally and demonstrably unfit will not long be allowed to propagate their like, to be a bane to themselves, a drag to their struggling fellow men. And the present prolific but poverty-burdened proletariat will learn, or be taught, to refrain from procreation that is a mere accident of lust, wherein the gratification of a moment may bring into being a life that is destined to number its weary length of years by pain. Nor will women, even of the humbler classes, if classes there must be, consent to a motherhood that degrades them to mere links in the age-long chain of human misery. Instead of hutches of starveling offspring, with woeful bodies and lowering faces, will be seen cheerful homes with two or three children, sweet and well nurtured and pure souled,—the most gladsome sight that gives joy to any unspoiled human heart. Men of intellect and authority, spurred by a sanguine temperament, may repeat the legendary injunction uttered on the threshold of an empty world, *Increase and multiply.* Weak-willed, ignorant slaves of passion may continue to cast the burden of their indulgence on the Lord, trusting that He will provide. But Science will declare, and common sense must agree, that the exhortation of the reckless optimist and the excuse of the improvident parent are alike utterly out of place “in an age in which the earth and sea, if not indeed the very air, swarm with countless myriads of undistinguished and indistinguishable human creatures, until the beauty of the world is befouled and the glory of the Heavens bedimmed. To stem back that tide is the task now imposed on our heroism, to elevate and purify and refine the race, to intro-

duce the ideal of quality in place of the ideal of quantity which has run riot so long, with the results we see." And with all the thoughtful care now being devoted to the regeneration of humanity from a physical basis, the work will henceforth speed apace.

Then, granted a race that has been developed in this enlightenment, the further task of science and social economics will be comparatively light. Even if the physicist never succeeds in connecting civilization with the illimitable source of power dimly described in intra-atomic energy, even if he should never be able to harness the tides, or fully utilize the rays of the sun, yet the improving methods of production will soon provide abundance for all. Indeed, in our own thriving land it is a question whether this stage has not been reached already, and whether the problem is not largely one of equitable distribution. In any event, this latter difficulty will some day remain alone, and who can doubt that it will find an early solution? Surely it is not undue optimism to expect that we shall attain at least the success of Mr. Stefansson's friendly Esquimaux villages, where the huts that had meat sent thereof to those that had none. We may shrink instinctively from such a word as Socialism, with the regrettable connotation it has developed in the United States, or even such words as Socialized Democracy; but under another name, or no name, the coming century will see some realization of the dreams of men like William Morris, who caught the shadows of the future mirrored on the dying past. Howbeit, the new society will not prove to be what any of our vaticinating socialists have predicted; for it will assume unforeseeable aspects to meet unforeseeable needs and conditions. It will certainly be more widely different from our present conjectures than the glowing vision of G. Lowes Dickinson is different from the dead and definite system of Babœuf. And, doubtless, when it does come, many men will wonder why the past erred so widely in forecasting its details, whereas more men, of the type of Herbert Spencer and Mr. Mallock, will wonder why they were so fearful of its coming. But whatever form it may assume, I am sure it will be possible to think of the new life in the words used by the dearest and most prescient dreamer of the nineteenth cen-

tury, when he was describing the Dalesmen of Burgstead: "Thus then lived this folk in much plenty and ease of life, though not delicately nor desiring things out of measure. They wrought with their hands and wearied themselves; and they rested from their toil and feasted and were merry: to-morrow was not a burden to them, nor yesterday a thing which they would fain forget: life shamed them not, nor did death make them afraid."

III

Herewith it has been suggested that scientific development and economic advance will bring to the children of men not only material comfort, but gladness and joy in everyday life. If this be not true, then the new age were almost as well unborn. But it is true. Not only will Science multiply a thousandfold the permissible pleasures of the ordinary type, it will reveal new horizons of enjoyment and make men capable of the highest intellectual delight. The joy of learning and knowing will be recognized as fundamental, and be evoked to its fullest potentialities. Even in the Middle Ages dear old Thomas Aquinas saw and declared that beatitude was the action of man's intelligence rather than of his will, albeit his religious argument did go on to explain that the knowledge constituting happiness must be knowledge of God. Again and again the Angelic Doctor returns to his text, *Beatitudo est gaudium de veritate*. Moreover, quite apart from philosophical authority, it is patent to all that learning is a natural joy, nor need we any longer adduce such dignified names as Aristotle and Albertus Magnus in support of a truth on which they insisted so convincingly.

And what an infinity of opportunities will be made accessible by progress in knowledge and education! From the inconceivably great in astronomy to the immeasurably small in sub-atomic chemistry and physics the mind will range through an unending variety of delight, such as to-day could be enjoyed only by a handful of favored students, who can weigh the sun and compute the life period of an atom of radium. The glowing, vari-colored parterres of the sky may become almost as familiar as the cheery plots of our homely gardens. The bewildering mys-

teries of radioactivity may become as commonplace as ordinary phenomena of light and heat. Similarly, the world of biology will open many channels of æsthetic enjoyment. Even if graceful radiolaria and thalamophora do not quite justify the enthusiastic claim that they "transcend all the creations of the human mind by their peculiar beauty," they will none the less brighten the eye and gladden the heart. The picturesque course of evolution, the upward march through boundless time, will be emotionally realized as well as intellectually accepted. Each day scientific truth will become a more natural part of man's equipment, and will be transmuted by poet and artist into charming verse or enchanting picture.

IV

And this brings me to the thought that in the dawn heralded by Science, when men shall be well educated and well nurtured, Art and Beauty will at last come into their kingdom. To-day the pain and bitterness of life make artistic enjoyment an unheard or empty phrase for most of our fellow creatures, and this in turn makes it a halting, hesitant pleasure for all thinking men.

"For since the world by sorrow is defiled,
Even the Most Beautiful
Must our sorrow share."

Nevertheless, with all deference to the great Rodin and other unseasonable mourners, Art is not dead. We do believe still in the wonder and the beauty and the power whose forms are faintly descried above all the want and ugliness and ignorance. Even when every passing day is aimless and hopeless for millions of our brothers, a few are ever seeking the soul beneath the form, aspiring toward the unseen and unheard beauty that breathes in all beautiful things. They catch faint gleams thereof in statue, or painting, or noble building. They hear its echo in song of bird or human voice, in pealing organ or tinkling brook. They dream of it with some supreme master of prose, or float out toward its far-off divine abode on the winged words of some

beloved poet. But withal, even in their most exalted moments, they are haunted by a background of unendurable vice and misery. While none can quite escape this background, the noblest spirits suffer most; and only some such word as despair can voice the mood of all those cultivated men and women who believe in a temple for Beauty, yet cannot worship with free hearts while their ears are saddened by the cry of those who sin or suffer. But in the days that shall be, when the whole level of life has been raised, they shall worship in gladness. Their hearts shall be stirred to unknown depths, and thrilled with undreamed pleasures, because of the goodly communion of fellow spirits. It is almost as true in art as in mystical religions that our fullest and most expansive joy is attained only in an atmosphere of sympathy and kinship; and in the new day the congregation will be almost as wide as mankind itself. Moreover, it may be confidently hoped that Art will serve one great moral end by elevating and purifying the emotions; and will fulfil an important function of religion by meeting our demand for symbolism of the unknown and inexpressible. It may teach us to deal with dreams and aspirations, all the glorious domain of the heart's desire, without confusing the will to believe with objective reality.

V

Then at last we shall believe in Life. And believing in Life we shall confidently base our ethics on the beauty and dignity of human nature, even as Kant did; but the words shall be rich with an unsuspected depth and range of meaning. So, too, we shall interpret afresh Plato's health of the soul, and teach that the unpardonable sin is the sin against Life.

What may have happened in other worlds we know not; but on our own tiny planet mankind is Life's crowning manifestation. Slime and ooze in the primal ocean; fishlike creatures, learning painfully to breathe the air; sad-eyed chattering things, swinging through darksome jungles; beast-fearing half-men, hiding in hillside caverns;—all these and a thousand intermediate things we were. But in this all-hazarding embodiment of the vital impulse was something different from the rest of nature. Step

by painful step, up the endless, pitiless steeps of the ages, it was brought through countless wanderings and struggles and failures to become the speaking, thinking, working, aspiring creature that is man.

Every day, Life becomes more wonderful to me, the sin against Life more unpardonable. Here is the supreme thing in our universe. To create this, time and space and matter have toiled for æons upon æons. Without it, time and space and matter have no meaning. Its infinite miracle is intrusted to you, or to me, for a few fleeting years, and we waste it away, or cast it away, even as a child might treat a toy that he thinks will be restored to him anew when he wakes on to-morrow after to-morrow.

But in the coming dawn men shall know the miracle of Life and pay it reverent homage. No longer shall they be guilty of the witless wit that laughs in the tragic presences of Life. No longer shall the eye be blind to vital pictures rich with majestic meaning; nor shall the ear be deaf to Life's final harmonies. And because each man's little life is a part of this great Life, he shall wear it proudly, "as kings their solemn robes of state," and humbly, as a token that he is a servant and helper of mankind.

VI

Thus far nothing has been said of death or immortality; and very little will be said even now. For in the Evangel of Science these themes do not play a momentous part. The new gospel is so filled with the positive and the actual, that it has no serious concern either with the great negative, which is death, or with the elusive uncertainties of a life beyond. Nor will its devotees require threats of future punishment and promises of eternal bliss to keep them striving for the right. Freed from hunger and want, enriched by the "gifts of science and gains of art," believing in the beauty and dignity of human nature, clear-eyed, cool-hearted, and limpid-souled, they will realize that goodness and truth and mercy lead upward to the heights where man is man, while dishonesty and cruelty and lust lead backward to the darkness where man is again a part of the hate and deformity of

time. And if one tragic-hearted poet of humanity could return to his earthly haunts, he might hear his brothers singing a hymn like this:

“A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
And live out thy life as the light.”

VII

With that rhythmic admonition ringing in my ears, I must take leave of my subject. The day of supernaturalism will not quickly pass for all mankind. Generation after generation we have been taught to mistrust our nature, to see in it only weakness and imperfection, to regard this world as merely a door to another, to consider our life here as a shadow in comparison with the reality beyond. Habits of belief ingrained for centuries do not easily yield to a new evangel. But each hour is increasing the number of those who seek their revelation in human nature, their guidance in reason and the experience of the race. Scientific thought, insisting on realistic clarity and soundly based ethics, but transfusing them with kindness and love, is proclaiming to the sons of men such a gospel as I have feebly suggested in the foregoing pages; and one cannot fail to be impressed by the number of those who are quietly accepting this less mystical faith. “A future state, a purely spiritual world, in short, the universe of the unseen and transcendent, may all be there; but we can know our duty and live our life without the help of voices heard so faintly that we cannot be sure whether they belong to Truth or to Hope.” Such is the profession of many earnest hearts, and who shall say that they do not toil for their fellow men devotedly and unselfishly,—and happily withal? Striving toward a clear-purposed goal, they are glad and confident in the knowledge that the surest path, nay, the only path, to the realm of things-as-they-ought-to-be lies through the land-of-things-as-they-are.

And let me not be told that such spirits are rare in this grim

old world! Do we not know goodly numbers of them, you and I? Do they not move beside us quietly and helpfully day by day? If they nurse no delusions, they allow no fear. If their calm lucidity of soul is marred now and again by sadness, it is begotten by pity for the present, not by fears for the future. If they are not radiant with visionary ardor, they are inspired by unconquerable faith; nor does the star of joy shine any the less brightly above them because it is kindled of reality. And thus they build the City of God, not by heaven-compelling rites or magic words, in a sphere of mystic unreality, but patiently, stone by stone, with faithful hands, in their own daily walks. For they know that when all is known the City of God can be none other than the city of man.

THE COMRADES OF MAETERLINCK

BERNARD MUDDIMAN

THE Belgian literary movement was one of those strange art waves that emanated from the personality of Baudelaire. It was not, of course, a direct wave, for the Belgians all began life as Symbolists. "L'art," in their youth, as one of them writes, "était l'œuvre d'inscrire un dogme dans un symbole." But symbolism itself grew up under Baudelaire's true literary son, the inscrutable Mallarmé. For Baudelaire made it possible by discovering a world of strange and aberrant senses long forgotten. And indeed all the Belgians from Verhaeren to Le Roy owe Baudelaire a debt. But the writer whom Fortune in her own peculiar fashion has chosen to hail as the true prophet of the movement, Maurice Maeterlinck, owes Baudelaire less than the others. Perhaps this is one of the strange reasons why our Lady of Caprices has chosen to crown him and leave with scant courtesy the others severely alone. For when Belgian literature is mentioned our mind always reverts instantaneously to the author of *La Vie des Abeilles*, the poet, essayist and dramatist of *L'Oiseau Bleu*. We never remember the others. Yet who knows but that an age may come which will claim a saner estimate of the "Belgian Shakespeare," as some have been pleased to call him, and render at the same time unto the others what is their due. For the comrades of Maeterlinck also formed part and parcel of the Belgian literary movement. Of course there were many who played only pawns' parts, but there were others who were leaders. Verhaeren, the oldest of them all, still lives and has given to Belgian literature a glorious abundance of many-sided genius. He has written richly, if wildly; vividly, even if without restraint; he may have given us too much, but, as with Browning, there is gold for the finding, and it is not the gold of a pocket mine. Georges Rodenbach has painted those sensations the great majority pass over—such as silence and fading colors and the odors of the past and decaying towns. Then Charles Van Lerberghe like a veritable Ariel of the nineteenth century has winged by, singing of a paradise he once

saw in the unsailed seas of dreamland. The names, fortunes and works of these three men (to say nothing of Grégoire Le Roy, Lemonier and Eekhoud) are not negligible quantities. In fact they are all artists worthy of their comradeship with Maeterlinck. But while Fortune gave him a world-wide smile of recognition, on them she seems to have turned an icy back. However, in the true valuation of the whole movement, even though Maeterlinck descend not from the primary order, it will be found that all these writers will rise, balancing our critical judgment. And it must be borne in mind that it is only by studying these men and their works that we can arrive at a true solution of Maeterlinck's equation. In the past, critics have been far too prone to regard him as a solitary genius coming out of a desert to amaze the world. They have too often forgotten that he is only one of many, that the movement was greater than Maeterlinck, even though he be its finest flower. And it was not Maeterlinck's banner alone that was followed by the second or younger battalion of the Belgian school, who derive from the Lycée Condorcet and include André Fontainas, Ephraim Mikhael (whose early death robbed them of one of their most promising artists), Pierre Quillard, Réné Ghil and the American Stuart Merril.

The early dramas of Maeterlinck were hailed as a new style of which Maeterlinck was the "onlie begetter." But we shall find Charles Van Lerberghe writing a little play entitled *Les Flaireurs* as early as 1888, long before Maeterlinck had begun to work his puppet figures in Maeterlinck's manner. This in no way detracts from the exceptional beauty of what Maeterlinck has wrought. It only goes to show that the idea of such a theatre, where the spoken word should be void of all rhetoric and silence itself be allowed to speak, was not his alone. For some years ago, in the Collège Sainte-Barbe at Ghent, there were three young friends together, all poets, Maeterlinck, Grégoire Le Roy and Charles Van Lerberghe. Often perhaps when the Jesuit fathers of the College must have thought their young charges too heedless of divinity, too wrapt in the world, these young men with Gallic ardor were planning a new kind of a theatre as revolutionary in its methods from that of Racine as the sculptory of

Rodin is from the Greeks. It is the bodiless ghost of a drama, but how restful after the rantings of the romantic stage.

Indeed no further proof than *Les Flaireurs* is necessary for the support of my contention that to understand fully Maeterlinck's value, we must pay attention, if for no other reason, to these his contemporaries. Take for example the motif of *Les Flaireurs*. It deals with the problem of death. How do we look at death? Both Van Lerberghe and Maeterlinck have always been haunted with the shadow of the end of all things. Within a humble cottage Van Lerberghe shows us an old woman to whom the final summons has come. It is late at night and outside the wind is blowing and the rain pouring. A young girl is keeping watch beside a dying crone—a girl terror-stricken with the horror of it all, as the hours pass bringing the final dissolution. Symbolic summonses marking Death's coming knock at intervals on the door. At ten o'clock comes the man with the water and sponge. The girl does not dare to open the door. At eleven o'clock it is the man with the grave clothes. Finally at midnight the man with the coffin knocks whilst the last agony convulses the dying woman. It is true that this is the idea of a young poet. Yet Maeterlinck himself of later years working out the same idea has, in his essay on *Death*, shown us how we mistakenly accuse him of ills that do not pertain to his quality. Death is gentle, Maeterlinck says, he only seems evil to us who confound him with pain and sickness. But Death is not responsible for these ills. And so, too, young Van Lerberghe in his little drama shows us that it is only the young girl who makes the mistake of confounding them with Death, for the old woman recognizes in him the approach of a friend who with tender hands will gently guide her to peace. Surely this play might almost be the companion work of Maeterlinck's own *L'Intruse*.

Van Lerberghe was born in 1862 of a Flemish father and a Walloon mother. This mixed parentage gave him a dual personality—the cold carnal sensualism of the one race and the vague dreaminess of the other. He graduated a year or so before Maeterlinck at Ghent and passed his happiest years in an old world village in the remote Ardennes. Here he lived a life whose adventures were those rather of the spirit than of the

body. Like a bee he sucked honey and not a little gall of all the French poets from Baudelaire down to Samain. He wandered with the heroes of Maurice Barrès "culte du moi," through the strange mysterious haunts of feverish youth. Modern paganism gave him *Mademoiselle de Maupin*; the Middle Ages wrought for him a strange tapestry of mysticism and François Villon's *Ballade of Dead Ladies*; the Renaissance sent him Botticelli and the loves of the *Decameron*. The dark men of Rembrandt led him far. He beheld the music of Giorgione and heard the music of Wagner. Russian novels filled him with the pity of the steppes, while the tragedy of life itself everywhere haunted him. And when he grew feverish with thought or passion, nature with her pageant of seasons came and laid her cool hands on his hot eyes. Death overtook him in his country home on November 1st., 1907, when he had written in addition to his play three slim little books: *Entrevisions*, *La Chanson d'Eve*, and *Pan*. Yet this work, whose bulk is so classically small, is bound for a permanence as durable as that of Catullus's tiny sheaf of poems.

The first of these is a volume of short poems as musical and unaccountable as dreamland itself. Maeterlinck writing of Van Lerberghe's verse, says: "Il me semble qu'il y a là un chuchotement et comme un silence lyrique, une musique, une voix, une qualité de son que nous n'avions pas encore entendus dans notre poésie française." And reading such poems as *Barque d'Or* in this book, we feel that this is the truth. Only the early poems of Rossetti and William Morris can give you an idea in English of their plangent beauty or their sad, half-murmured thoughts.

In his own land, however, it is by his long continuous poem, *La Chanson d'Eve*, that Van Lerberghe is best known; and it is here, too, to my mind the paths of these two boy friends, Maeterlinck and Van Lerberghe, have diverged. One has gone to study the bee, to keep close to the life of the earth, to grow more human in his quest for happiness, while the other has mounted into the higher heavens, another beautiful and ineffectual angel of song like Shelley, pouring out music too perfect ever to die and too lacking in humanity ever to live. Van Lerberghe does not design, he evokes. In this he is the true symbolist. *La*

Chanson d'Eve is a symbol; for the immensity of idea that it would fain encompass is so great that only a symbolist or primitive mind would have dared to essay it. It deals with the origin of life. In the delicate Flemish lace of its verse Charles Van Lerberghe says: "I will paint for you the divine infancy of the first woman, Eve." And at once we see his difference from the Hebrew writer who gave us first man and then woman as his off-shoot. But in Van Lerberghe's paradise there is no Adam; for him in true Gallic fashion there is only Eve. And in the life of this first woman, the creatress of life, we may read a strange trace, if we wish to be fantastical, of the Latin nature turning to the Oriental Cult of "Sakticism." The whole he tells us shall be told simply:

Je voudrais te la dire
Dans la simplicité claire
De mon bonheur,
Sans un nuage, sans une fleur,
En n'y mêlant que la lumière
Et l'air où je respire.

It is a history of the growth and fall of Eve. But to understand it we must first of all discard all notions of the Eden of the Hebrew Scriptures. We are in some other world that might have been painted by Botticelli or Giorgione. The Eve of Van Lerberghe is no Jewish girl, but a pagan child whose home is one of those "Happy Isles" of the old Greeks set in a blue transparent sea. She is one with the flowers and the green growth of her island home. She is a child of nature, of the bounteous breast of earth and the wind and the sun, as much as a garden rose is. Again there is no serpent in this paradise to disturb her girlish songs of the wonder of the earth. Her temptation (if one may call it by so harsh a word) is the temptation that comes to every young girl who lives close to nature under the sweet pagan influences of the flowering spring and its warm wind and gentle sea. These gradually awake in her a certain birth of adolescence. It is not the devil of the Old Testament who is her tempter, but the god Pan, the spirit of life and happiness that would yet be more happy. Slowly forces awake in her being whose meaning she knows not—making her a woman, removing her from her little

brothers and sisters the leaves of the trees, from the sunbeams and the ripples of the waters, stirring in her something far more complex than the simple vegetable life of *Natura Benigna*. But the fruit of knowledge is Death. And so a shadow passes over these first days of the world where the ether is bluer and the sun a purer gold than now. Something comes that is alien. At last the vision of Death arises before her, but it is a happy vision, for she will not perish, she will return to the earth from which she came and be at one again with the things of the earth from which desire with its cruel ache had severed her. The earth will take her again and the pain in her young girl heart will be eased. For she is no mortal woman, but rather the embodiment of all the souls of all womankind. We have here no Milton's commonplace housewife Eve of the *Paradise Lost*. It is the charming and seductive figure of a poet's dream seen in the dim world of visions and which we can never take into our arms any more than the women who come to us in sleep. It is a girl goddess—the divine symbol of everything that is essentially feminine. The vine is her brother and the strawberry is her sister. Her soul is a germination like them. The spring wind for her is the voice of God. She moves along banks odorous with hyacinth and dittany in the freshness of the dawn.

Un rayon de lumière touche
La pâle fleur de mes yeux bleus;
Une flamme éveille ma bouche,
Un souffle éveille mes cheveux

Et mon âme, comme une rose
Tremblant, lente, tout le jour,
S'éveille à la beauté des choses,
Comme mon cœur à leur amour.

That the great Public will ever succeed in appreciating such work at its full value seems quite doubtful. Neither children nor people without artistic initiation in the inner shrine of beauty can understand verse so delicate, so novel and so full of subtle allegory.

Georges Rodenbach was another mystic dowered with an exceedingly sensitive perception, a subtle analyzer of moods and

emotions. Unlike Van Lerberghe, who found his inspiration in the charm of spring, Rodenbach was moved by the beauty of autumnal decay. In a wood where a wind of desolation moans around bare branches and the yellow and red leaves carpet the sodden turf, Rodenbach wandered a disconsolate dreamer. A frail and anæmic individual, he was never happy, and moved remote from the ordinary interests of life. He was born at Tournay in 1855, and quite early found his vocation as the poet of those old Belgium cities that the decay of the Hanseatic league centuries ago left commercially high and dry. At the age of twenty-two he issued his first volume of verse *Le Foyer et les Champs*, and sounded in it the gamut of all his subsequent output of some ten slim volumes. If you have read one, you have read them all, for Rodenbach moves within a curiously limited circle of ideas; but, each volume has such beauty in its expression, that one keeps crying out each page is more perfect than its predecessor. As with all the Belgians, the English Pre-Raphaelites, Rossetti and Morris, as often influence him as Baudelaire and Mallarmé, and much of Rodenbach's poetry has their erotic mysticism. His poems, too, are like faded tapestries and are written in a language not at high but low tension, which in its trickling paucity of volume gives to the poise and cadence of every syllable a new and unutterably strange meaning. As in music nothing ever happens in them. They awake, evoke and stir vague thoughts and then leave us like the passing shiver of the wind in the trees. His early volumes have perhaps a clarity of beauty that to the average man will always be perfectly unnatural. They have, too, a cruelty, a cruelty of youth, which becomes softened and mellowed in the latter volumes, particularly *Les Vies Encloses*, *Le Règne du Silence* and *Le Miroir du Ciel Natal*. They leave behind, it has not been inaptly said, the impression of a boudoir bathed in moonlight.

But after the appearance of *La Jeunesse Blanche* for the most part Rodenbach, with subdued and exquisite tenderness, sings of pity, melancholy, resignation and the subtler emotions of the soul. He is the poet of *désuétude*, of half tones and semi-darkness, of low voices and faintly rustling silks in dim rooms amid unseen flowers. His poems are intimately bound up with

the land or rather the district of his novels, the forgotten world of Béguinage flamand:

Au loin, le Béguinage avec ses clochers noirs,
 Avec son rouge enclos, ses toits d'ardoises bleues
 Reflétant tout le ciel comme de grands miroirs,
 S'étend dans la verdure et la paix des banlieues.

Les pignons dentelés étagent leurs gradins
 Par où monte le Rêve aux lointains qui brumissent,
 Et des branches parfois, sur le mur des jardins,
 Ont le geste très doux des prêtres qui bénissent.

It was his own home with its foggy horizons, mournful canals, lethargic cities isolated beside debilitated streams. Modern life has never insulted its streets, its walks have fallen asleep and its towers look down dreamily into the tranquil water's reflection, remembering always a splendor that is past. The old cathedrals, the gray convents, the bells, the quaint bridges, the canals and the simple religious belief of the people—all create an atmosphere, the atmosphere you respire at Bruges, a perfect relic of mediævalism. As Rodenbach himself writes in his novel *Bruges-la-Morte*: “An indefinable spiritual ascendancy establishes itself over the souls of all those who dwell within its walls. Unconsciously they become assimilated into harmony with the languor of its waters and bells.”

This city immortalized by Memling and Van Eyck is the background of all his prose and verse. Yet in the frail spiritual beauty of his prose steals, dissipating the finest of his refined effects by blotches of lurid color, a frenzy of melodrama. For example Huges Viane, the widower-hero of *Bruges-la-Morte*, is one of the most pathetic pictures in modern fiction until he strangles the dance girl, Jane Scott, with the yellow hair of his dead wife. Indeed fully to conceive Rodenbach you must mix Pierre Loti and Ouida.

While the genius of Maeterlinck has flowed on like a placid well-ordered river, knowing no overflow, following placidly its course unharassed by whirlpool and rapid; and Rodenbach and Van Lerberghe have all the limpidity of exotic waters that, sown with pads of blue and yellow nenuphars, guard their beauty be-

twixt overhanging banks; on the other hand the genius of Emile Verhaeren has ever been as turbulent and militant as one of those torrents that spring somewhere far up in the hills and come bounding and leaping down cascades, foaming and eddying over rocks, seething and lashing themselves to a frenzy at the slightest obstacle, then growing larger and larger at certain seasons from generous superabundance deluge the countryside and roll on mightily to the ocean. Or to put it another way, while Maeterlinck, Rodenbach and Van Lerberghe drink of the ocean of life from a liqueur glass, Verhaeren dips a beer mug in to put it dripping to his lips.

Yet if we examine closely the ideas of Verhaeren, we shall find them strangely typical of the movement and in no wise repugnant to those of his confrères. The supreme "Moi" cries from his pages as intensely as from the others. Like Maeterlinck's, too, his mysticism is not theological but artistic. He has the same fear of death, and the same faith in the value and beauty of silence. The spirit world is the real world and "man in his material form is for both the mere sport of the infinite and immeasurable forces that surround him, which he feels dominating his life, but of whose personality he remains necessarily in ignorance." Again there is no such power as free will; we are all at the mercy of invisible forces like the marionettes of the Belgian stage. Remember, too, these men have been intimate friends all their lives. As a child Verhaeren has seen the mist and flood of the long, low, melancholy Flemish plains. He, too, has studied at the Collège Ste Barbe at Ghent and later at the University of Louvain. They also have tried to make him a lawyer like the others; but with them he has turned his back on the legal profession. He, too, has developed from the French masters his gift of song. So it comes about that all his paroxysms of inarticulateness rendering his utterance so difficult of comprehension, all this symphony of discord has much the same significance in its criticism of life as the lonely flute of Van Lerberghe, the monotonous mandolin of Rodenbach and the vibrant violin of Maeterlinck.

But he has a wider sympathy than them all; and he is the most virile, the most dynamic factor in the movement. He is

possessed of a universality of interest the others never attain. For they have never left the chantries of their dreams to mix with the common herd in life's wayfaring. Maeterlinck in his old château home has spent pleasant days amid his flowers and birds, amusing himself with imaginary pugilistic feats, a quiet country gentleman with a great taste for animals and dogs. Van Lerberghe was always a dreamer of lost parades in the remotenesses of the Ardennes—a man for whom modern life had no more existence than for a mediæval recluse. Rodenbach haunted by visions of decay and mournfulness, vainly fled to Paris like a delicate boy from a boarding school to pursue the fugitive pleasures of the flesh. He had no full knowledge of life which would enable him to be the Belgian "Balzac."

On the other hand Verhaeren has rubbed shoulders with the world. A visionary like the others, he did not, however, bury himself in that Trappist monastery in Hainault Forest he saw once as a young man with such longing eyes. Rather he returned to the market places of life, and in so doing suffered what the others avoided—the rude jolts and jars and disgusts life keeps for dreamers. The record of them is chronicled in those weird paroxysms of disillusion *Les Débâcles* and *Les Flambeaux Noirs*. These slim plaquettes of verse detail the tragedy of the one-eyed in the country of the blind. The ochlesis of poverty's entourage, the disease of vice, the heavy orgies of his national Kermesses, the physical tragedies of a manufacturing proletariat—all these, however much they may revolt him, do not force him to seek a comfortable haven of individualism that cares for none of these things. He stands besmirched and befouled, still holding to the tattered folds of the flags of his ideals, his back turned from the horrors of the past, his face looking away from the sorry scheme of the present, his hand pointing gloriously to the future. This is the message of that masterpiece *Les Cordiers*. There he apostrophises the future in Miss Alma Strettel's admirable translation:

Yon—mid that distance calm and musical
Twin stars of gold suspend their steps of blue,
The sage doth climb them, and the seer, too,
Starting from sides opposed and toward one goal.

Yon—contradiction's lightning shocks lose power,
Doubt's sullen hand unclenches to the light,
The eyes see in their essence laws unite,
Rays scattered one mid doctrines of an hour.

Verhaeren would be a pessimist, if he did not believe in the future; Maeterlinck, if he did not trust nature; Van Lerberghe, if he could not dream; but Rodenbach has no consolation.

In another poem on St. George the Saint is the messenger from the ages to be to Verhaeren "*emmailloté d'ennui*." And this symbol of hope saves him even in *Les Villes Tentaculaires*, like brutal black London, teeming with myriads, stretching out in mile on mile of sombre streets, railways and docks. For Verhaeren hates factories and cities disfiguring the land. Nowhere indeed is this more in evidence than in Belgium, where the population per square mile is abnormal. This is one of the mistakes of the hopeless present for him. No doubt he pictures the happy garden cities of the future in place of that old London he has painted so vividly, enwrapt within a fog of beer, fever-tormented with grim dreams of blood, growing ever a dream within a dream under its zinc-hued sky that a thousand spires, steeples, domes, belfries and chimney stacks stab. And in this respect Verhaeren reminds me of that English socialist-artist, William Morris.

He has, too, strangely enough, the same versatility as this Englishman. He not only writes verses, tales and plays; he lectures and writes pamphlets and fights for causes. He struggled early for impressionism, for Joseph K. Huysmans, Fernand Khnopff and his own illustrator, Theodore Van Rysselberghe. The defunct columns of reviews like *La Jeune Belgique*, *La Basoche*, *L'Art Moderne*, etc., etc., will show him doing the hodman's work of a mere journalist. He founded in 1892, with Eekhoud and Vandervelde, the "Section of Art" in the "House of the People," where the best music and lectures on art and literature are given. Here is a lively social interest alien to Maeterlinck and the others.

But one asks, if these men have achieved so much, why is it that the figure of Maeterlinck like a Colossus hides them? The answer is really quite simple. The popularity of Maeterlinck is due to his voicing that desire for happiness common to all human-

ity. Happiness consists in simple emotions. That is the first dictum of his breviary on "Though we live, let us be happy." It is the message of his earlier drama of the soul. Then in *Aglavaine et Selysette*, we have the passage in Aglavaine's letter: "We shall so fill ourselves and all that is about us with beauty, that there will no longer be room for sorrow, or misfortune, and should these none the less force their entrance, needs must they too become beautiful, before they dare knock against our door." From this he advances to the doctrine of *The Blue Bird* that men often wander far over the world for happiness, while the blue turtle-dove of Tyltyl and Mytmyl, the bird of happiness, was in their backyard all the time. Like a later day Hans Andersen, he has a simple message, a universal desire that everyone experiences. He would give to nursery rhymes a philosophical tinge. He is the good Belgian bourgeois transmogrified into a fairy giving to speculative ideas a sentimental turn suitable for the bourgeois comprehension. In a word, he has the happy faculty of making people think they think—the secret of all popular philosophies.

In Van Lerberghe we have the pure artist; he has no teaching so directly evocative of fellow sentiment. Like Shelley he has a vision of spiritual beauty and a pantheistic creed. Rodenbach, from the nature of his inspiration, is bound to prove a repulsive figure, for he has so little in common with normal man, loving energy, competition and success. He is the poet of retroaction if he has any action. Lastly Verhaeren has such a vividness of dream that one can only look to the future to acclaim him. He is ahead of his contemporaries. Browning had never the popularity of Tennyson; yet, who will deny that (to borrow from Meredith's letters) those yards of Satin with their Sèvres figures of the Idylls of the King are *démodé*? The Browning pictures of men and women have come to stay. Browning is out in cheap editions. So, if I mistake not, it will come to pass with the Belgians, that the ultimate verdict will crown as their king Verhaeren.

JOURNEY

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

AH, could I lay me down in this long grass
And close my eyes, and let the quiet wind
Blow over me,—I am so tired, so tired
Of passing pleasant places! All my life,
Following Care along the dusty road,
Have I looked back at loveliness and sighed;
Yet at my hand an unrelenting hand
Tugged ever, and I passed. All my life long
Over my shoulder have I looked at peace;
And now I fain would lie in this long grass
And close my eyes.

Yet onward! Cat-birds call
Thro' the long afternoon, and creeks at dusk
Are guttural. Whip-poor-wills wake and cry,
Drawing the twilight close about their throats;
Only my heart makes answer. Eager vines
Go up the rocks and wait, flushed apple-trees
Pause in their dance and break the ring for me,
Dim, shady wood-roads, redolent of fern
And bayberry, that thro' sweet bevies thread
Of round-faced roses, pink and petulant,
Look back and beckon ere they disappear.
Only my heart, only my heart responds.
Yet, ah, my path is sweet on either side
All thro' the dragging day,—sharp underfoot,
And hot, and like dead mist the dry dust hangs—
But far, O far as passionate eye can reach
And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,
The world is mine: blue hill, still silver lake,
Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road.
A gateless garden, and an open path:
My feet to follow, and my heart to hold.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

CHARLES VALE

IN the fulness of days, John Pierpont Morgan died at Rome—the Eternal City.

It has been said, that a man commences to die the moment he is born. John Pierpont Morgan, then, has been a long time dying. But he was also a long time living: and, while living, he was one of the most vital forces in the history of the world; one of the most significant forces in the whole history of his own country.

Opinions have differed, and will continue to differ, with regard to the accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of an individual. As the world begins to understand more clearly the symbolism of the universe, it will gradually reconstitute the anti-social order that is sometimes described as civilized. In the meantime, the captains of industry, predatory or otherwise, will make the most of their opportunities, while, at the same time, making opportunities for many others. Mr. Morgan did not make the most of his opportunities, from the merely financial and selfish point of view. For so rich a man, he was singularly indifferent to private gain. It will probably be found that he contented himself with accumulating about a hundred millions. With his hand in the treasury of the world, he could with perfect ease have abstracted ten times as much. Such a total seems colossal: but it is far from fabulous, very far from being incredible. As Macaulay said of Lord Clive, when that pioneer of empire had established Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal, and was invited to reward himself from the Bengal treasury—"We must admit that he deserves praise for having taken so little."

These words are not written cynically. To a man of Mr. Morgan's exceptional abilities—which enabled him to appreciate the opportunities which were offered to him, or which he offered to himself—a hundred millions was a bagatelle. He started with a respectable competence of ten millions or more; he did not need to be a genius to transform them, during those

years of a country's expansion and a country's exploitation, into the century of millions which now seems commonplace. But, though he lived and moved and had his being primarily in an atmosphere of money, Mr. Morgan did not make the mistake habitual to so many vastly wealthy men, and transform himself into a mere appendage to his income. He was emphatically the dog that wagged the tail: he did not believe in the tail wagging the dog. He regarded money, not as the one desirable end to all the possible means and meannesses of acquisition, but as the means to an end—Power: the power to fulfil himself, to satisfy his conceptions of pleasure and of duty. Whether those conceptions can be measured by a high standard, is doubtful. For a stream cannot rise beyond its source: a man's deeds and a man's life cannot be greater than himself. Was Mr. Morgan great, as we are learning to estimate greatness nowadays? Was he entitled to the description that has been so often given to him, "A Great American"? The inquiry is worth while.

He has been praised for his ability to grasp a situation swiftly, to announce his decision promptly, laconically, often brusquely. This does not necessarily indicate greatness: the narrow-minded, who can see only one side of a question, are usually more direct and assertive than those of wider vision. Mr. Morgan undoubtedly had the power of brushing aside irrelevancies, of grasping the crux of a problem. This was due to his pronounced gift of concentration. But concentration on practical affairs is not difficult for those who move habitually in a world of practical affairs. Mr. Morgan's intellect was available at any given point at any given moment, because it did not wander unduly. It rarely had to be fetched back from the stars, to meet mundane emergencies.

He was undoubtedly a great financier. Most great financiers, or those who are called great, have established a public bureau of charities, with an adequate corps of press agents. Mr. Morgan did not advertise. His benefactions were probably munificent—and private: for this would be entirely in keeping with his character. The one notable charity with which he is publicly associated is the Lying-in Hospital at New York. It was still in keeping with his character that he should have

gone here to the crux of the social question, realizing that a child, having been conceived, has at least the right to be born decently.

Again, he stands—and his attitude was emphasized before the Pujo Committee—for integrity in business affairs. His word was absolutely reliable, and he trusted character while distrusting the subtle diplomacy or speciousness of the merely clever. In his latest utterances, apart from any previous action, he has rendered an invaluable service, of which the effects will be progressive, to the commercial world.

As a collector, and in all his dealings with the art world, he was unique. It was not merely that he was able to pay, and paid, high prices. The greater value was in his viewpoint, his attitude, his personality.

In all this, taken together, there are evidences of greatness. As a practical man, in a practical world, Mr. Morgan did well. He justified himself. He cannot be blamed because he was not an idealist or visionary of the type which gives a new impulse to humanity, a new insight into the old mysteries of life. Yet he was not without his own dreams and visions. Dean Grosvenor said of him, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine:

"My estimate of Mr. Morgan's character is summed up in two words—vision and action. He saw and he did. He was a man of few words; every day there came to him visions of great and powerful and beautiful things, and every moment was filled with the doing of them. He did not tarry for discussion—a single brief sentence was sufficient—and forthwith he proceeded to act. . . .

"With all his mastery of men and things, he was as simple as a child, and so was impulsive and very human. He had the puritan reserve, hiding a deep tenderness and making him lonely. He was imperiously generous. Complex as was his nature, he was perfectly honest and sincere, so that his friends, his fellow countrymen, the world, baffled at first, understood and honored him. Men tell us that a great financier, statesman, patron of the arts, philanthropist, has passed away. Yes; but a strong, loving heart has stopped its earthly beating, but is alive forever in the eternal love of God."

At the memorial service in his own church, the Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland spoke of—

"His free and open heart; his quiet, unknown good; his ready sympathy, so lavishly bestowed; his fixed, enduring friendship and his secret hand, so generous with its means that no one knows the mighty blessings he sent straight to many lives, to whom he was as the sheltering 'shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' "

It is not possible always to understand the very silent. Vicariously, Mr. Morgan has been far more outspoken in his death than in his life. But the silence will soon be resumed, and gradually become dense, so that few echoes may pierce through. It is well then, while the world is listening, to say what should be said. A strong man has reached the end of his sojourning: his body has been returned to the earth whence it came. Many kindly, and many more than kindly, words have been spoken: there has been little trace of the bitterness that opposes all leadership. And, in the main, the comments have been just. Not because he was rich—one of the master-craftsmen of money-makers; or, having been diligent in his business, could stand before kings; or could say to this man, go, or to that one, come, having the wherewithal to emphasize influence: not for these reasons, or for any reasons having their ultimate basis in United States currency, can he be considered great. But because he lived his life without rodomontade or affectation; because he did much good—not blazoning it—to overbalance any harm that the code of his generation permitted him to work, without stigma; because he could rise to those emergencies which submerge the weak; because he could make—not purchase—friends; and because he was esteemed and loved by those who knew him best and came most closely into daily intimacy with him:—for these reasons, not yet widely understood and appreciated, he is entitled to his niche in the temple of fame, and will retain it when the pseudo-philanthropists who take excellent care to let their right hand know what their left hand is doing, are buried beneath the avalanche of public testimonials to mediocrity.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The President's Message

IN 1801, Thomas Jefferson, with excellent intentions, decreed that he would send his messages to the Congress and omit the courtesy of a personal communication. In 1913, Woodrow Wilson disregarded that precedent and resumed the earlier usage of George Washington and John Adams—not because he necessarily prefers the opinions of Washington or Adams to the opinions of Jefferson, but because he has the courage of his own opinions.

The incident, in itself, is not important. It has its humorous side: for the lugubrious faces of some of the Senators were undoubtedly amusing. One could not expect such ardent supporters of purely popular and unautocratic government to welcome the revival of any custom that had once been associated with monarchical institutions. But the President recognizes fully that he is living in the twentieth century. In his desire to be considered as "a human being, trying to coöperate with other human beings in a common service," he is expressing a principle for the furtherance of which any precedent established a hundred years ago, or ten years ago, can be cheerfully abandoned.

Woodrow Wilson has the valuable gift of recognizing that the duty of the living is to live. The dead have had their day. Any institution, any custom, which they bequeathed to us, has neither sanctity nor value unless it is still vital. By his brief visit to the Capitol, the President emphasized his faith in the modern doctrine of free-will and efficiency.

A New Senate

THE ratification by the necessary number of States of the amendment providing for the popular election of Senators will remedy one of the most conspicuous failures of the constitution bequeathed to us by the Fathers. They devised that constitution in all good faith, and with exceptional intelligence. But they could not foresee the advent of Tammany Hall and its similar organizations: they could not anticipate the systematized

corruption which has for so long vitiated public life and reduced the claims of republicanism to an absurdity.

Any change in the constitution of the Senate must be an improvement. It would scarcely be possible to parallel throughout the world such an oligarchy of reactionaries; impervious to every suggestion of progress; immune from all public control; irrevocably devoted to their own interests and the abiding welfare of selfishness.

Gradually, they will now be modernized. But it is an instructive commentary on popular government that they should so urgently require this revolutionary change. It is disingenuous to flatter Peter at the expense of Paul, or *vice versa*. The people have elected—or could have elected—the legislatures which elected the United States Senators. If the people have chosen their State legislators so incompetently, they cannot be relied upon to choose their Senators with undeviating wisdom.

It is the people who are responsible for the past. Let them realize their responsibility for the future. They have made a brave commencement, in electing a President who will make this Republic a reality, and not a farce. If they will follow their own example, and their President's, they will write history in a fashion with which history has long been unfamiliar.

Forcible Feeding

MISS ZELIE EMERSON, an American, deliberately took part in a political agitation in a foreign country. She deliberately broke the laws of that country, and deliberately provoked—insisted upon—a short prison sentence.

It is not necessary to discuss the question of the bad taste and bad manners involved in interfering in the affairs of another country, under such conditions. There was sufficient work—valuable work, capable of sensible conduct—to occupy Miss Emerson at home. But, if she chose to interfere, knowing and inviting the consequences, she might at least have taken those consequences with some slight sense of humor.

No one will blame her for adopting the conventional hunger strike. Whatever else the would-be terrorists have done, they have at least shown that a prison is the easiest place in the world

for a woman to get out of—when she is playing at warfare. But only a militant suffragette could seriously repeat the ludicrous accusations of "torture," when the prison authorities have been compelled to resort to forcible feeding.

Apparently, the hysterical suffragettes have no idea of what is meant by "playing the game." They have made votes for women impossible in England for the next decade; and they are not yet satisfied with their handiwork.

Naturally, they cannot realize their own childishness. They cannot understand the contempt that they have evoked. A little while ago, they believed that they could induce Mr. Asquith to believe in votes for women by burning down Lady White's house. They have since strengthened their argument with explosives. They justify themselves on the ground that some ignorant rioters once burnt Nottingham Castle.

Since there are so many States in this country which have not yet admitted the natural right of the women to vote, one may wonder why Miss Emerson should have selected England as the proper scene for her activities. New York State, for example, provides ample scope for the most energetic worker. But perhaps Miss Emerson has such obtrusively militant proclivities that she preferred to exercise them in a country where they have already been made familiar, knowing perfectly well that similar antics would not be tolerated in her own country.

The militant suffragettes in England do not represent the women of England. They represent a small minority. They have attempted to impose their methods on the reasonable women; and they have succeeded in damning the cause for which they were supposed to be fighting, but which they have never understood.

It is regrettable that the official organizations in this country have formulated no public condemnation of the indefensible tactics of the militants. Instead, Mrs. Blatch and other leaders—from whom one would have expected the common-sense and comprehension of conditions that they have normally displayed—have been carried away by their sex-sympathies, and have sent silly communications to the British Government, on behalf of Mrs. Pankhurst. They need not worry about Mrs. Pankhurst.

That courageous but mistaken woman knows perfectly well what she is doing. She can, with perfect security, translate three years' penal servitude into two weeks' detention. She needs neither sympathy nor advice: for she has already been rendered useless to any cause of progress by the adulation she has received from her emotional and heroine-craving subordinates.

Incidentally, one may wonder why forcible feeding has been considered necessary. Most of the women have received short prison sentences. If Mr. Upton Sinclair, author of *The Fasting Cure*, may be relied upon, any healthy human being may go for several weeks without food, and not only without danger, but with profit. Prison conditions may modify the general rule. But the prison authorities may well consider the whole question carefully. Since they cannot adapt the feminine subject to the environment, why not adapt the environment to the subject; and, while their prisoner is nominally incarcerated and convinced of her notable martyrdom, secure for her, by judicious abstinence both on their part and on hers, the benefits of fasting so enthusiastically proclaimed by Mr. Sinclair? The ordinary physician seems to believe that a few days' fasting forebodes imminent dissolution. This is nonsense. The majority of adults would find three weeks' seclusion from fleshpots and the products of the oven extremely beneficial. In this suggestion, freely offered, Mr. McKenna, the British Home Secretary, may find the possibility of a solution of his minor problems. It is too much to hope that he will deal with the larger problems: for he has already lost the confidence both of his own countrymen, and of all, in whatever country, who regret that his concessions to a small group of hysterical women should have done so much damage to a cause that should be identified with fineness and progress.

Mr. Winston Churchill

THE suggestion of the British First Lord of the Admiralty, that the nations of Europe should each take a naval holiday for a year, so that their means of naval defence—and offence—would remain in the same relative proportions, will probably fall entirely on deaf ears. But the proposal was worth making; and

it serves to lift its author from the ruck of so-called statesmen and give him the wider significance that only imagination can convey.

The statesmen of the world have too long been routineers. They have been afraid of themselves, and afraid of everybody and everything except common-sense and common decency. For, in order to make common-sense operative in international relations, a Cabinet Minister must possess exceptional sense.

Mr. Churchill's record suggested cleverness, opportunism, self-sufficiency. But his recent utterance, in which he has dared to propose a holiday from madness to the spectre-ridden nations of the old world, places him in a new and uncrowded class—in which George Bernard Shaw, notwithstanding his advertising powers, is conspicuously enrolled.

In its earliest days, the London *Daily Mail*, in a series of biographies and prophecies which included George Wyndham and the present conspicuous exemplar of mediocrity, Lord Curzon, acclaimed Winston Churchill as a future Premier. In his spectacular career, he has done much to attract attention, and much to avert appreciation. But if he will continue to follow the lead of Sir Edward Grey and recognize that the curse of militarism is founded in human selfishness and human stupidity, and not in any ultimate human necessity, he will justify both his present prominence and his future pre-eminence.

Mr. Walter Hines Page

MR. WALTER HINES PAGE, who has just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, was editor of THE FORUM from 1891 to 1895. He had previously been editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and literary adviser for many years to the Houghton Mifflin Company. In 1900 he assumed the editorship of *The World's Work*.

Mr. Page joins the large army of literary men who have undertaken, and succeeded in, important political work. He could have had no better training for his new duties than is afforded by the editorial chair of one of the greater periodicals; and after the diplomacy that is sometimes necessary in such a position he will find his work in London superlatively easy.

The White Peril

AT the time of writing, the European situation is once more highly complicated and dangerous. The civilized, Christian nations are drifting from covert into overt quarrelling; and with the advent of warm weather the expensive armies and navies of the great Powers may be engaged in demonstrating that dynamite and its allies are more impressive to rational man than any other kind of argument.

The danger will probably be averted, as it has been averted before. But how ludicrous yet pitiful is the whole sorry business! The culmination of civilization—militarism: the crux of Christianity—big guns.

“All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.” Amen. Is there not enough misery in the world already, enough maiming and slaughter?

If war should come, it will hinge ostensibly on thirty miles of rocky seacoast on the Adriatic. Can all the Wise Men of the West find no greater wisdom than this—to devastate a continent for a trivial disagreement!

Whether war may come soon or not, the ignominy remains: it is the boasted civilization and hypocrisy of the white races that proclaim terrorism as the rule of Christian life.

Tammany Hall and Patronage

THE President has made a mistake in intimating that association with Tammany Hall will not be a bar to preferment, if the personal qualifications of the candidate are considered satisfactory by Senator O’Gorman.

We are so familiar with the traditions of Tammany Hall that we do not quite realize what we have tolerated. But no man, whatever his personal qualifications, can identify himself with Tammany Hall and remain a fit candidate for any office in the gift of the President.

It is useless to evade a clear issue. Tammany is tainted. It is an outrage on decency that any Tammany nominee should occupy any position of authority or influence.

THE FORUM

FOR JUNE 1913

EDUCING AND TRADUCING

Some Remarks on Education and Treason

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER

ENGAGED in the strenuous business of living, we have too little time to think how we ought to live. In our daily stampede from east to west, only the genius, who feels rather than reasons out his mission, can be quite sure he is travelling in the direction he desires. When a man drops out along the way to orientate himself, the lusty cavalcade sweeps on out of sight and the chagrined loiterer must then either take the dust in the beaten track, always behind the procession, or should he become convinced that his way lies not there but here, he must strike out through untrodden waste and tangled jungle with no other guide than his own puzzled compass.

So it comes about that "right" and "wrong" are emasculated words in our performance. The play is elaborated by the playwright. We take our stereotyped copy, tragedy, farce or serio-comedy as the case may be, and content ourselves with scene-shifting, choosing minor parts of our make-up, or perhaps even an alteration in the words of our rôles to relieve monotony. But that is all. What we shall do is determined; how we shall do it is intrusted partly to our discretion provided we depart not too widely from conventional acting. Thus we fill our mouths with "practicable" and "expedient," a mess of pottage for which we barter our birthright, saying "what" and "what not."

However, the desire to say "what" sometimes conquers fear, and the humble actor is emboldened to turn critic. If I may change the figure, one learns to examine the very pedestal on which he stands; he hammers the stones in the foundation of

his creed of living, if so be there is any rotten material or false corner in its construction. Society warns him that if he tries to be a little Samson he will be buried in the ruins; but perhaps he may escape on the scaffolding. Society patronizingly urges him not to try lifting himself by his own boot-straps; but if the boots are paper-soled he may pull the bottoms out.

II

If we may believe Mark Twain's version of the early history of Eden (just as authentic as any but more piquant than Milton's), it was only a few days after creation that our first mother, pointing to an awkward self-conscious bird, said, "Adam, we will call that a dodo." The father of the race stopped scratching "with a stick in the mold" long enough to scratch his shaggy poll (or if you prefer, his "hyacinthine locks"), and ask "Why so, my dear?" Eve was puzzled, but only for a moment. "Why, because it *looks* like a dodo," said she, with a pert toss of her pretty head. It was now Adam's turn to be puzzled, but after an admiring glance cast Eve-ward he admitted that it *did* look like a dodo—and so was made the first proselyte. Happily Adam knew all of Eve's past, else he might have asked savagely how she came to be acquainted with dodos. As it was he had no reason to trouble himself over sweet unrecorded lovers, and since he had no knowledge or convictions on the subject of dodos, the magnetism of the reasoner was sufficient motive power for the reason.

A sort of unwitting chivalry wrought our first father's downfall; but we lack his excuse to justify our magnification of his offence. Dogma, aggression and arrogance on the one hand; ignorance, indolence and servility on the other, make the proselytizer and the proselyte.

III

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is a suggestive writer. You either agree with him heartily or differ more heartily. In telling us recently "What's Wrong with the World" he secured my enthusiastic assent until he came to education, which to him is anathema. (First he says that it is nothing, and then that it is

treason.) He writes with fine scorn of the pedants who pretend that they can teach something they do not know, can give something they do not have. The impression one gets from Mr. Chesterton's book is that he could go out at any time on the Strand and buy a pennyworth of education—if he had something to put it in. Some of it, he would admit, might be worm-eaten and some only shells; for you must take your chances as you do with chestnuts. And of course it is just as well to know the dealer. He is even liberal enough to detect a slight quality-difference between the kind of education which the reader of *Prizy Bits* gets and that which is injected into the Rhodes scholar at three hundred pounds a year. But the notion of Educing, drawing out by suggestion powers individual to a student, is to him a joke, a pedantic hoax. A teacher must teach something; rule of three, vertical writing, shorthand, Swedish movement, aviation, anything; and to teach the rule of three he must feel confident that three times three is nine; he must be willing and anxious to suffer martyrdom in the cause of certain dogmas. In short all education is dogma; nothing but dogma educates.

A similar idea of education was advanced the other day by my little niece. Newly instructed in things academic from the viewpoint of the grades, she asked me how big my "pupils" were. When I told her they were grown-up, many of them as tall as I, she was fairly stunned, and could only exclaim, lapsing for the moment into natural grammar, "What? Don't they know nothing?" To be six feet tall and not educated was an intellectual poser to her; similarly Mr. Chesterton says there are no uneducated people in England—meaning thereby that everyone has somewhere, sometime, somehow had something beaten into his head.

This view of education is of course consistently Catholic—just as my own is as incurably Protestant. Dogma has no place in the philosophy of Protestantism, however large it has been written in her history. When Paul, the first Protestant, "confessed not with flesh and blood" after his conversion, but instead of visiting Peter and the other leaders in Jerusalem, retired into the wilderness for a season and returned to preach

his own revelation, he created a Frankenstein philosophy that has destroyed much of his own dogma. He was sowing a magnificent seed whose virility he himself never sensed, for which reason more than for any other he was a great teacher.

IV

Paul shattered one dogma, but set up another; and the new was nearly or altogether as rigid as the old. So with Emerson, who helped to free the mind of the nineteenth century. "Insist on yourself; never imitate" was the noble lesson that he taught a slavish plagiaristic America. Thoreau took up the echo and his flute in *Walden* gave back "When one man honestly believes in an unpopular measure, it is already in a majority of one." From this 'tis but a shift of flat to sharp to arrive at Emerson's definition of genius: "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you is true for all men—that is genius." Perhaps. But that is also the destruction of genius. Napoleon believed that and had he not so confided in his own suzerainty it might have gone otherwise with him both in his lifetime and on the page of history. He could not understand that France was not the world and that he was not all France; and his was but one of the fiascoes resulting from the failure to appreciate that all others are not flimsy reeds or bending willows. In this year of grace Mr. Roosevelt still finds it difficult to refrain from identifying his good with the good of the world. He assures us that his truth (let us be charitable and admit him honest) is our truth; that the truth of all others is falsehood. To the date of writing no man on this planet has found skill to differ from Mr. Roosevelt without incurring the brand of one of the degrees of mitigated or unmitigated mendacity.

This form of megalomania is only a result of Emerson's doctrine "carried into Africa." Insistence on self is worthy teaching, but we have learned it too well. At least we have learned the obverse; but the reverse, there's the rub. The knife cuts both ways; the hiltless dagger wounds the hand that guides it. *What of others?* When did they forfeit their Divine Right of Self-insistence? Why, when they stopped agreeing with us, of course, for then they forsook truth and gave up the trade

of genius. We may call Emerson to our aid again, and often under the spell of his inspired sophisms we feel the ineffable glow of a valid title to greatness if we only succeed in contradicting ourselves. The number of weak-kneed, double-jointed principles that have taken refuge behind "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds" is legion. They hide their heads behind it with the ostrich, but leave their other absurd extremities exposed to every curious eye.

To this company belongs the civilized art of proselytizing. We declare for liberty of opinion in Church and press, and then proceed to revile it when its voice is raised. We cry, "Let everyone think for himself," and straightway, twirling our thumbs and widening our phylacteries, we invoke the gods and demand a miniature facsimile of our own editorials. Despite pragmatism and the traditional notion that the truth is good, we all have a deep-seated conviction that the truth, if different from our notion of it, must be bad. We had rather trust the world to go right at our "haw" than at anyone else's "gee."

The warning of Jesus goes unheeded: "Woe unto you, hypocrites, ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte." To win a convert by educating him, by legitimate appeal to his whole mental life, is entirely laudable; but to float a proselyte over a bar of intellectual indifference or prejudice on a momentary froth of feeling, induced by the personal magnetism of Eve or Roosevelt, the religious fervor of a Moody or Mrs. Eddy, leaving him when the tide ebbs, stranded on a barren reef, empty of spiritual significance, there to struggle and flounder in helpless despair,—this, I imagine, was the object of the Master's denunciation. You may have seen the foolish, vacant, abashed look of the victim of some strolling hypnotist when the hypnotist wakes him from the trance in which he had been wildly applauding a horse-race or a baseball game or boxing an imaginary opponent around the stage. So looks the proselyte when asked for the reason for the faith within him; so no doubt looked Adam when little Cain asked him later why the bird looked like a dodo; and so look all our brother and sister dupes after the political or religious mountebank has moved on.

Those well-grounded in philosophy will say with a superior air, "Nevertheless Emerson was right. One must accept one's own judgments before there is any possibility of reasoning." Granted. But remember the judgments of the other man. You must accept them before there is any possibility of conclusions.

V

Our senses are notorious deceivers. When the physical perceptions of a number of other people contradict or fail to confirm our own, we are led to wonder, unless we too have some form of megalomania, whether we have not been the victims of illusion. Who does not remember how the roistering doctor and his crowd of hoodlums in *Handy Andy* got the apothecary drunken, and on his awaking solemnly assured him that he was dead, killed by O'Grady's beating; that he had been revived and was only temporarily sustained by the magic of the new power of galvanism, which he had presumed to belittle on the previous evening? And when they showed him the great welts on his body, painted with boot-blacking and cabbage, the poor fellow, though sober then and feeling very painfully alive, gave himself up for dead and turned to the wall. Subtract from mankind the blind and short-sighted and astigmatic, the deaf and the hard-of-hearing, the paralytics and the quasi-paralyzed, the de-olfactoried and the de-gustatized,—and few will remain to render perfect testimony of the senses. In sense-perception then we have learned to profit by our limitations; when two or three friends assure me that what I call red is really green, I conclude I am color-blind; and when their vision outstrips mine, I have my eyes tested.

In normal life we are not supposed really to forget anything; yet we know that practically we do mislay facts so outrageously that when some one else finds them, we have difficulty in recognizing them as even casual acquaintances.

How is it in matters of taste, æsthetic, popular and moral? "De gustibus non disputandum" everyone quotes, though nobody heeds.

"Now who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate."

When ten men love what I hate, I am bound, theoretically at least, to admit that the ten have the right of way in criticism. I may not believe that the mere majority is always right; in fact I may hold that the bare majority is usually wrong; still in the face of the multitudes who think Goethe a great poet, I have no business to flaunt my unsupported heresy; nor considering the all but universally distributed liking for religious ritual, should I seriously oppose my distaste. Of course I may entertain an absolutely unique position on these or on any subject, and regard with indifference the tastes of all the world; at the same time I should be all the calendared kinds of fool if I tried to substitute my vagary, my bias, my prejudice for the combined approval of mankind.

". . . We all surmise,
They this thing and I that;
Whom shall my soul believe?"

We know that we are deluded, have erroneous beliefs. We follow after false fires, will-o'-the-wisps that never come close and have no reality. We begin with a thorough persuasion of ghosts, and end sceptical even of spiritism; we begin firmly convinced of fairies, and end not so sure even of angels. Illusions, elusions, delusions; perversions of sense, memory, taste and belief;—why, it requires a very slight inductive advance to the acknowledgment that our conceptions and fundamental postulates as well, even our sacred intuitions themselves, the perception of the Kantian *Ding an sich* if there be such, may prove false. In his lecture on Immortality Professor James made a suggestive remark on the nature of the brain. He likened it to an imperfect curtain which lets Soul through in a more or less modified form; or again to a transmitting and refracting medium which admits just certain rays of the universal Soul. Even though this suppositional ocean of Soul at the background of the world from which flow and to which ebb the individual souls of men and women, may not satisfy our philosophic needs, the figure is nevertheless valuable. It is in the nature of all matter to be imperfect. Every brain has some flaw which mars and distorts what we call the axioms of thought as much as the astigmatic lens of the eye disfigures visual images.

If we are sensible enough to recognize the disorders of a stomach that rejects as offence what others enjoy, or the defects of a crystalline lens, or the exaggerated tinglings of a raw nerve, why should we stubbornly insist that the distortions produced by another physical part, the cortex of the brain, have the peculiar approval of Providence?

VI

The bearings of all this are obvious enough, I suppose. In religion, politics and ordinary intercourse we are engaged in the work of traduction, not education; instead of teachers and learners we have evolved by our fundamental axioms of thought a world of proselytizers and proselytes. Any assumption not our own we regard as *eccentric*, and make no effort to understand it sympathetically. We play like children an eternal game of "Fox in the morning, goose and the gander," striving for a few proselytes to begin with, and when we have made them, they become "ten-fold more the children of hell than ourselves," and engage more zealously in the capture of others. We are all deaf men with big voices, but instead of getting ear-trumpets, we get megaphones, and proclaim our gospel. He who blares the loudest establishes his assumptions and fills his platform with proselytes. Occasionally there is a voice heard whose modulation and sweet reasonableness penetrates the din and brings a pause. Then happily sometimes a healthy instinct gains control, and the throng rushes to find the prophet. But alas! when they have surrounded him, their strident aggressive summons to renewed proselytism drowns the sweet voice, and dogma reigns again.

Shall this be made concrete?

The Church is a great if not *the* great offender. The Christian Church, though founded upon the tolerant gospel of Jesus, can certainly not claim exception. Even before and incessantly since Charlemagne baptized and later beheaded his five thousand converts, one method of proselytizing or another has been in vogue. As a boy of eleven I had a season of sleeplessness induced by the horrible pictures stamped upon my imagination by a minister of the gospel. It was the Last Day in the final

conflagration of the world; and I saw myself, a little charred, blackened imp, running to and fro over the shrivelled earth, stumbling against seared, overtaken sinners and striving vainly to hide from the wrath of God. Maybe that was the only way to stop my shooting sparrows with my air-gun, or to secure an ungrumbling attendance at three Sunday services; but I still think that such usurpation of the vivid and nascent imagination of youth is no more excusable than the insidious act of the hypnotist when he captures an unwilling intellect,—and that is generally admitted vile and even declared criminal.

At a college prayer-meeting in my undergraduate days, the leader, a member of the senior class, earnestly exhorted us to protest against everything we did not agree with. It was a sin, the mark of a mental weakling or a moral coward to leave an opinion unexpressed. Mr. H. G. Wells has recently coined a word that gloriously describes this attitude of mind. Such a man is a "Godsaker." His face must be stretched into a perpetual exclamation mark. I am not sure this is one of the pleasant handles the religious service has always held out to the loquacious.

All who have been students or teachers in schools and colleges of pronounced religious bent must have remarked a striking fact. A disproportionately large number of students from orthodox Christian homes develop a flippant cynicism or even something like a small pretentious atheism. Doubtless a variety of causes enter into their composition, some of them only craving distinction; but beyond question many have been preached into scepticism; they are boyish revolts against orthodoxy. As children they have listened to cant phrases from the pulpit and in their homes, and their budding reason has often been met by an arbitrary *ne plus ultra*. Now when they get a little mixture of Hume and Darwin and Spencer,—fizz. They have found their element and they delightfully steep themselves in the narcotic fumes of doubt and destructive criticism. They are in revolt not so much against religion as against the treason of the proselytizer.

Education of the head and of the heart is the shamefully ignored need of the people. The historical manna, like current

breakfast foods, required no cooking, but it did demand some digesting. Not so the present manna. The pastor who should lead his flock to green pastures and let them graze, does one of two things instead: he is either ultra-liberal and shocks reverence and worship by scientific sophisms and flippant freedoms; or he is ultra-conservative, and sprinkling the stale hay of worn-out creeds with a tame orthodox salt, crams it willy-nilly down the empty maws. His preaching is so often allopathic to a fault; it has a remedy for every disease—several remedies in case of failure of the first—and pays hardly any attention to constitutional peculiarities. Now the ideal preaching is osteopathic; it stimulates spiritual nerves and depends upon nature to bring about strength and vigor. In the one case it is poison fighting poison, a mixture of good and bad opinion attempting to oust a mixture of bad and good opinion. In the other case it is the normal functions seeking to reëstablish themselves and eliminate the noxious secretion which is the cause of spiritual ill-health. Such preaching will have no hypertrophied bumps and callouses of doctrine; it will come from Trinitarian or Unitarian, Protestant or Catholic, Homoousian or Homoiousian; it will go to the depths and plead for the heights of man, man as Shelley says,

“Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
The king over himself, but just, gentle, wise.”

There will be no harangues to prove this nor harangues to disprove that; no ghostly saints will denounce ghastly sinners; merely this: one man will open up to others the depths of their souls, indicating how they may give an Everlasting No to the Spirit of Evil and an Everlasting Yes to the Spirit of Righteousness. Education, it will be, and not treason.

What of politics?

In the hysteria of 1912 no candidate, national, State or local, seemed bold enough to understand any of his opponents. This is to be expected in candidates, but what of the partisans? The campaign was supposed to be one of education. Aye, but whose brand of education did we shut our eyes and swallow? The

returns, showing a very slight increase in the popular vote, over that of 1908, indicate that many simple men were so educated, i. e. bull-dozed, this way and that by every progressive candidate, that they remained on the safe side by staying at home on November 5. Campaign literature and campaign speeches have as real an educational value for the most part as the yells of rival colleges at a football game. In politics education comes nearer to treason from every point of view than in religion or anywhere else.

What of the learned world of scholars and experts? Surely among these professors of education one should expect to find the calm and honest pursuit of knowledge and wisdom. The scientist will not be dogmatic; the metaphysician will withhold judgment; the authority in any field will wait till all the returns are in. Does he? Do they? It seems absurd, but the scientist is admittedly your greatest dogmatist, and the expert, most skilled in selection of evidence in support of his hobby. Religious dogma can but declare you unsaved; how much more depressing when scientific dogma contemptuously dismisses you as uninformed, or artistic dogma as uncultured.

Turn once and for all to the vast field of human intercourse. The charge is frequently made that Americans never converse or discuss, they merely argue. Were argument what it should be, the charge would not be condemnatory, but the ordinary course of argument is something like this: unwarranted assumptions on each side neither countenanced nor noticed by the other; criminations and recriminations. Langland described it well in *The Vision of Piers Plowman*—not an American poem either, by the way:

“ ‘Thou liest’ and ‘thou liest’ leapt out at once,
And either hit the other under the cheek”—

an upper-cut, we would say. That is the natural method of argument. Everyone knows the fallacies—how to beg the question, evade the issue, shift ground and all the rest. Few distinguish the solid ground of logic from the quicksand of illogic; and even the noblesse, those who should oblige, college debaters for instance, and their coaches, use their knowledge of logic in

steering as close to the wind as they safely can, for their aim is victory. That is, they are preparing for the tortuous law and the labyrinth of business. In America and elsewhere, most discussion is argument, most argument is war, and everyone knows what war is.

There is a trite old saying about a man convinced against his will. He remains of the same opinion still because he has not been educated, he has been betrayed. He has not been appealed to on his own grounds, but has been bullied in a strange field. His particular Divine Right has been trampled under foot by another man's, and especially if he is tarred with the same stick as Paul and the Protestants, he says with Johnny Armstrong:

". . . Fight on, my merry men all.
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain.
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
And then I'll arise to fight wi' you again."

When bested in argument, he is merely chagrined, not convinced; and his thought is not at all on how to profit by his new knowledge, only on how to gain skill to out-flank his conqueror.

VII

Take a salient illustration—what I believe to be the most dangerous and obstructive intolerance of our time. Certainly few fanaticisms of the Middle Ages were less intelligent.

The Christian Church is founded upon the ideal of brotherhood. The millennium toward which sincere Christians are working is a state of society where the Golden Rule of Jesus shall have become a working principle. They—or we, for I am proud to acknowledge Jesus as a vital personal ideal—hope for and profess to aim at a Utopian condition of society in which it will be possible for each actually to put the welfare of the others on a par with his own. Some few well-meaning blind folk say they are doing this now, and perhaps a negligible fraction of the salt of earth are, without making any such pretensions, actually doing it. At least I will admit the theoretical possibility of this unworldly fraction. Yet the overwhelming testimony of honest observers of life, who like to turn full-face

to the truth, is that in a society as at present organized, saturated with individualism and goaded at all points by competition, the Golden Rule is a bit of sentimentalism impossible of fulfilment. It has no workability in trade. No man doing a live business could actually practise the Golden Rule for six months without going into bankruptcy. And while we are not all "business men," the income of every worker is so related to the pervasive genius of our time, "business," that we dare not call our souls wholly our own.

This is the situation that both laymen and clergy unite in deplored while in the same breath they assent to their bonds, hoping for release only after long ages of gradual filing. At times they appear actually contented that business abounds, since there is likely to be such a long season for grace to "much more abound." It never occurs to them that they themselves are the judges and jailers, and might accomplish their freedom in something less than a million years. So the Church: well-meaning but shackled, puzzled but submissive and inert!

Socialism also claims the ideal of brotherhood. For more than half a century this protoplasmic germ has fought its way along through and around incalculable prejudice, frothing here and there with ignorant fanaticism, unwisely and irrelevantly fuming at realities sometimes, tilting at wind-mills, performing hara-kiri out of sheer spite, committing all the absurdities to be expected of a new and vital thought let loose in the world. New, did I say? Certainly not that. The heart of socialism—I do not refer of course to the theories of Marx or Engels or the Fabians or the political party of Debs—is a simple, naïve faith in the brotherhood of man, along with a consuming passion to realize it. The socialist is a man who really believes something, and insists like a maniac on acting according to his belief. Naturally he is intolerant, for socialism is the gospel of the worker, and the worker has just begun to think. To expect that he will be restrained and temperate at all points is ridiculous. The pendulum of thought must always swing at first far past the centre. I do not here attempt to defend or even aid in establishing belief in socialism; I merely assert with little fear of

contradiction, that socialism and the Church claim an identical purpose.

These two great movements diagnose the need of the world to the same purport, but with a fundamental difference. The Church submits; socialism revolts. The Church can see no remedy except the "wise years"; socialism is cocksure of a "very present help." Capitalism and the system of profits in competitive business is the real Devil, and like Luther they throw their inkwells at him. The socialist believes with a religious fervor that if all men were given jobs producing useful things that fill a real need, and received an equitable return in good hours, good wages, good living conditions and decent prices,—if coöperation were substituted for competition,—if, in short, the greatest good of all, instead of the greatest predatory opportunity for a few, should be the recognized object of society, all constitutional social ills would be remedied. What is more, the course of events, especially so-called progressive politics, shows substantial evidence for these optimisms. It is not too much to say that every open-minded person who has studied socialism has become a partial convert.

A simple-minded Martian who knew nothing of Earthly intolerance and proselytizing would expect to see two such forces as the Church and socialism unite for the common cause. What a deadening shock to our Martian when he discovered the actual state of affairs—the majority of organized socialists and the majority of organized Christians with drawn daggers, trying either to convert in Charlemagne style or to exterminate each other.

A short time ago a wise and honest young man who is pastor of an important church in a western city, announced that on a certain Sunday evening he would talk briefly on socialism and then throw the meeting open to discussion, each speaker to be limited to five minutes. I went to the meeting with great interest, hoping there might be a getting together. First the pastor spoke briefly and sensibly, showing general approval of the philosophy of socialism, but criticising certain vagaries associated in the popular mind with the movement. A sort of walking delegate for the local socialists sat on the edge of his seat during this

address, and the most casual observer must have noticed that he was not attending to the words of the speaker after a certain point where he fancied he saw an opening for his own customary harangue. He merely licked his lips and waited with the least grace imaginable till the speaker neared his conclusion, when he half arose and at the last word he was in full stride for the front of the church. Without showing the slightest sense of the drift of the address that was supposed to furnish the basis of discussion, he launched into his accustomed tirade, full of the sounding cant of the street spellbinder, and of course as unconvincing to the unconvinced as the unknown tongues spoken at an old-fashioned Methodist class-meeting. The socialist had barely finished his peroration when a Single-taxer leapt to his feet and went hammer-and-tongs after the socialist because he had omitted mention of the single-tax. A parlor socialist expressed some views, a courtly churchman advocated in a gentlemanly manner the gradual redemption of the world by units,—and so it went, no single speaker paying the slightest attention to the opposing argument or the assumptions of the other men. The meeting was worse than useless, for each was merely strengthened in his position; each had made a bid for proselytes, no one had taught or learned anything.

Returning on the street-car I encountered a liberal professional man of my acquaintance who had been present, and together we deplored the obvious lack of tolerance manifest that evening. Then I mentioned particularly the imperviousness shown to the socialist. Immediately his brow clouded. The intolerance of sixteenth century Christianity leapt in his eyes and he spoke sharp as a rifle:

“Don’t talk to me of socialism.”

Nowhere do we find honest students of a prejudiced subject. All men of Good Will believe in brotherhood. But the Church insists on conversion, soul-regeneration, raising each brother singly,—which is sound doctrine. Change the human heart, says the Christian, and all evil will cease. Socialism insists on raising a million brothers at a time. Better the material conditions of living, render simple economic justice, and give the human hearts of the toilers a chance to expand. “Raise the individual,”

"Raise society," cry these good men; but each thinks the other is only trying to raise the devil. The Church adores the Saviour, and socialism adores the world he came to save; neither tries to educate, each to traduce; one blatantly impeaches motives, the other eloquently deplores methods. At present, such is the bitterness of suspicion, crimination and recrimination that the judgment of Solomon seems the only solution. "Let society be cut into bits," it seems to be agreed, "and let the Church and the Socialists, aye, and the Single-taxers and the *Aesthetes* and the Anarchists and the New Nationalists have much joy in their respective bits."

Now the strength of the Church is world-old and the insistence on the revivifying of the individual is founded on a rock. Socialism is newer, but the insistence on the right of society to profit by the collective brawn and brain, and the validity of the claim that better things will assist to better souls, is just as strongly based. Jesus did not concern himself with economic propaganda, but when he did touch upon the economic order, as in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, he was decidedly socialistic. Certainly were he a citizen of the United States of America to-day, we should not expect him on the evidence of his record to bestow vital attention on Tariff or Trusts or the Recall or National Prohibition before he had laid the axe at the root of the tree. The socialists think with much justice that they have found the root, the silly and iniquitous system of Business for Profits. Other reformers think the world has no business for prophets, and proceed to haggle away at limbs and branches and twigs.

When will honest socialists and honest Christians and honest men everywhere learn to recognize the Good Will * in each; cease perverting each other's doctrine and begin understanding it; quit fighting for proselytes and begin the work of education? When they do, the world must listen and agree with their joint decision.

VIII

Tolerance has always been the method of the great teachers. Socrates took men on their own premises, and led them to his

* The phrase used by H. G. Wells in *New Worlds for Old*.

conclusions, making them feel all the while that they themselves were directing the route and determining the destination. He knew the *necessity* of being fair to the other man's assumptions and logic from the purely utilitarian standpoint of one who himself had a propagandum. He conceded a man was right in order to prove him wrong, and while in this perhaps he merely showed his shrewdness as a proselytizer, the fact that he was forced to this temporary capitulation to the other man's opinion is a striking presumption of its legitimacy.

Epictetus went further and in life and doctrine enunciated the *justice* of tolerance. Not only the *MUST* of tolerance, but the *OUGHT*. How can it be otherwise? I am one of a billion; my opinion is one of a thousand million—but a unit in the universal ballot; and so when the barbarous lash cut and maimed him, he bowed his head to the persecutor, murmuring, "It seems so to him." His stern repression of the stoic under the brutal blow and kick may appear like the extreme of Quixotic justice,—but after all, it was only simple justice.

Jesus who is called the Christ, knowing the didactic value of tolerance as well as Socrates, feeling the justice of it as well as Epictetus, more than these eternally glorifies the *beauty* of it in his "Judge not that ye be not judged," in his "Neither do I condemn thee," in his "Do unto others——" which can have but one meaning after all. And that meaning is, "*Have respect for your neighbor's opinion as ye have respect for your own.*"

In opinion there should be the survival of the fittest, but the "fittest" is not to be identified with "the strongest." The fittest will never be determined by vilification and a trial of lungs; it must grow out of a sympathetic understanding. The combined Good Will in man is stronger than aught else; it can even prevail against the gates of Hell. But it must be assembled in the light to be effective; in the twilight of mutual distrust it cannot distinguish friend from foe, and instead of marching triumphantly to the goal, fritters the time away in demanding credentials. Learners are more in demand than teachers. And as for dogma, it betrays him that gives and him that takes.

THE SWORDLESS CHRIST

PERCY ADAMS HUTCHISON

Vicisti, Galilæe

AYE, down the years, behold, he rides,
The lowly Christ, upon an ass;
But conquering? Ten shall heed the call,
A thousand idly watch him pass:

They watch him pass, or lightly hold
In mock lip-loyalty his name:
A thousand—were they *his* to lead!
But meek, without a sword, he came.

A myriad horsemen swept the field
With Attila, the whirlwind Hun:
A myriad cannon spake for him,
The silent, dread Napoleon.

For these had ready spoil to give,
Had reeking spoil for savage hands;
Slaves, and fair wives, and pillage rare:
The wealth of cities: teeming lands.

And if the world, once drunk with blood,
Sated, has turned from arms to peace,
Man hath not lost his ancient lusts;
The weapons change; war doth not cease.

The mother in the stifling den,
The brain-dulled child beside the loom,
The hordes that swarm and toil and starve,
We laugh, and tread them to their doom.

They shriek, and cry their prayers to Christ;
And lift wan faces, hands that bleed:
In vain they pray, for what is Christ?
A Leader—without men to lead.

Ah, piteous Christ, afar he rides;
We see him, but the face is dim:
We, that would leap at crash of drums,
Are slow to rise and follow him.

OUR NATIONAL BANKING SYSTEM

An Ominous Situation

WILLIAM DE HERTBURN WASHINGTON

OUR modern national banking system was practically the outcome of the financial necessities of the Federal Government caused by the Civil War. It was found difficult to sell Government bonds at profitable rates by President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, who set about creating a market for the bonds by offering special privileges to banks organized under federal charters, permitting them to issue banknotes, only when the notes were secured by deposits of Government bonds.

THE PASSAGE OF OUR NATIONAL BANK ACT

The act of February 25, 1863, supplemented by the act of June 3, 1864, formed the basis for the national banking system we have to-day. Any national bank desiring to issue notes could deposit with the United States Treasurer United States bonds to an amount not exceeding the capital stock of the bank. It could then issue banknotes equal to 90 per cent. of the par value of the bonds deposited, and no bank could be established which did not invest one-third of its capital in bonds. This was changed in 1874 to reduce the required bond investment to 25 per cent., with a maximum money requirement of \$50,000. Banknotes were taxed at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum.

It was found that the State banking system so firmly held general confidence that it was necessary to impose a tax of 10 per cent. on the face value of the notes of the State banks in circulation after July, 1866. The State banks were thus driven out of the note-issuing business. It was a very severe blow to them.

In 1864, there were 453 national banks with an aggregate capital of \$70,366,000. In 1865, there were 1,014 banks with an aggregate capital of \$242,000,000.

EARLY STATE BANKS

Many of the early State banks were anything but reliable or substantial institutions, and issued notes, regardless of their

ability to pay or of any plan of redemption. They were called "wild cat" and "red dog" banks, probably as illustrative of the fact that a wild cat or red dog would have been about as good a basis for credit as the basis on which their notes were really issued. The security back of these notes was practically nothing. They were merely unindorsed promissory notes.

One has but to contrast them with the familiar banknote which is secured by United States bonds for more than its face value. The term "carpet bagger" was also originated at this period of wild-cat banking, for after some bank had issued a lot of notes, some one would put them in a carpet bag and go as far away as possible to some distant State and put these notes in circulation, in the hope that they would be a long time in reaching the home bank for redemption. Later the term "carpet bagger" was used in a far different sense.

We have four classes of banks and financial institutions. National and State banks we have touched upon. Savings banks and trust companies must next be taken up. Savings banks are institutions that receive small deposits of money and invest them for the benefit of depositors at compound interest.

SAVINGS BANKS IN THE UNITED STATES

The first Savings bank incorporated in the United States was the Provident Institution for Savings, incorporated in Boston in 1816. The oldest in New York is the Bank for Savings, incorporated in 1819. Although Savings banks are less than 100 years old in the United States, they have increased their depositors from 9,000 in 1820 to 10,010,000 in 1912. The most careful restrictions surround them. They are allowed to invest only in real estate mortgages, seasoned bonds, and underlying securities of railroads and other corporations which have had a successful career for a given number of years.

TRUST COMPANIES

Trust companies, as their name indicates, were organized principally for the purpose of the settlement of estates, and the holding in trust of funds, property and securities. They also act as trustees for borrowers and issuers of bonds. In many

cases they cut into the business of commercial banks, and at times almost usurp their powers and functions.

FACTS TO REMEMBER ABOUT BANKS

Remember that most of the banks and banking institutions in this country are voluntary and entirely independent institutions made up of merchants, farmers, manufacturers and men in all walks of life.

Now a bank is not an uncanny, mysterious thing that can only be organized by great capitalists or controlled by them. On the contrary, in any place of under 3,000 inhabitants, any five men of reputable character may organize a national bank. They have only to make application to the Comptroller of Currency, show the necessity for a bank in that particular place, and arrange for a capital of \$25,000, of which only \$12,500 need be in cash. In fact they can begin with only 30 per cent. of their capital, or \$7,500 paid in, but the entire amount must be paid up within six months. This is an excellent feature of our banking system, as it guarantees that the business of banking shall not be, as in some countries, a monopoly.

WHAT IS A MODERN BANK?

Let us see if we can define a bank and its intimate relation to the community. It is simply the old-fashioned woollen stocking, the chink in the wall, the hollow under the hearth, the treasure chest, in another form. Instead of being the individual, it is the community place to put money away for safe-keeping, or immediate coming, going or use.

When one considers that the bank deposits of the United States total \$20,000,000,000 and that there is but \$1,572,000,000 of real money or currency, i. e., cash in our banks, we have it borne in on us that each dollar has much work to do.

John Smith puts a dollar in the bank and the bank lends it to Joe Jones, who uses it to pay a debt to Smith. Smith straightway puts it in the bank and now has two dollars to his credit, although all the bank has to show is the original dollar and a promissory note signed by Joe Jones. Robert Roe then borrows the dollar and pays it to Jones to discharge a debt, and Jones

spends it in Smith's store. Smith puts it in the bank and has three dollars to his credit.

One dollar has thus been three times in Smith's possession, twice in Jones' hands and once in Roe's, while the bank has received it three times, paid it out twice, owes Smith three dollars, and has two dollars (with interest) due from Jones and Roe. Now when Smith tries to draw out his three dollars, the bank cannot hand him the original dollar and the two promissory notes. It must have three dollars in cash to pay Smith or close its doors. Now carrying this into the field of larger transactions, let us suppose a man desires to buy a cargo of wheat or engage in some other transaction that requires a large sum of money. In the old days he would have had to go to a number of persons, getting a little from each, for the purpose of getting enough together to cover his requirements.

To-day the bank accepts deposits in large or small sums, and permits a man to withdraw all or a part of his deposits at will. Banks may be likened to the reservoir in which is stored a city's supply of water. Now instead of going to a number of men, borrowing a few dollars here and a few dollars there, one can go to the bank and by pledging the property he purchases, or other property in hand, or his credit, obtain the funds he needs to consummate his transaction.

OUR BANKS, THEIR RESOURCES AND ENORMOUS LIABILITIES

Our banking question and the question of our currency and national monetary affairs is teeming with fascinating facts that are interesting to and should be known by every individual who desires to know his country, and particularly by the business man who desires to be posted in regard to the condition, foundation and basic plan upon which his financial welfare and safety rest, and whether the same is sound or unsound.

The paid-up capital of our 7,397 national banks, as of September 4, 1912, was \$1,046,000,000; the combined surplus and other undivided profits, \$943,000,000. They had circulating notes outstanding of \$713,000,000; due to other banks, \$2,177,000; individual deposits of \$5,891,000,000, Government deposits of \$59,000,000, rediscounts of bills payable of \$82,-

000,000, total liabilities of \$10,963,000,000, a little less than \$11,000,000,000. Sixty per cent. of the loanable funds of these banks is out upon loans and discounts aggregating \$6,061,000,000.

About 17 per cent., or \$1,850,000,000, is invested in United States or other bonds and securities, about 7 per cent. in United States Bonds, of which \$724,000,000 is on deposit with the Treasurer of the United States to secure national bank circulation, \$46,000,000 to secure Government deposits; and \$941,000,000 is held in specie, legal tender notes and minor currency.

TWENTY-NINE THOUSAND BANKING INSTITUTIONS

Let us see to what extent we use these institutions and how many banks and financial institutions we have. In September, 1912, we had practically 7,400 national banks. Of State banks and other institutions doing a commercial business, 13,823. Non-reporting institutions, 3,800. A total, in round numbers, of 29,000 banking institutions.

Of these banks 25,195 have had their assets tabulated, showing same to be approximately \$25,000,000,000, and it is safe to say that the other institutions have capital and resources of \$500,000,000 more, a total of \$25,500,000,000.

It will be seen that the State banks and institutions nearly double the number of our national banks, there being 13,381 of them, with a capitalization of \$460,000,000 and aggregate resources of \$3,897,000,000, while savings banks, trust companies, etc., have about \$6,500,000,000. The capitalization of the combined financial institutions amounts to \$2,010,000,000 and the liabilities to banks and in other directions, \$20,000,000,000.

HOW MARVELLOUSLY WE ARE GROWING RICH

The exports of the United States during the ten months ending October, 1912, were \$1,872,000,000, and the imports \$1,511,000,000, resulting in a trade balance in our favor of \$361,000,000.

We prospered within ourselves, however, to a far greater extent than in our foreign and external trade, for compared with

1911, the current asset returns show an increase in the capital of our banks of \$58,400,000, and in deposits of \$1,170,000,000; and an increase in aggregate assets of \$1,355,000,000 *in a single year, or of over \$110,000,000 a month.*

During the past four years, or since 1908, our banking figures have increased from \$19,000,000,000 to \$25,000,000,000, or altogether nearly 33 per cent. *We have increased our stock of real money in the banks only \$18,000,000, and we are thus 33 per cent. worse off, so far as ability to stand a panic is concerned, than we were five years ago, or at the time of the panic of 1907.*

THE MONEY WE CANNOT USE: OUR NATIONAL BANK RESERVES

Under our banking laws, banks located in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other Central Reserve Cities are required to retain a reserve in cash or currency of 25 per cent. Banks in the other reserve cities are required to retain the same percentage, although one-half of this amount may be deposited with the banks in the central reserve cities. Banks located elsewhere in the two classes of reserve cities may retain a reserve of 15 per cent., two-fifths of which must be held in the banks and three-fifths kept on deposit with their agents in the reserves of central reserve cities.

OUR MANY SMALL BANKS

Contrary to the usual acceptation and understanding, we have many more small banks than large ones. As we have heard so much of money trusts lately, we have lost sight of the fact that among our 7,397 national banks, 27 per cent., or over 2,000, are banks with only \$25,000 of capital; 381 have capital between \$25,000 and \$50,000; 2,323, or 31 per cent., have capitals between \$50,000 and \$100,000, while there are 2,006 with capitals between \$100,000 and \$250,000; only 187, out of 7,397, with capital exceeding \$1,000,000; and only 18 with over \$5,000,000 capital.

FORCEFUL FACTS

It is probably true that there is an equal or greater proportion of State banks with small capital than of national banks, as

there are 13,400. They nearly double the number of national banks, so, after all, our banking facilities are made up to a great extent of a number of small units.

There are some statistics that it is useful for us to know about, among them that the pro rata of bank capital in our national banks is as \$1 to \$5.63 of deposits; \$1 to \$5.77 of loans, and \$1 to \$10.40 of aggregate resources; and of specie and legal tender in individual deposits, as \$1 to \$6.58 in our national banks, but far less in our State banks and other fiscal institutions.

GOVERNMENT HOLDS ITS OWN BONDS FOR ACCOUNT OF BANK

Eighty per cent. of the bonded debt of the United States is held by banking institutions, so it is shown that they are the largest creditors of the Government of the United States. This is out of a total interest-bearing debt of the United States Government of \$964,000,000, as of October 12, 1912. This amount taken with \$47,000,000 held to secure Government deposits, places back in the Treasury of the United States, which holds these bonds as Trustee, \$750,000,000 of its entire bonded indebtedness.

At the close of business on October 31, 1912, the number of national banks in existence was 7,428, with a paid-in capital stock of \$1,053,000,000. Bonds deposited in the Treasury of the United States secure a circulation of \$730,000,000. The circulation outstanding secured by bonds is \$727,000,000.

OUTSTANDING CIRCULATION

On the same date there were outstanding circulating notes to the amount of \$22,000,000, a good part of which is provided for by lawful money in the Treasury of the United States. For the use of the circulation, there is a liquidation charge, making an aggregate outstanding bank circulation of \$749,000,348. All but two of these 7,428 banks are banks of issue; these have a capital of only \$25,000 each. Contrary to the usual understanding, the issuance of notes by banks is not so profitable as it is usually thought to be; in fact, many individuals wonder why the banks do not issue more notes.

The total number of banks furnishing statements to the Comptroller of the Currency, including State and other banks, was 803 more than reported last year, and included 1,992 mutual and stock savings banks, 1,100 private banks, and 1,410 loan and trust companies.

ONE YEAR'S GAIN IN BANKING INSTITUTIONS

One hundred and eighty-eight new national banks were chartered during the year.

SAFETY OF OUR BANKS IN GOOD TIMES

Our banks have become markedly safer, and it is found that actually less than 1 per cent. of the banks chartered since 1900 have failed, as against 5 per cent. of all national banks since 1865, and 82 per cent., in round numbers, has been paid to the creditors of all the banks that did fail, hence the losses have not been very large.

At the present time, however, the percentage has fallen tremendously, for receivers were appointed for only eight national banks during the year ending October 31, 1912, their aggregate capital being only \$1,100,000, or, the number of failures is now 1/1,000th of one per cent.

In fact it has been stated that a tax of 1/35,000th of one per cent. could make good all the losses of depositors in all national banks that have failed since their establishment in 1863.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION

The most significant and dangerous fact, however, the one that must make every man sit up and take notice, is this:

That of the 25,195 banks in the United States and its island possessions, they had actual cash on hand in coin of \$238,000,000; in gold certificates, \$143,000,000, including \$80,500,000 of Clearing House certificates; \$22,000,000 of silver dollars; \$194,000,000 of silver certificates; nearly \$38,000,000 of subsidiary coinage; \$253,000,000 of legal tender notes; \$108,000,000 of national bank notes; cash not classified \$74,000,000, and a balance in gold and bullion; a total of \$1,572,000,000 of real money on hand, this against \$17,024,-

000,000 of savings deposits, certificates of deposit, certified cheques, cash and cheques outstanding.

In other words, if all our banks were called upon simultaneously to pay what they owed, they could pay less than 9 cents on the dollar. Few things show more clearly than this the necessity of combining this cash and putting them in a position to act as a unit in their own and the people's defence in case some one shouts "Fire."

WORSE AND WORSE

Individual deposits in our banks have increased during the last four years \$4,239,000,000, or over 33 per cent., and we have only increased our circulating medium about \$338,000,000 to correspond with this enormous additional tax and burden put upon us and upon our trifling cash reserve.

From another standpoint our 25,195 banks have loaned out \$13,953,000,000, in round numbers \$14,000,000,000, against \$1,500,000,000 in actual coin, currency and notes, or nine times as much money as there is in the United States in banks and depositories.

THE GROWTH OF OUR BANKS

In 1784 we had three banks from which reports have been compiled, with a capital of \$2,100,000, a circulation of \$2,000,000 and a specie resource of \$10,000,000. In 1800 there were 28 banks, showing a capital of \$21,300,000, circulation of \$10,500,000 and specie \$17,500,000, and in 1820 there were 370 banks with a capital of \$102,000,000, circulation of \$40,600,000, deposits of \$31,000,000 and specie of \$16,700,000. In 1830 there were 329 banks with \$110,000,000 of capital, \$48,100,000 in circulation, \$39,000,000 in deposits, \$14,500,000 in specie and \$159,000,000 in loans.

Since 1900 the number of banks in operation in this country has increased over 107 per cent., and their volume of business is indicated by their deposits, an increase of over 127 per cent., and there is nothing to take care of this immense increase in load. We have doubled our danger.

CASH HOLDINGS

On June 7, 1911, the cash holdings of all reporting banks were \$1,554,000,000, and on June 14, 1912, \$1,572,000,000, making an increase during the year of \$18,000,000 cash. During this year, however, the cash in our national banks decreased about \$2,000,000, while the State banks increased about \$20,000,000.

The total amount held by the national banks was \$996,000,000 and by State banks \$576,000,000, including other reporting banks.

The total proportion of money held for all deposits, including savings banks, was only 5.15 per cent., or a little more than 5 cents on the dollar, or one dollar in twenty of what the banks might be called upon to pay, and since then it would seem even more out of proportion than this.

A TICKLISH SITUATION

To reduce this problem to the individual, and the only way to bring it home, let it be said that any one of us would hesitate or feel unsafe about a loan we had made another individual, which he agreed to pay at any time, or had we deposited money with him, if we knew there was only *one dollar out of twenty that it was possible for him to get*, if everybody to whom he owed money, including ourselves, were to call upon him at the same time, or about the same time, for payment.

Nevertheless we permit ourselves to be in exactly this position, and this is the relative position of the banks toward their depositors and toward the total requirements that they may be called upon to fill.

OUR MONEY STOCK: MONEY PER CAPITA

As we have stated, we have a total of only \$34.34 in actual money, and \$17.89 is in daily use or in the people's pockets, or in use in our daily transactions; it is not in our banks. In other words, a man is either carrying it in his pocket or holding it in his sock, or it is passing from hand to hand. The total proportion of this money in specie, bills and Government notes, would be as follows:

The total stock of money in the United States on June 12, 1912, was \$3,648,000,000, of which amount nearly 10 per cent. was in the Treasury as assets, leaving as our circulating medium \$1,563,000,000, or 42 per cent. was in reporting banks, excluding those of our Island possessions, and \$1,720,000,000, or 46.16 per cent. outside of the Treasury and banks, that is, in circulation among the people.

LESS MONEY: MORE LIABILITY

There is only a million and a half more than the amount of money reported in circulation in 1911, and \$18,300,000 more only got into the tills or the vaults of our banks. \$52,000,000 was required for outside circulation. Our banks are holding less and less coin and specie all the time in proportion to the amount they may be called upon to pay.

ONE HOUR'S SURPLUS MONEY

In most sections of the United States, banking hours are from 10 to 3 o'clock. Thus five hours comprise our banking day. Holidays subtracted, we have about 300 banking days in the year, and our banks show clearings of the tremendous sum of *\$168,000,000,000 per annum*, or in other words, our banking transactions are \$560,000,000 per day, or \$112,000,000 per hour for every banking hour of the day. It must be remembered also that bank clearings are merely the record of transactions involving at least two banks.

MONEY THAT DOES NOT SHOW

If John Smith deposits a cheque of James Jones, and the Jones' cheque is drawn on a bank other than the one it is deposited in by Smith, it goes into the bank clearings. But if Jones and Smith use the same bank, it does not require to be cleared. So, too, there is no record kept of the local banking transactions of one-bank towns, and few records are available showing the clearings in small places, where cheques are exchanged or "cleared" direct, and not through the agency of a clearing house. The total banking transactions of the country probably greatly exceed \$250,000,000,000 a year, but consid-

ering only the tabulated clearings, the total is enormous enough.

When we realize that our savings banks carry less than 1 per cent. of actual cash, and our State banks only about 7.8 per cent., and that our other financial institutions have even smaller reserves, we can expect no help from them, hence the maintenance of reserves falls entirely upon our national banks, so all the banks and banking institutions fall back upon them in tight times.

ON THIN ICE

A peculiar parallel to our recorded clearings is found in the feature of our banking law that requires our banks to hold a reserve, varying from 15 per cent. for country banks, to 25 per cent. for banks in Central Reserve cities. On November 26, 1912, our national banks held \$31,000,000 above legal reserve, or 17 minutes' supply of money; on February 25, 1913, they held \$64,000,000, or 35 minutes' supply of money; so that we see that a withdrawal or a failure to deposit the average amount within 2 per cent. in our national banks would place them in a day, as a whole, below their legal reserve, a situation far too delicate and dangerous for any legitimate business to rest upon. Ours is the only country in the world where these conditions exist. Other countries have depositories and thus avoid the disaster attending our miserable banking system.

On the date mentioned the legal reserve requirement was \$1,467,739,000, while the total cash holdings were \$1,572,953,000, the difference or "surplus reserve" being \$105,000,000, giving us an actual working cash surplus equal to one hour's bank clearings. Few hobos are so poor that they have not money enough to see them through the next hour, and why should the richest nation in the world be in a worse position?

INADEQUATE

Under the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, a measure intended only for a desperate emergency, and the very resort to which would indicate a national condition of panic, national banks were permitted to issue \$500,000,000 of currency, on securities acceptable to the Secretary of the Treasury, or the Comptroller of

the Currency. This has been the only expansion provided for through our National Banking Act, but were this whole \$500,000,000 to be created at once, it would cover less than five hours of our banking transactions. It is evident that such relief as this is inadequate.

ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE

No sane man would attempt to run a manufacturing plant with only five hours of coal available against the emergency of snowstorms, the breaking down of a railroad train or other catastrophe. No farmer would consider himself safe if he had only five hours' food for his stock on his farm. No one would consider himself safe if he had only five hours' food for his household.

Why is the nation, and why are we not in exactly the same ridiculous situation when we permit ourselves to have only five hours' supply of money between ourselves and disaster? The people's needs and their daily transactions only partly appear in our enormous clearings or inter-bank business of \$105,000,000 a banking hour.

That straight-out cash transactions are very numerous is perhaps best evidenced by the fact that money passes so quickly from hand to hand that the average life of a dollar bill is only 14 months, after which it is worn out and has to be sent in for redemption.

DANGEROUSLY INCREASING LIABILITIES

Our banks cannot expect to lure any more actual cash out of the pockets or hands of the people than they hold at present. At least they have not done so, for in *the period that our banks increased their liabilities in the form of deposits \$1,170,000,000, their actual cash was augmented by but \$18,000,000.* In other words, they only gained 1-1/2 cents for each new dollar of deposits which they accepted, and which they agreed to pay or return on demand. Certainly in case of stress, or in time of panic or distrust, we need not expect to have the public deposit any more of the money which it holds; on the contrary, the people have shown that they will withdraw further sums of this pre-

cious cash reserve, and it is startling to think that a little over 1 per cent. would put us beyond our legal currency reserve, if it were withdrawn from our banks.

CASH IN POCKET OR IN BANK

But let us get away from the term "reserve fund" and call it simply the cash in the pockets of the bank. Let us liken the bank to an individual, who might be required by law to keep in his pocket so much money which he cannot spend or pay out, and do his business, and keeps the rest of his money—a very small part of his means—in circulation. Strictly speaking, what is the use of this money, if he is forbidden by law to use or part with it? In such a case he is merely doing his business with a few pennies, and a very great business at that.

AN EXAMPLE OF INELASTICITY

We are riding over a rough road in a springless vehicle, when we could just as easily have pneumatic tires, the best of springs and elasticity instead of rigidity. Pneumatic tires and elasticity are not luxuries on motor cars; they are necessities. No motor car or vehicle could long stand the rack of rough roads unless protected against shock and jar. Then why ignore common-sense and harness our greatest motive power to a springless, absolutely inelastic vehicle and expect it to carry us in safety? No wonder we get financial jolts.

RECKLESSNESS

It is reckless, improvident, it is scarcely less than idiocy on the part of a nation, and we would not tolerate it in our own employees. We have 500 men in Congress in Washington who are employed by us and supposed to represent us, and they are paid to take care of our interests. But they have stood around looking at our worn-out and rickety financial machine for years, have known and admitted that it needed repairs, additions and springs put on it, and that they only could make the repairs. What have they done besides standing around like a lot of incompetents waiting for it to break down before they repair it?

DEFYING THE COMMONEST PRECEPTS

We defy almost every principle and adage of business in our currency system. The motto of our nation is that in unity there is strength. One of our States has as its motto: "United we stand, divided we fall."

We have an army, a navy, a post-office department, and a Treasury department. In them, in fact, in every part of our government, we show our belief in organization and have a smoothly running machine. Yet we violate every principle when we come to our most important piece of business.

ARMY AND NAVY FOR COMPARISON

Our army's strength is in its organization and power of assembly, in the ease and rapidity with which it may be mobilized. Soldiers are organized into companies, companies into battalions, battalions into regiments, regiments into brigades, brigades into corps, and corps into armies.

Our navy is organized into divisions. Various types of ships are assigned to each division, and these divisions in turn make up a fleet. There may be a North Atlantic and a South Atlantic fleet, and these fleets will combine and form an Atlantic Fleet.

We hold ready for emergency our surplus stock of arms in our arsenals and magazines in which we carry our surplus supply of ammunition. Without these, the army and navy would be practically useless.

Why should we neglect a similar precaution and not deal with the important money question in the same way? The police forces of our cities are not disorganized rabbles; they are also organized, and so is our citizen soldiery or militia and our naval reserve. Should we ignore our commonest of examples? If we ignored all such methods, we should be the military, naval and civic laughing stock of the world.

Yet we have 29,000 banks and financial institutions, and up to the time of the Aldrich-Vreeland Bill, never made any provisions for them to get together for defence. These 29,000 institutions may have demands made upon them that can only

be resisted for the real good of the nation as a whole by organized action.

But we insist that they stay apart and that they do not assemble, or be permitted to get together to resist strain or demands upon them by their thirty or thirty-five millions of depositors, who may become a dangerous and panic-stricken rabble at any moment.

THE TREMENDOUS ACTIVITY OF OUR MONEY

Every dollar of available cash in our banks or an equivalent is deposited and paid out, moving in and out of our banks every three days. Our banks are simply like a weir or small dam in a stream over which the water passes. If any of the funds fail to come into the bank by reason of panic, excessive demands for money, or slowness in the payment of bills, it is equivalent to the diversion of water from the dam, and consequently it does not pass over the weir, *hampering all the industries below which depend upon it for power with which to turn their wheels.*

If each person in the United States were to withdraw approximately \$16 from our banks, there would not be a cent of cash or bills left with which to do business. There is only \$18.99 in gold or its equivalent in gold certificates per capita, \$8.91 in silver, and \$8.71 in paper; and about half of that has already been withdrawn or is kept out of banks for current uses.

ENCOURAGING GUERILLA WARFARE

By reason of the disconnected existence lived by our banks, a system of guerilla warfare has grown up and must go on among the very institutions which we trust and depend upon. We have only so many available arms or stands of arms in the form of currency, and when a demand is made upon one, for cash, if he has not the funds, he must get them or take them from his neighbor.

A GREAT PARTNERSHIP

Our nation is a great partnership, and the interest of one is the interest of all, whether the man has five cents or a million

dollars. When our banks are ready to enter into a defensive co-partnership, not merely for their own protection, but for the protection of the money and deposits of the nation, why should we not permit them to do so, in fact, give them every facility and encouragement?

We are fully aware that the national banking system fails to perform its functions adequately. Why not remedy it and insure a greater soundness than at present, and give it elements of economy and flexibility, which are but another word for safety? As we have shown, the rigidity of the reserve requirements of the banks subjects them to the necessity of paying cash when people demand it, and of refusing to loan when their reserve line is approached.

BANK DEPOSITS

The banks that hold deposits of other banks never feel sure that they may not be called upon overnight to supply them with actual cash. Every bank has outstanding liabilities several times greater than the amount of its reserve, and a sudden demand for cash in all parts of the country would deplete the bank funds of every city to a point where they would be in danger of falling below the legal requirements.

A large number of banks thus live in a condition of doubt whether they may be suddenly required to part with the whole of their surplus reserve, thereby being deprived of the power of making further loans to their customers, with a money loss to the treasury department, and a violation of our national banking laws.

SURPLUS RESERVE

It may not be amiss here to distinguish between the surplus and the surplus reserve. The surplus reserve is the difference between the reserve required by law and the actual cash reserve on hand. It is only the surplus reserve that can be loaned out. The surplus has no connection with the surplus reserve. The surplus is profit that would accrue to stockholders if the bank were to be liquidated.

WHY NOT A MARKET FOR GOODS BANKS PURCHASE?

The man who buys a horse or a house can borrow upon it in turn. Would it not be well to permit our commercial banks to take commercial paper to some place where they could sell or hypothecate it or issue currency against it all, guaranteeing it not for their own benefit, but to enable them to tide the public over, and keep in safety the credit structure and the dollars of its depositors?

COMPULSORY INDEBTEDNESS

Here is a sample of the absurdity of our system. There have been times when we could have reduced the national debt by retiring outstanding bonds. Was it done? No, it was not deemed advisable as it would reduce the quantity of our money in circulation.

Most of the bonds called in would have been found to be on deposit with national banks who had issued banknotes against them. When the banks turned in the bonds, they would be forced to retire the notes they issued, thus reducing the money in circulation. *Now why should a man or a nation be required to stay in debt in order to be able to have money to do his business with?*

Why should prosperity depend upon being in debt, and be curtailed if the nation got out of debt? No wonder the layman turns dizzy when asked to think a little about our currency system or lack of system. What more ridiculous situation could present itself!

Yet this is exactly the position in which the Government has placed itself in regard to our national banks and the power to issue national banknotes, which form one-fourth of the circulation of the country, and one-half of the actual cash reserve in our banks.

A BOGIE MAN

We have been holding back monetary relief from ourselves for fear some one would get control of our reserve fund, or a possible central bank. It is ridiculous to find such a bogie man scaring a nation and its legislators into inaction. Such a jack-o'-lantern would only amuse a 2-year-old child.

We have 29,000 banking institutions, and it is ridiculous to think that they would permit control or dominance over them by any one influence. In the present temper of the legislatures and the people, it is too absurd to consider, for we could instantly change any law that would permit such a thing more quickly than we could make it. Any of the plans for monetary relief suggested carefully guard against any such thing, and at least one of them gives each bank, regardless of size, an equal vote, thus the bank with \$25,000 would have as much to say as the bank with \$25,000,000.

To bring it home more clearly, we have 3,000 counties in the United States. If each one elected 10 senators, each one with an equal vote, the possibility of controlling such a body would be too remote for serious consideration. So with any of our currency plans. We have an average of 10 banking institutions to a county, and who could control every county in the United States, or even a majority of them?

We must remember that banks are voluntary and deposits likewise and the people would handle this matter for themselves the moment they thought their interests were in the hands of dangerous or unscrupulous persons, or being used for the benefit of any clique or financial combination or trust. They could end such domination in a moment by withdrawing their funds from the banks or combinations so controlled, and there would only be a shell left; the people would have the kernel and the whip-hand, and be able to protect themselves thoroughly as they always have and will be unless a law is provided by which money deposited in banks must remain there indefinitely, a proposition which the people would not stand for for a moment and which is too absurd for consideration.

In practically all our currency association or relief plans, the little bank has an equal vote with the big bank, and the idea that the 18 five million dollar banks could control 7,400 national banks, 13,823 State banks and other institutions and nearly 4,000 independent institutions, whose membership in such an association would be voluntary and not compulsory, is unworthy of even the smallest part of a second thought.

There is no need for us to be alarmed about the fact that

we have a few large banks, for Canada, with its 8,000,000 of people, has as many big banks as the United States; London has 10 banks approximately as large as, or larger than the 3 largest banks in New York: Berlin 5 and Paris 4; but no country in the world in any way approaches us in the number of banking units and institutions, and if banking has not become a monopoly in these countries—the principal countries of the world—it surely will never become so in the United States.

INVITING DISASTER

We are needlessly at sea instead of on firm ground as we should be. We are on a tiny raft, overloaded to the water level, without life preservers or more than an hour's provisions. We are in the track of vessels and storms, and yet we have voluntarily permitted our arms to be tied to our sides, though we may be run down and swamped at any moment and suffer a catastrophe that would wreck homes, fortunes, lives, and all that men have striven for years to attain, which would bring such a widespread flood of anxiety, sorrow and suffering that it would make the *Titanic* disaster seem like a jest.

YOUR INTEREST IN THE QUESTION

If you have no bank account, nor any money yourself, some of your friends, relations and neighbors have, or somebody owes you money or pays you wages, or you must borrow or beg some money from somebody. You cannot get away from your personal interest in the money, currency and banking problem.

Whether you know it or not, you are sitting on the roof of a nitro-glycerine factory that may explode at any moment, with or without apparent cause. Will you get off or stay on?

If you want the menace removed, write your Congressman or Senator: ask him to listen himself and insist upon action being taken on the most important of all the problems before us as a nation. Let us remove the slumbering volcano beneath us, lest it burst into an eruption worse than those of 1893 and 1907. Why should we voluntarily place ourselves again and again needlessly in the gravest danger, without a possible excuse that a grain of common-sense could find a warrant for?

ART AND THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

A Comment on the National Suffrage Pageant

PERCY MACKAYE

"Where women walk in public processions in the streets the same as the men."—WALT WHITMAN

IN England and America to-day, with valiant sincerity, women are expressing their claims to political freedom. In England, however, they have been driven to voice their claims through violence to a people and Government too long deaf and dumb to the subtler eloquence of art. In America, though still hotly combatted, they have been encouraged, by popular receptivity and Government courtesy, to blazon the living meanings of their movement even under the nation's dome and the pillared gates of its sacrosanct temple—the federal treasury building.

Thus at the capital of the British Empire, women have been smashing windows, scattering flames and acid: at the capital of the United States, women have been building pageants, scattering the creative fires of beauty and reason.

Here are two forms of expression: war and symbolism. The contrast is vastly significant to a new world-movement.

In the light of this contrast, the National Suffrage Pageant of March 3 at Washington takes two-fold historic place in the Anglo-Saxon world as the first convincing art expression of the woman's movement, and the first national expression of the new art of pageantry in America.

The Pageant itself consisted of two parts, the Procession on Pennsylvania Avenue, and the Allegory, on the steps of the Treasury. In the Procession, planned under expert direction, with symbolic costumes, insignia and floats, there marched or rode about five thousand women, representatives of all our States and of most foreign countries: in the Allegory, about a hundred women and children, under technical leadership, took part in symbolic pantomime and dances. The Procession was

designed to be correlated in scheme with the Allegory, though, owing to defective police control of the crowds, the correlation of the two parts was actually broken by a considerable delay.

Newspaper accounts of the police neglect and popular insult, which marred the Procession, have emphasized a negative (though significant) aspect of the event, but have wholly failed to convey to the nation a true sense of the victorious order out of threatened rout, the gallant meaning of the marchers, old and young, the thrilling loveliness and the splendid triumph of the pageant-allegory as a whole.

Through this emphasis, then, on the negative features of the celebration, to the neglect of its more significant and positive features, it has so happened that comparatively little publicity has been given to an unique part of the pageant—the portion focussed at the Treasury.

It is pertinent, therefore, to include this sketch of it, as given in the official programme:

The story told in the Procession shows what woman is striving to achieve, as well as what she has so far attained.

The Allegory, on the other hand, illustrates those ideals toward which both men and women have been struggling through the ages and toward which, in coöperation and equality, they will continue to strive.

The outline of the Allegory is as follows:

Columbia, hearing the approach of the Procession, summons to her side Justice, Charity, Liberty, Peace and Hope, to review with her this "new crusade" of women. When these are assembled Columbia takes her place as leader and guardian of them all, and, in a final tableau, they stand together and review the oncoming Procession.

The note of the trumpet, which announces the starting of the Procession at the Peace Monument, is taken up at intervals along the line of march until it reaches the trumpeters who are stationed on the plaza of the Treasury Building. These trumpeters announce that the ceremonies are about to commence.

I. As soon as the trumpets cease, the opening strains of *The Star Spangled Banner* are heard, and at once there emerges

from the shadowy depths of the great columns, robed in the national colors, the commanding figure of Columbia.

II. Again the trumpets are sounded and Columbia, turning, summons Justice. Obeying her command, Justice and her attendants appear in robes of purple and violet, and to the strains of the *Pilgrims' Chorus* they formally descend and make their obeisance to Columbia.

III. Columbia then turns again and summons Charity. Handel's *Largo* announces her coming. She descends the steps preceded by two little children, who strew her path with rose petals.

Following her closely, comes a group of youths and maidens, and, enfolding some of these in her ample mantle of blue, Charity takes her place.

IV. To the *Triumphal March* from *Aïda*, Liberty appears, a flying figure, unfettered and free. She pauses for an instant at the top of the steps, then sweeps to the plaza below, beckoning her attendants to follow her. With floating scarfs of crimson and rose, they troop out from beneath the columns and together they weave a triumphant dance of joy and freedom.

V. Advancing to the tender strains of the overture to *Lohengrin* comes a serene figure in silvery white, bearing in her hands her emblem, the Dove of Peace. Halting at the head of the steps, she releases the bird. Then, followed by a group of girls with olive branches, she descends the steps. A moment later, another group appears bearing golden cornucopias laden with fruits. Plenty thus follows Peace. Together Peace and her attendants take their places on the plaza below.

VI. The last to come is Hope, bearing the promise of the future. To the music of *Elsa's Dream*, she shyly appears and disappears between the columns like a bright spirit. At last, she boldly leaves her hiding place, and, followed by her attendants in rainbow colors, dances down the steps to the strains of Dvorak's *Humoreske*. Breaking in upon this dance comes a merry troupe of children, Hope's dear reliance, tossing their golden balls.

To the music of Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*, all this joyous band join the others on the plaza.

VII. All being now assembled, Columbia takes her place as the central figure in the final tableau. To the strains of *America*, they await and review the approaching procession.

Here, then, on the steps of the Treasury occurred an event which, if school books were written to record the true growth of nations, would be chronicled as history for American children. Here, for the first time in the history of our democracy, a federal building was used for dramatic art: here—after an estrangement of two thousand years—the goddess of republican government (symbolized as Columbia) welcomed back to her civic fane the long-outcast, barefoot Terpsichore, radiant amid her dancing children, ushered by pied muses of pantomime and attended by the solemn ardent servants of joy.

Gazing up at the double background of mysterious pillars—before them the sun-blazed plaza and steps, a-flutter with rose and iris and pale gold—one sank, under the spell of music, into a day dream of old Athens, only to start thrillingly awake at the thought: "No. This is to-day, 1913, America—our own living age and festival! This is Washington—the Athens of to-morrow."

But this spell was cast not merely upon a few day-dreamers. Its majestic and sensuous beauty held a throng of many thousands enthralled by an appeal which the arts of the theatre had probably never made to them before. Celebrating a combatted radical movement of to-day, young women and lithe girls in swaying gauzes danced with bodies nobly free in action, while a miscellaneous mob—sometime frequenters of nondescript vaudeville and "movies"—watched like the audience of a cathedral ritual.

This result seemed magical perhaps, yet it was really predictable and was attained by no haphazard means. On the contrary it was attained scientifically—by applying expert imagination to a definite end. It sprang directly from skilled artists of the theatre. Its designer and director is herself a producer of trained power and executive. Its chief acting-rôle, Columbia, embodied the noble bearing and artistry of an actress expert in the age-long traditions of her art. Liberty was interpreted in

dance with a spontaneity and discipline of life-power comparable to the mastery of Duncan and St. Denis. With these the lesser rôles were all harmonious. And to all the skilled knowledge of experts, practised in many years of festival work, contributed a noble excellence in costume.

The practical moral of the result is clear.

Trained artists of the theatre, called upon for public service, splendidly demonstrated the value of the theatrical expert in civic art. Social workers elected artists to express their aims; both triumphed in the result, and both classes were women.

The promise of this fact both for women and art is incalculable. To dramatic art a civic scope, involving live meanings of modernity wholly freed from commercialism, was restored, while by this means of claiming the suffrage, women have demonstrated not only their intrinsic right to possess it, but their power to transform it to public uses more civilized than men thus far have put in practice.

This was well proved by the contrasted pageants of March 3 and 4 at Washington. On March 3, hampered by official neglect, the women of America, with variety, charm and grandeur, expressed the racial aspirations of love and peace. On March 4, guarded by solicitous phalanxes of officialdom, the men of America blazoned, with impressive splendor, the racial hatreds of war. No more significant attestation could have proved, for women, their claim to citizenship. For by that tremendous contrast this truth was clearly demonstrated to America:

For our men the watchword is still *war*; for our women—
“*the moral equivalent of war*.”

Each is the watchword of an art.

But one is the art of the cave man, perfected in technique; the other—the perfection-seeking art of the superman.

Thus, then, at last the woman's movement has requisitioned the artist as civic worker and, in so doing, has publicly illuminated a great social question of art:

The passionate realism of war:

The impassioned symbolism of peace:

Of which school shall our citizens be artists?

A NATION IN IRELAND

DARRELL FIGGIS

IV

The Situation To-day

IT is told that in the sacred worship of Brighid the vestals that attended her were nineteen in number. They guarded her shrine, however, in a cycle of twenty nights; and it was their task to see that her sacred fire was never suffered to die away. When it came to the evening of the twentieth night the nineteenth virgin piled wood upon the fire, declaring bravely to the goddess: "Brighid, now take you care of your own fire; for surely this night's charge is at you." How Brighid will acquit herself in maintaining the fire of nationality in her own island during the twentieth century is a matter for faith and conjecture; yet there will be none to deny that it has been kept alive, in the teeth of crushing tribulations, with some effect in the centuries that have passed. Invaders have been drawn into its polity, and converted into its most enthusiastic supporters. Its ancient culture has clung about the people, and clings still, like an aroma, although the fiercest attacks were made upon it in the attempt finally to distribute and destroy it. Wounds were made in the national system by the invading armies of friends and foes, but the system itself was of such a nature that it soon repaired the damage. Twice it rose to eminence in Europe; and once it reorganized the culture of Europe after the barbarian inroads, on the basis of which reorganization the present arts and learning rest, in England and on the Continent. And when the axe was laid at the root of all things, and the people robbed of their immemorial holdings in the iniquitous successions of plantations, the same vitality held good, and the very people who were planted became some of the most deeply tinctured with the memory of a nationality that, trembling with its own characteristic instincts, stretched back before the finding of history with a dignity and civilization as spontaneous as it was well-matured.

It is easy, and as dangerous as easy, to allocate racial instincts. Mankind is too completely one thing to be divided into departments with sharply defined characteristics for each department. Yet it is admittedly a characteristic of Celtic peoples that their memory is a very alert thing. Their present acts do not easily become dislocated from their past; they act out of the full body of the past, even when they themselves least realize it. And by a curious process (that has never been investigated, if indeed it be not beyond investigation), that characteristic seems to become most active where it is only a strain in an alien blood. It is as if it became most active when it had to war against other and contrary elements. For it certainly is a fact that the most strenuous and militant upholders of an Irish nationality and polity have been found among English settlers in Ireland, after some generations of settlement. But whether it exert itself firmly through the instincts of its own race, or more energetically through strangers, a careful reading of the facts leaves no room for any other conclusion than this: that the instincts of the very earliest past, that went to construct the national frame of that past, are alive to-day, and that their tendency is to construct the national frame as before. Centuries of bitter oppression have of course wounded it. They have done an even deeper injury in turning it aside somewhat, by making it as much concerned, hostilely concerned, with wrongs received, as with working forcefully along its proper path; and in so far as they have done that they have altered it. But they have not crushed it. Spoliation had added satire and cynicism; but it need not follow that it has altered the original direction. Similarly the introduction of an alien blood has added elements that must needs alter the full original instinct; but, since the alien blood has been some of the most active in insisting on the national privileges, the direction may still have been preserved though the character may have been changed.

To judge whether this be so or not it would be interesting to survey, as in a catalogue, some features, important or unimportant, of modern Ireland, to see how they reflect the past. For example, there is an authentic story of a certain living Irish poet who, passing with some friends through a village in Galway,

entertained them at tea at a cottage where he thought himself unknown. He was hospitably received; but when, at the conclusion of the meal, he asked what payment would be required of him, he was met by a courteous refusal to take anything: "Surely I know well who you are. You're a poet, and an honor to Ireland, and it's not myself will charge you anything at all." It might be difficult to conceive of any other country where such a thing would be possible; but the immediate fact is that here one sees at once the old honor given to the poet, though the woman of the house herself little realized it. It was an old national memory asserting itself in a day of tourists and commercial gain. Yet this is only a finer example of the hospitality given to ballad-singers and seanchaidhthe that travel about the countryside. They derive directly from the days when the poet travelled abroad singing his poems and expecting free hospitality. They may claim their sup and shelter, or take their bit of flour on the road. And even as in the old time the people dreaded to have a bard's rann or satire put upon them, so now it is the same; and even the most hardened rationalist will not take a course of action of inhospitality or rough treatment, which will call the blister of a satirist's verse upon him.

So it is with learning, that other part of culture. Employers have complained of the people that, though they are rapid workers while at it, the full value cannot be got from that because so many of them are disinterestedly "addicted to books." It is the trick of employers to say men are slothful when they will not serve their turn; but in this case it is freely admitted that the learning that is sought is of no light order. The books that are read and diligently sought out would shame many a student's zeal in high places. One has heard an old cobbler—whose earnings could not have equalled two shillings a week, whose dishevelled cottage let in the winds at the walls and the rain freely at the roof—quote from the Four Masters, analyze and criticise Dr. Douglas Hyde's *Religious Songs of Connacht*, illustrating it with collateral versions of the songs, give a detailed account of Clarence Mangan's wanderings, give his position among the Mangan clan, quote from his poetry, and conclude the evening's conversation with poems of his own in Gaelic

in celebration of local records in history. Nor is such a man a single case. Everywhere, in varying degrees, the same passion for learning and culture is to be found; and the speech and mien of the people is sufficient to prove that their passion is a very vivid self-expression. It is purely disinterested. There is no modern commercial gloss upon it, destroying and ruining it. It is a noble commerce of mind, not the sordid commerce of purse. The result is that such poverty is noble where riches elsewhere is depraved; and its derivation from the days when Ireland was *Insula sanctorum et doctorum* is obvious enough.

Besides such a personal power, which indeed it is, it is a small thing to find, accurately observed from earliest times, such rituals as, for example, that with which a woman, banking up the ashes at night, speaks a poem for the preservation of the seed of fire till the morning. Such observances have been preserved intact for centuries of time; but they may or may not mean anything in the minds of the fulfillers. They were symbols, once, of power; they may be so no longer; whereas a reverence or passion of mind is itself a power. It is more to the point to find reminiscences of the tribal organization. After the deliberate way in which this was stript and torn to shreds during some three or four centuries of furious reprisals, one would scarcely expect to find any remnants of it. A few such remain: chiefly in the banding of a number of one sept in one locality, or the uncertain relics that lend themselves, like the foundations of a ruined house, for the re-creation of a one-time structure—such as will engage fuller attention shortly. But in the main it is just to use the word reminiscence instead of remnant; for such reminiscences, particularly in the West of Ireland, are often to be found. Turbaries rights, for instance, are sometimes held jointly by the whole district; and during the early parts of the summer men are appointed to cut the turf while the work on their land is done by the others, in addition to their own. Similarly in times of storm one man, or maybe two men, are relieved by a certain district of the work on their land, and they are deputed to watch for, and collect, seaweed for the making of kelp, and to divide it out in equal and just shares, to each cottage its share, to be gathered on the blowing of a horn. In the old times a

man was liable to be called upon for such work for his tuath; and, in one way or another, the system still prevails, chiefly in the West. In the same way, if a man has some special task to be done—as, for instance, if he be backward in his harvest, or if he is taking advantage of a calm day at Christmas to re-thatch his roof—he may call a *meitheal*, when his district will come to his assistance. And it is such districts that act together in times of trouble and revolt. The demarcations that frame them may or may not geographically be the same as those that adjusted the tuaths, but the principle that actuates them is the same. And it is a principle that is now once more being turned to wider purposes.

Indeed, it is just this echo from the past that explains much of the unrest in the immediate past—the unrest that politicians have put down to perversity and original sin because they have not understood, or have not wished to think on, the original causes of it. For the whole of the old polity of the people, the whole of the tribal system that one finds still persisting in the communal life of the people, swung upon the occupancy of the land; and the whole of the bitter oppression the people came to endure centred, in consequence, round the same thing. Up to within recent times, in terms of national memory, this occupancy persisted; and the wounds of the oppression are not yet healed upon the people. That is to say, both in terms of their proprietary and the cruelty of others the memory is alive. The consequence is that at the first hint of a new wrong, or at the earliest coming of a reason for protest, the people couch their antagonism in terms of that memory, they strike from the centre of that memory in the desire to throw back the affront along the lines of its original approach. This is the whole meaning of that recurrent thing that has been called Agrarian Disturbance. Time cannot make a wrong a right; and when originally they were stript of their age-long proprietary the whole proceeding had been as lawless as it had been wanton. Moreover, Time in this regard scarcely exists. Anyone who has spoken with the people in times of such disturbance will know how soon they are met by such words as: “And whose after all is the land? Where did they get it from who want to rackrent it, and make

their money out of it, but from us and our fathers, who were here long before they jumped into the place at all?" At such times the thought of the old proprietary is more than a subconscious instinct, it rises into an active memory; and the old aristocratic order thrusts itself through into modern times.

So one could assume it would be with another act of the people that gave a new word to the Saxon tongue, in the famous case of Captain Boycott: and so one finds it was. In the first of these papers it was seen that in the old Brehon law punishments, as such, were not recognized. An offence, that is to say, was not a crime but a tort. The whole community enforced its wish in the judgments of the brehon; it demonstrated that fact by being present at the judgments,* and, if need were, crying out to abrogate an undesirable judgment, to decree one of greater precision. The very name of the Fénechas ("the law of the free land-tillers") implies the sense of coöperation and privilege so strongly that it is hard to conceive of a man willing to forfeit them. Hence the mildness of the penalties. Consequently, as was seen, if a man put himself outside the law, if he refused to come to, or abide by, the judgment, he put himself outside the community. And it was due to it to enforce that fact against him. That was the legal system; and a more equitable, less revengeful, and yet severer, system it would be hard to conceive. The only course of action open to a man so defying the community would be to flee the country. Captain Boycott, as it happened, withdrew to England.

It is not to be imagined that this application of the old system was intelligently recognized as such. Indeed, the whole strength of it as an instance of the national instinct asserting itself arises from its spontaneous character. The immediate point, however, is that, far from being an act of lawlessness, it was the very reverse. It was in essence lawful: it was an ancient and purer law asserting itself against a new and more makeshift law: it was a law that, demonstrably, expressed a national instinct in collision with an alien law introduced by the people of another country. In a word, it was the assertion of one nationality against another, in terms of law.

* See *The Ancient Polity* in the March FORUM.

In fact, the people are essentially a law-fearing people. Even as the old English judge declared that "the Irish are more fearful to offend the law than the English or any other nation whatsoever," so it is still. Subtract agrarian disturbance, and there is little crime in Ireland. Even including such disturbance, with its special aggravations, the figures are illuminating; for whereas in Great Britain there were 12,986 convictions to a population of 39,273,086, in Ireland there were 1,303 convictions to a population of 4,386,035. This was in 1906; and while in Ireland, owing to the operations of Land Purchase, convictions have decreased, in Great Britain they have increased; with the additional fact to remember that in Great Britain there are not the oppositions of nationality or belief. Such statistics should be salutary to reflect on; but in the light of the past they are significant. Not only do they reveal the special nature of agrarian disturbances, they reflect, moreover, the character of the people. In spite of the debauching influence of oppression the temper of the people is the same as in the days when learning and culture were not State impositions, or the monopoly of a few, but the tokens of a natural aristocracy in the mass. It is not a conception easy to realize in a day when whole nations have, in a boast of civilization, raised barriers between themselves and reality; but its results may still be seen. There is still the aristocracy that dates from the days when aristocracy was an instinct and not a cult. Nothing could be further from the truth than the popular conception of the stage Irishman, all wit and humor and volatility. The people are close and reserved, haughty, very often mordant. It is their very reserve, as acquaintance shows, that makes them give a ready reply to a direct question: the inquirer is satisfied, whereas the other defends himself in the most secure of all possible ways, and even preserves to himself a height from which he may scorn the inquirer. Their personal and communal privacy is so secure that it is almost impossible for the stranger to strike along the lines of their thinking; and the true coin is the harder of access because of the false coin he has readily thrust into his hand. Their appearance of severity one to another does not lessen the difficulty; especially as all the time there are the evidences of a

hearty mutual aid. Their personal purity, the unsulliedness of their sex, in all this, becomes a strong vibrant thing, slow to blame, but quick in resentment.

In much of this one may see the results of oppression; especially in the bitter and satiric cast of mind among the elder men. But it is the result of oppression on a certain haughty bent of character. The whole body of history is in the result. So in the strong resentment at the coming of strangers, in the fierce determination to have a privacy aloof from them, and to hold it by fair words or moody satire, it is not difficult to see reflected the ancient liberty and equality that was uprooted by force. In the old state the modern conceptions of democracy and aristocracy had no application, because they mixed and were one, as it should be in every wise way of life; and the instinct still prevails. When the cobbler already spoken of, declared of a certain exceedingly prosperous man he had met, "He's a grand man surely; and a very successful man, I've been told,—in the mercantile way," there was no thought of satire in his mind. The subconscious assumption of his mind simply was that success or non-success in no way affected a man's personal distinction, which was all that mattered: with the hint that mercantile men did not often win such distinction. And in that he only expressed a general conception. Assumptions of superiority are resented as fiercely as vulgar curiosity. There is no superiority; or if there be, it is all lost. That was the seat of anger against the squirearchy who are passing away. That cobbler sprang from a kingly sept; and if he made no assumption, who was the landlord's agent that he should assume? A local doctor was an O'Clery; and in the name of the Four Masters, said he, who was a certain land-owner that she should object to entertaining him? Did not her father sell groceries? It was wise, he said, that these ranks, which were probably not pleasing to God, should be dismissed; but by what right were they being assumed by those that had no call to them? And so through the whole of the modern structure of society, in the conscience and temper of the people, the old conservative order thrusts its way.

It is, in short, a national order thrusting itself steadily for-

ward, continually and increasingly asserting itself against the denials of that order by an incoming and foreign race. Its lines of thought, its instincts of development, its desires for progress, its assumptions of that which makes distinction, and all that else which distinguishes one people from another, have a marked idiom and idiosyncrasy of their own; and he will make a considerable mistake who considers that that which is held desirable in England or elsewhere will also be held desirable in Ireland. That has been very noticeable lately when certain men have arisen in Ireland with ideals for her destiny and economy. In nearly every case these ideals are found, on candid examination, to be the old instincts working their way again through the modern moulds of thinking. They may be deliberately so; or they may not. Looked at in themselves they seem to be no more than practical proposals to suit modern needs, spontaneous ideas to solve modern problems. It is only when one comes to look back along the history of the nation that one finds how deep-set they, or the ideas that gave rise to them, are in the national instincts as revealed in the framework they once erected.

For instance there is the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, first created by Sir Horace Plunkett, and inspired by that prophet in modern Ireland, the poet, painter, seer and agricultural economist, George Russell, better known under the pen-name of A. E. Both as originally conceived and as since inspired, it is, on its negative and its positive sides, a startling irruption of Irish ideas as against a superimposed foreign mould of thought. For one thing, it at once cuts away a Parliamentary system and the whole modern conception of a centralized machine. Such a system never had a place in an Irish Polity; and it happens moreover, to be proving itself cumbersome and ridiculous in modern States. In contradistinction to such a system, it proceeds directly to the people, and seeks to re-create a nation in terms of itself and not in terms of a machine. Moreover, it completely sets aside the industrial, financial and commercial conceptions of a people's existence, that prevail in modern States, that stultify intelligence and ruin physique, that quench the divinity in man, and blister the fair bosom of Earth into monstrous cities that are three parts slumdom, or turn beautiful

counties into vast clinker patches, and are leading directly to huge internecine revolts. Instead of this mad and monstrous world blighting the hopes of men like a nightmare, the old order of an agricultural people is being erected.

One need only have drawn upon common-sense, however, to have come thus far. The idea of an agricultural people may be strange in a modern world; but it does not reveal a distinctive working out of national conceptions. Even the idea of coöperation is not distinctive, though it reflects with some precision the clan conception of mutual aid and responsibility. But when one sees such coöperative units becoming the centres of a new social order and civilization, then it is not difficult to discover the old tribal system working its way out again into a national polity. For as A. E. has declared,* the central idea of the I. A. O. S. has now come to be, not merely the provision of trading facilities in sale and purchase for the farmer, but the "creation of a rural civilization." More explicitly he declares: "Ireland has gained nothing in national character by the farce of a feudal system which existed during the last century. The movement I am writing about is an attempt to build up a true social order." And of this social order he says, in words that are more significant since they are not occupied, even remotely, with anything beyond an immediate state of affairs: "A social order should provide for three things—for economic development, for political stability, and a desirable social life."

In short, the old tuathal polity: under differing conditions, but with the same ideals before it and instincts behind it. So it is in its broad outlines; but when one comes to examine its closer details the similarity of inspiration becomes more and more striking, and in ways where the accident of circumstance precludes the possibility of an intentional coincidence. To take the central remarkable thing: who, for instance, is he, who has provided this inspiration? A poet and a seanchaidhe. Who are they whom he has for following, and with whom he gathers? Poets, seanchaidhthe and doctors of learning. The coincidence is at least interesting; and it is not less interesting to find that the whole movement rose concurrently with, though seemingly with-

* See his remarkable little book *Coöperation and Nationality*.

out reference to, the making of a new literature for Ireland, the attention given to the old myths and legends, the research among the old records scattered throughout Europe and forgotten for many a day, and the league for the revival of the Gaelic tongue and the old customs. Strictly considered, comparing the treatment given to the makers of beauty in the modern State with that which was accorded to them in the older and simpler States, it provides the only organization in which a personal sense of beauty may thrive, or the passion for beauty which builds the Temple of Art. It was not schemed to that end: it was originally devised to provide the farmer with cheaper manure and to sell his dairy produce more fairly for him by cutting away the middleman. But it arose out of the revival of poetry and the arts; it was inspired by a poet and artist; and it proposes to re-create a system which, when it held sway once before in the nation, held together society and economics, crowning them with the making of the arts and the acquisition of learning. It is difficult not to see the unifying principle of the old instinct behind it all; and some of A. E.'s own words show very clearly that he has come to realize the source of the driving power, and the end it is seeking. This is none other than the re-creation of the national organization: of which conception he is in no small degree the inspired prophet, at one time the visionary and practical economist. As we have seen, throughout the country memory is stirring in her vaults of sleep. The question for the future is how these stirrings may be caught up in one inspiration, so that the spaces between them may be filled, and, in the rapid shaping that would ensue, an impetus be given to the present patient direction of things.

That question remains for the future. But already a movement has been born that should assist towards this end: in the league of "The United Irishwomen." It is a kind of hand-maid to the I. A. O. S.; and its object is to create social centres throughout the country by banding the women together. Naturally it would use the same units as the agricultural society; and the two, working along the same lines, may well strike upon many of the tribal demarcations, since, now as of old, the happiest adjustments will be those that frame a geographical unity.

It has put its hand to no small task. To create such entities, that shall maintain social courtesies and obligations, foster social efforts and build up an independent and interdependent, re-creative and remunerative, civil body, is to do more than solve the problem of rural depopulation: it is to undertake an answer to the central difficulty in the way of a possible tribal reconstruction. One may be very sure that in the old tuath there was no tedium in the social life; and, despite the change in time, one may permit the notion that what was once, again may be. At least, for the goal to be reached that the blind desire seems to ache after, the answer must be found; and it certainly is noteworthy that this league should be striving to find that answer although there is no hint that the goal has been intended.

Clearly this sets aside a political system. It would be impossible to realize so long as the country was part of the political system of a people of an alien cast of thought. It demands a nation that must be sufficient to itself, to work out its own destiny, undeterred and unharassed by the impositions of some other power, some power whose rule has meant incalculable misery in the past. Even within the time of writing one has seen that foreign political system enforce the point of this by checking thriving industries in the interests of its own traders—even as it did in historical times. No peoples can work justly together the drifts of whose instincts are so sharply different; and therefore Ireland must be free to undertake her own destiny before the injuries of the past can ever be set at rest. That may be taken as the central and indispensable thing before a nation in Ireland can be said to possess its own soul. But when that has been achieved, one may divine that a political system will again be set aside—not this time a political system whose seat is outside her shores, but a system equally alien to the instincts of her people. If the present drift of things matures itself (deriving as it does from a deep-set idiom of the national mind), a largely decentralized system will take its place, and an organization arise where the separate units will not look supinely to a central body of talkers, but will work out their own careers in the acts of creation and initiation, each unit blending and vying with another in accomplishment and prowess. Were

this so, the senseless multiplication of machinery would cease, and the nation become constituent of itself and not encumbered about with officials altogether ignorant of local needs and prejudices.

In short, a nation would arise. If these papers have served any purpose they have shown that there has ever been, in early expression, in the hour of prosperity, and in the darkest adversity, a nation in Ireland, ready and apt to articulate itself. But not till the articulation has once again begun to be uttered can the nation fully be said to be, however fully the constituents may exist. And not until all those constituents have been expressed in its polity can any nation be said truly to exist. No parliamentary system can give that whole and complete expression. The development of other nations has proved that only too tragically. It is a system that has failed in the countries that created it. It never expressed the Irish mental idiom; and even when it existed there, having been transplanted from England with English settlers, it left the nation at large untouched and uninterested. The national instinct worked along other lines; it expressed itself in other ways: in decentralization rather than centralization, in initiative and creative act rather than in the making of a cumbersome statutory machinery, in the resolute independence and virility of its units rather than in the serfdom of whole vast helpless masses of people to their chosen representatives. So it has been in the past history of the nation; so we have found it again in the spontaneous tentative gropings of its recent desires, when a new expression arose with a new freedom. The whole body of the past is in the present act; and a little careful investigation shows it implicit there. And if she gather her indisputable greatness about her there is nothing to show what the future may not have for Ireland. She has learnt in adversity; she has her own greatness before her in the past; she has the tragical failures of others before her in the present; and she has it in her own hands to show what Humanity and Beauty may mean in a nation.

PARTY GOVERNMENT A FAILURE

FRANK CRANE

LET me set down succinctly some of the reasons why some of us who claim we are good citizens decline to join a political party.

We do not believe in the party system.

That parties are an established fact, and the only practical means, supposedly, by which a man may make his political influence felt, is not an argument that convinces us.

We use parties to a certain extent, but it is only for the same reason that a farmer uses a sharpened stick when he cannot get a plough, or a carpenter whittles a board smooth with his jack-knife when he has no plane. Because an instrument is all you have is no proof it is of any account.

The party system was not intended by the founders of this government. They clearly warned against it. These founders were not all wise, but they knew a thing or two.

The American ideal is an Organized Democracy, that is, the organization of all the people in each local district in order to get what public things they want, and the federation of these districts into larger groups and into a nation, for the same purpose.

A political party is not an organization of the whole people. It is composed of a part of the people presumably united by common principles. Experience has shown that these principles, under actual working, flatten out into platitudes, and that the main cohesive power is that of public plunder. The change from Taft to Wilson took place without a jolt to government or a flutter in the stock market; because the people had no definite conviction that the transfer would result in anything beyond the fact that in some way the change would do us good.

When a man is known to belong to a political party, all his opinions are labelled and discounted. He is not considered sincere. The imputation is usually just. Even judges of the Supreme Court vote with their party on party issues. (See the Electoral Commission.)

Management of city and State elections through party machinery is a great source of corruption. There is no imaginable reason why the Mayor of Chicago or St. Louis should be a Republican or a Democrat.

The perfect efficiency of a party organization makes it an easy prey to the debauching influence of criminal wealth-units. You cannot corrupt a democracy, a whole people; you can very easily corrupt a small group of bosses.

The whole boss system is a product of the political parties.

Parties originate in and are made possible by a lack of civic conscience and organization among the people. They are caused by indifference among the many, which is exploited by the interested few.

The claim of the party to be a practical organization of the people is deceptive; it is due to a lack of organization. If the people were organized, there would be no parties such as we have.

There is about as much sense in parties in politics as there is in sects in religion. There is no reasonable difference nowadays between a Presbyterian and a Congregationalist. The only reason the sects continue to exist is because they have existed. They represent nothing but dead issues. On all live issues they are at accord. So also political parties mean nothing. They are dead skin and ought to be sloughed off.

The party system proposes to run a popular government, to bring to pass the will of the people, by organizing competing groups, by class war and sectarian strife. It is the worn-out principle of competition applied to government.

The effect, which is competition's historic effect everywhere, is waste, confusion, a bewildered people and a few satisfied bosses.

To be sure, the party plan is in use in all the constitutional governments of Europe as well as in America, and we are bludgeoned with this tough fact.

“And yet I shew unto you a more excellent way.”

That way is simply Organized Democracy. It means the organization of the entire body of citizens in any given community, without regard to varying opinions, in order to get those public goods which the majority want.

In other words, it is the New England Town Meeting in local affairs and Federation in State and national affairs.

This idea of interesting the entire population of a city or township in politics is not an academic dream. It is practical. To bring it to pass these things are needed.

First, to get the people to see the need of it, to realize its importance, to perceive the immense advantages that would accrue and the vast waste and corruption it would eliminate. "Where there is no vision the people perish." Those of us, therefore, who are devoting our whole energy toward making the people understand the utility and feasibleness of an Organized Democracy think we are doing quite as much for our country as those who are "whooping it up for old Bill Jones" for Governor and delivering speeches about the grand old party, appealing to the ignorant partisan madness of the mob.

To secure an Organized Democracy, we shall have to begin at the only place any real reform can begin, with the public schools.

Train the children in two things; first, in Civic Conscience; second, in the art of Self-government.

Democracy ought to be the religion of the public school. Mazzini said that whoever should make a religion of democracy would transform the world.

Politics ought to be the sacred duty of every man and woman. Without politics our republic is impossible. Yet, as it is, our children hardly hear the word politician except in a setting of contempt. They are taught, by their environment, by the atmosphere of both home and school, to despise that very thing they ought to reverence,—politics, or the art of self-government. You might as well expect to produce a religious, orthodox community of adults in a mediæval town by teaching the children to spit upon the cross and deride the Church as to expect to secure a nation of rationally self-governing adults who in their adolescence have been made to believe that politics is essentially degrading.

Secondly, children in the public schools should be trained in self-government. Our present schools are autocracies. How do you suppose we are going to prepare children for democracy

by immersing them all through their youth in surroundings of monarchy?

Every school should be drilled in the science of electing its own officers, and ruling itself by public opinion. Teachers should be selected who are able to accomplish this. Autocracy, rigid one-man power, authoritative discipline among children sends them out into the world as juicy prey to the "easy boss."

What we really have children in school for is that they may be prepared for life. And to this end it is vastly more important that they develop a civic conscience, and that they be schooled to get what they want in an organized way, than that they learn Cæsar's *Commentaries* and the integral calculus.

Look about you! The people everywhere are swindled, brow-beaten, preyed upon by privileged men or companies. They don't know how to get their rights. They are pushed about like "dumb, driven cattle." They stand with their mouths gaping open while the sons of privilege go through their pockets.

Will party organizations remedy this? They never have remedied it. They never will remedy it.

Nothing will remedy it but to return to real democracy. There can be no democracy without organization. A perfect democracy is a perfectly organized people.

Why, then, are we not socialists?

Because, although socialism proposes many desirable ends, it proposes nothing that cannot better be secured by Organized Democracy. The fundamental principles of this country, as expressed in its two historic institutions, the New England Town Meeting and the Federation of the States, are amply sufficient. Besides, they have the highest patriotic feeling behind them, while socialism has a few foreign flavors not to our American palate.

To sum up, political parties have had their day and ought to go, as being hollow, empty shells. In their place put Organized Democracy. Secure this by, first, making people *see* the need and practicableness of it; then by developing civic conscience by our educational system and drilling the children in self-government.

Therefore, while we do not abstain from politics, and while

we use parties now as we use a dull hatchet in want of a good one, we still pray, in the words of Madison Cawein, in the March FORUM, for the coming of that Spirit of Democracy, which we believe to be the very Spirit of God, that

“ Shall put down hate and strife’s insanity;
That Common-Sense, the Lion-Heart, now sick,
Forth from his dungeon cell
Go free,
With Song, his bold Blondel;
With his glad coming warm
The land to one accord, one sympathy
Of soul.”

JOSEPHINE BUTLER AND THE ENGLISH CRUSADE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

I

THERE has always been a close connection between prostitution and militarism. War has given the captured women of the enemy into the hands of the victorious troops for hideous exploitation, as it has devoured the harvests and destroyed the homes of the conquered people. The armies of imperial nations resident in subject provinces have always menaced the virtue, as they have despoiled the substance, of the native population. The sailor is represented in the popular song as "having a wife in every port," and the sailor of the navy, the "man behind the gun," is not expected by many people to refrain from sex-association because his business makes marriage difficult and the duties and enjoyments of home life impossible. Moreover, the homage which popular sentiment still pays to soldiers and naval men as "defenders of their country" (whether or not they ever see real service in that direction) has always tended toward excuses for loose living by such men when "off duty." Hence the "permissive regulation" of prostitution in modern times has always and everywhere reached its baldest license of State provision and protection in connection with standing armies and ports of naval resort. Such permissive regulation has also reached its acme of effort toward the control of diseases incident to vice in that same relationship to standing armies and naval troops. The army and navy man becomes by virtue of his vows a special functionary of the State and hence he can be subjected to governmental restraints which civilians would not tolerate in their own case. Compulsory sanitary rules, therefore, which in civil life can never be applied to any but prostitute women, criminals and paupers, can be, and are applied to self-supporting and self-respecting men in the army and navy. To be sure, Dr. Eugenio Fazio, when elo-

quently defending the system of State license of vice, declared the inefficacy of compulsory medical control in the prevention of disease applied only to one sex, and suggested "subjecting to medical inspection some classes of men that spread the largest amounts of disease, as for instance, workmen, soldiers and sailors." The average workman, however, would resent such an inference concerning his private habits, and could not be forced to accept such a system of constant control; and since in democratic nations the "workmen" constitute a majority of the electorate, they cannot be secured against the "black plague" in such a manner. Nor would "common sailors," who are now moving toward a recognition of their rights as human beings in a series of new laws safeguarding their interests, be likely to step back into a condition where they were treated with ignominy, as a class needing special restrictions, regardless of their private character as individuals. The only classes of law-abiding and self-supporting men that any modern Government can force to medical examination of the same sort enforced upon prostitute women in State regulation, are soldiers of the army and navy, the men who have been hired to prepare themselves for possible service to their country in fighting, and who are thereby cut off from the ordinary rights and obligations of civil life. This is the reason why the high centres of control of the army and navy of all modern nations lead in the movement toward stringent medical supervision of both the men under their command and of the women with whom they associate. They not only deal with men more likely than others to be sufferers from diseases incident to vice, but also with men who can be controlled by their officers and the medical staff associated with them, as no other men can be. The history of the English occupation of India, and the legislation of British governors in other foreign lands, clearly show the tendency of military regulations toward State license of vice; and the attempt to introduce similar measures into the garrison towns of Great Britain was a proof that what has once been accepted as necessary in connection with the army and navy in foreign lands may easily be pressed as necessary for the home towns in which army troops are quartered. The common soldier, used in foreign

lands to Government provisions for vice, and some measure of protection against its results, may sing with Kipling:

“ Ship me somewhere East of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain’t no Ten Commandments,”—

if left unassisted in his own country when he sets out to “have a good time.” The officer, and especially the medical man in command may easily learn to rebel, in his own country, against legal obstacles which prevent that entire control of the goings and comings of subordinates which has been secured to him in another land.

The vital connection between militarism and legalized vice is shown when that sense of absolute authority, bred in the leadership of standing armies and big navies “on a peace footing,” passes over into a claim to rule all civil conditions in the supposed interest of the soldier class; and this vital connection between militarism and legalized vice is distinctly shown in the history of regulation in Great Britain.

This point is becoming pertinent to the discussion of the whole question of State-regulated vice in the United States, since powerful influences in our country are all the while pressing for more men to be retired from normal social and economic condition to man bigger warships and a larger standing army. The whole history of the English crusade against State license of vice furnishes an essential study for all students of that subject to which we in our country are being forced by the logic of moral and economic reform; for this English crusade is an out-growth of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, inheritance and ideals, and it shows for all time how our own special type of human creature must face the issues involved. It shows how militarism always fosters assaults upon personal liberty and how moral standards of simple justice to all classes may be submerged by considerations of advantage to a privileged class when once it is admitted that there are “necessary exceptions” to the law of equality of rights.

The change from the mediæval type of State regulation of vice to the present mixed condition of laws against, but practice

in favor of, the social evil, has been a part of our inheritance from England. English law and custom have persisted in our statutes and court practice, our police regulation and our common usage. In England, however, this confusion of difference between law and practice was rudely shaken into conscious debate on the essentials of ethics involved, by the presentation to Parliament in 1864 of a "Bill for the Prevention of Contagious Disease." This was an act of such importance, and the history which followed is so vital to an understanding of the whole subject of legal treatment of the social evil, that it may be safely affirmed that since that debate in England no social worker, no ethical teacher, no jurist, municipal executive or police court officer, interested in this question, has a moral or intellectual right to neglect a careful study of that debate and of its results in the legislation of Great Britain. Ignorance on these points argues unfitness for instruction of the public upon the subject; since in this, as in many other important matters of public welfare, it has been the fortune of our Mother Country to work out for the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and on the basis of a growing democracy which roots in ancient love of liberty and respect for personal rights, problems of vital significance. That English history may be summarized as follows:

The English Common Law, dating back to the time of Queen Elizabeth, as laid down in Burn's *Justice of the Peace* (Maule's Edition), gives a basic legislation against all "disorderly houses." It declares that "although lewdness be properly punishable by the ecclesiastical law, yet the offence of keeping a bawdy-house cometh also under the law temporal, as a common nuisance; not only in respect of its endangering the public peace, by drawing together dissolute and debauched persons, but also in respect of its apparent tendency to corrupt the manners of both sexes." Thus, in the most explicit manner and in the most fundamental law of our own civilization, *the distinction is made between personal wrong-doing, which is a matter of individual character, and public provision for such wrong-doing.* In no way could the rational basis for the abolishing of the commercialized brothel be better shown than in this ancient law; and the distinction it makes between the personal sin and the socially

dangerous institution, clearly proves that in our inherited law is full warrant for abolishing that commercialized institution of vice without attempting the Puritan method of cruel treatment of all who fail to keep the moral law in the matter of personal purity. Later, in the time of George II, statutes were enacted to "encourage prosecutions against persons keeping bawdy-houses, gaming-houses, or other disorderly houses"; by which statutes any two legally qualified "taxpaying citizens" by giving written notice to a constable of the existence of such a place, and swearing to their opinion of its character, and securing proper evidence in substantiation of their charge were empowered to "collect ten pounds from the overseer of the parish" for helping to secure the conviction of the misdemeanants involved. In the time of George III the overseer of the parish was empowered to take the place of the constable in such prosecutions; and in the time of George IV the punishment for those convicted of such offences was not only made more severe but "imprisonment at hard labor in lieu of other punishments" marked the passing of "whipping" and "exile" into the modern method of imprisonment for crime.

In the reign of Victoria the Towns Police Clauses Act greatly simplified the process by which the disorderly features of public houses could be abolished as common nuisances. This Act declared that "every person keeping any house, shop, room, or other place of public resort, within the limits of the special Act for the sale and consumption of refreshments of any kind, who knowingly suffers common prostitutes or reputed thieves to assemble and continue on his premises shall, for every such offence, be punished"; and the varied degrees of punishment are carefully defined in this law. The attitude of many later acts of Parliament is also clearly shown to be antagonistic to the brothel and aimed at making it easy for law-abiding citizens, and those interested in decent living, to get rid of such places as "common nuisances." The fundamental laws of England, therefore, forbid this business of public prostitution. The fundamental laws of our country, following those of England, forbid it in the same manner. Any "license" or "tolerance" or "permission" or "tacit allowance," therefore, which court, or

police practice, may give, are and must be against these fundamental laws, and hence must get around them by undercurrent methods and special powers granted to certain officials, all of which are inconsistent with the distinctly expressed purpose of those laws.

These undercurrent tolerations and inconsistent exceptions to the enforcement of law have been of two specialized sorts, and have been directed toward minimizing two forms of social evil always in evidence where vice is allowed to settle into an institutionalized brothel. The first of these is the evil of public disorder, of open street solicitation, and the increased temptation to social vice following its alliance with the saloon, the gaming place, and the music and dance hall. This class of evils has led to attempts at greater severity of punishment for those among brothel-keepers who thus outrage public decency and thus aggressively aid in corrupting youth. It has led to greater severity of punishment, also, to those prostitutes who ply their trade in the open and in well-travelled streets. The desire to secure greater public order has furnished the motive power for sensational "raids" upon disorderly houses; raids which have indeed betrayed in spasmodic action the uneasiness of the public conscience touching the whole matter, but which have seldom resulted in permanent diminution of the evil. The second form of undercurrent and inconsistent methods of dealing with the social evil has been that resulting from the attempt to make vice less dangerous to the public health. This has always and everywhere resulted in creating and maintaining a privileged class, and, as we have seen in a previous paper, a very small privileged class among those women who get their living by vice. This aristocracy among prostitutes consists wholly of those who consent to be registered in definite terms of description of their calling, who consent to live in a segregated quarter, and who obediently and promptly submit to all the sanitary regulations laid down for them. This select class by obedience to these special requirements is exempted from punishment. To this small class must be added a second much larger one which occupies a perilous and precarious half-privilege, namely, those who secure freedom from police activity against them by paying for immu-

nity directly to the police officials. In all these arrangements the discrepancy between the fundamental and never-repudiated law against vice as a public trade, and the police regulations which permit a modicum of public vice for special considerations, is clearly to be seen, and cannot be denied. That discrepancy, however, has been slurred over and befogged with words, the intent of which is to obscure the actual meaning of the two-faced law and practice.

In the relation of England to other, and especially to Oriental peoples, however, the veil has been promptly torn away, and the whole matter set in clear light for all to read who desire to know the facts. In India the "Queen's women" were openly set aside for the use of the British soldiers during the reign of "Victoria the Good." Those high in her Majesty's service are on record as sending ahead of the arrival of a regiment of troops at a garrison town the requests that the local authorities procure "more, and more attractive women," than were provided at preceding visits, "as a measure of health for the soldiers." The women provided were, of course, native women, and the power of the British officers could easily provide the number thought essential to the soldiers' health.

In Hong Kong, as long ago as 1857, an ordinance was passed by the rulers of the British Colony in which power was given to the "Registrar-General to grant to any person whom he shall think fit a license to keep a brothel in such district or locality as the Governor in Council may from time to time appoint"; and every keeper of such brothel was required to pay "four dollars a month to the Registrar-General during the continuance of the license or such other sum as may from time to time be fixed by the Governor in Council"; said sums to be applied toward the administrative and hospital expenses involved in the duties outlined. This ordinance, which gave extraordinary powers to the Registrar-General to "certify any house" he might "declare to be such a brothel," and which definitely stated all the points of obedience required to insure that such places were kept in a "legal and proper manner," was issued by "her Majesty's Plenipotentiary and Chief Superintendent of the trade of British subjects in India," and reveals in its high-

sounding titles the alliance of legalized vice not only with military supremacy but also with "big business." This ordinance also shows an early attempt to force certain classes of men (those alone who can be so forced) under the same sanitary rule to which the women are subjected. Not only were soldiers to be so subjected, but a clause makes "seamen found in a licensed boarding-house liable to medical examination and to be removed by warrant to a hospital if found diseased," and "discharged only when cured," although they must "pay the debt due to the Crown" for this compulsory treatment. In 1870-71 laws were put into effect in Bombay which embodied many features of the Hong-Kong ordinance, but were more explicit in medical requirements. Under this Contagious Diseases Act the island was divided "for purposes of Registration and Examination into six districts," and each placed under "the immediate superintendence of a medical inspector," the extent of the districts being outlined on the basis of the "supposed number of prostitutes in each so that each inspector would be given about the same amount of work."

There can be no reasonable doubt that familiarity with the ideas and practices involved in British rule in foreign lands led directly to the introduction of similar ordinances for the control of the social evil in the garrison towns of Great Britain itself.

How long the Lords of the Admiralty and the War Office were at work to initiate this new legislation we do not know; but it is a matter of history that in 1864, at two in the morning of a night session of Parliament, the Contagious Diseases Act was presented, read for the first time, one week later read a second time, and referred to a committee known in advance to be favorable to its passage. One month later it became the law of the land. There was practically no open discussion of it in Parliament itself, and the country at large was entirely ignorant of the true nature of the act. The misleading title led many members of Parliament, as they afterwards affirmed, to "vote for it under the idea that it was an added protection against diseased cattle"; and not one in ten who voted for it, it is said, "had read the bill or understood its meaning." "Two years

later," says William Burgess, in his account of *The Battle for Social Purity in England*, "by similar stealthy methods the act was amended to extend its operations, and in 1869 it was further extended to apply in all large military stations of England and Ireland with the avowed intention of its supporters to make it cover the whole country."

What was the intent of this act, and how did it operate?

In the first place, although soldiers were not mentioned in its provisions, it was clearly intended for their special benefit, since its administration was put into the hands of local representatives of the Admiralty and War Office. This extended the jurisdiction of that office over civilians in a manner not justified by precedent of law save in cases of rebellion or grave public disorder which the local authorities had proved powerless to control. Thus the act became a species of "martial law," a thing in itself obnoxious to English-speaking people. Hale, in his *Common Law of England*, plainly declares, "Touching the business of martial law these things are to be observed, first, that in truth and reality it is not a law but something indulged because of the necessity of government, order and discipline in an army; and second, this indulged law is only to extend to the army and navy and never was so much indulged as intended to be executed or exercised upon others." Hence the first constitutional count against the Contagious Diseases Act was the manner of its administration by a central governmental power rather than by a local body of civil officers.

In the second place, this act established a special police, disguised in plain clothes, to watch all women and to "arrest all whom they had good cause to believe were prostitutes," and to register all such suspected persons as "public women," and to secure their periodical inspection by medical officers who were to be officially appointed and paid out of public funds, and who were absolutely free to exercise their judgment in giving these women a "ticket of health or in holding them in a Lock hospital for treatment for any term not to exceed one year." The process by which the women were thus placed under bonds to the medical department was what has always been known in England, and is known equally in our own legal practice, as a

"summary proceeding." This summary proceeding consisted simply of the accusation of a woman by the plain-clothes policeman, whose efficiency and reward were involved in his zeal in such business; a notice in writing issued by the justice before whom the charge was made "if he thinks fit to issue it," and caused to be "served upon her by the superintendent of police"; the "appearance of the woman or by some person in her behalf at the time and place appointed in the notice"; and the justice present, "if the charge is substantiated to his satisfaction," and "if he thinks fit," ordering that the woman be subject to a periodical examination by the visiting surgeon; and the law declared that the "said order shall be a sufficient warrant for the visiting surgeon to conduct such examination."

All such medically inspected persons were necessarily placed on the register of the police as public women. Thus it will be seen that England, for the first time in its history of penology, introduced into a legally constituted court a system by which the personal judgment of a few persons took the place of proof of guilt before the sentence of accused persons. "If he has good cause to believe," "if he thinks fit," "to his satisfaction,"—all these allusions to individual judgment as basis for legal punishment are of the nature of despotic rule by the caprice of persons; they are out of drawing with the modern court requirements under constitutional government of "holding the accused guiltless until proved guilty," of having due trial by jury or open court procedure in which evidence by credible witnesses must be sifted and substantiated.

Lord Coke declares "to imprison a person after an inadequate trial by an inadequate tribunal is the worst oppression that is done by color of justice." Such an inadequate trial by an inadequate tribunal has characterized every form of State regulation by which prostitutes have been deprived of liberty as registered inhabitants of a segregated district subject to special regulations of living and forbidden personal freedom.

Said Herbert Spencer, in a protest against the Contagious Diseases Act, "Not only do its provisions make easy the establishment of charges against women by men who are placed under temptations to make them, but those men are guarded

against penalties which attach in ordinary law to the making of false accusations." Hence the act was an invasion of personal rights guaranteed by the fundamental law of the land. Such "summary proceedings" had not been permitted to encroach upon the liberty of any human beings not legally defined as "slaves" since *Magna Charta*. That great certificate of personal liberty, which is a part of the very blood and structure of Anglo-Saxon civilization, declares, be it remembered, "No free-man shall be taken or imprisoned or dissiesed or outlawed or banished or anyways destroyed unless by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land; and we will not deny any man justice and right." Hallam calls these clauses the "essential clauses," because "protecting the personal liberty of all by giving security from arbitrary imprisonment and spoliation." Such clauses were specifically violated in the case of the Contagious Diseases Act, since under it no accused woman had trial by jury or had opportunity to summon witnesses to prove her good character, the "destruction" of which, in the eye of the public, was a permanent outlawry from decent society. Hence the act was a denial in the case of accused women of a certain supposed class of all the constitutional rights which other free citizens enjoyed.

In the third place, this act placed such women so accused, and proved guilty "to the satisfaction" of one officer of the law alone, subject to the power of medical officers in a manner which allowed a legal assault upon their persons. This constituted in effect, in this English law, as it had done and now does in every law which places a class of women under medical control (not for their own good but for the supposed benefit of those who patronize them in their calling)—a distinct slavery. The essence of slavery consists "in that it is a condition in which an individual is not master of his own person." The nature of this assault upon the personal liberty of women was for a long time concealed to the British public after the enactment of the Contagious Diseases Act by the use of the words "voluntary submission" in the description of the process by which their freedom was sacrificed. On this point no Continental law has excelled in definite deception the words of this act. The "volun-

tary submission" offered a woman that the justice was "satisfied" should be registered and examined, was actually a choice between two extreme evils. The words are these: "Any woman in any place to which this act applies may voluntarily, by a submission in writing signed by her in the presence of and attested by the superintendent of police, subject herself to medical examination for any period not exceeding one year, such submission to have the same effect in all particulars as if the justice had ordered it." The order given to the police by the War Office added, "Should any woman object to sign she is to be instructed of the penal consequences attending such refusal, and the advantages of voluntary submission pointed out to her." The penal consequences attached to such refusal to make a voluntary submission were, in the act itself, conditioned upon a woman being unable to prove her innocence of the charges brought by the police against her at "an open trial before a magistrate." Hence the order from the War Office to the police was an intentional deception of the weak and ignorant and often foolish and illiterate women brought into the situation. The only real choice which even a perfectly innocent and good woman had was between a secret sentence to a year's absolute subjection to the police and medical authorities, to which her "voluntary submission" was obtained under duress, or a public trial of her virtue before a prejudiced court and a smirch upon her reputation as the very least penalty which would result. If it be claimed that few innocent women have ever been placed in such a difficult situation, let the words of Le Cour, the great apostle of Regulation, and the insatiable pursuer of women whom any police officer might accuse of immoral life be remembered when he declares that "hundreds of false accusations by anonymous letters and in other ways reached the Paris office of the Police Morals every week." Such an assault upon personal liberty, therefore, as this act contained, might be made upon the innocent; and in the case of the guilty, constituted their reduction to the status of public slaves. This has been acknowledged by many of the foremost advocates of such forms of State regulation of vice. Says one such advocate: "Prostitutes should be viewed only as physical facts, not as moral beings." Says an-

other, a high officer in the medical department of his Majesty's Service in England, when asked, "Do you not consider at all the moral effect upon the women themselves of the working of this act?" "Not at all, prostitutes should be cleansed like public sewers for the public good."

Said Victor Hugo, speaking of similar laws of his own country, "it is asserted that slavery has disappeared from European civilization. This is an error. It exists still, but it weighs now only on women and it is called prostitution."

In Victor Hugo's France, in the days of the Commune, the decree of the Eleventh Arrondissement in May, 1871, ran as follows: "Considering that traffic in slaves is forbidden and slave merchants punished, and that in principle we cannot admit the commercial exploitation of human beings by other human beings, and that the so-called 'tolerated houses' have this character, be it enacted; That the so-called tolerated houses be closed and seals placed on the doors of these establishments."

In England, the passage of the Contagious Diseases Act legally established this "commercial exploitation of human beings by other human beings" which is in essence slavery, and set aside by "summary proceedings" a class of human beings to be thus legally exploited, and subjected them to the arbitrary dealing of a medical department whose power over them to "loose their bonds" or "tighten them" was practically unlimited. Had it been the daughters of the rich and powerful who were most liable to such dangers, the response of an outraged public sentiment, grounded in the constitutional rights of the land, would have been instantaneous. But it was the daughters of the poor, the friendless, and the unknown who were thus in danger of legal exploitation, for they alone were morally exposed to the full working of the law; and hence it was a long time before England woke to the fact that a new sort of legislation was being administered in relation to its garrison towns. One voice alone was lifted in protest before the act became a law, and that the voice of Harriet Martineau, then too old and too feeble to lead a strong opposition.

By 1866, however, the nation began to understand the significance of the act. And to one woman came a call to stir that

nation to revolt. That woman was Josephine Butler, perhaps the most unique combination in moral reform of a lawyer's brain, a prophet's passion, a mystic's certainty of divine guidance, an orator's power of appeal, a poet's recoil from the ugliness of evil, and a mother's tenderness enlarged by sorrow and sympathy to enfold a world of suffering and sin. When the new abolition movement has triumphed, when the traffic in womanhood has ceased, when the permitted brothel is unknown as an institution, when the slavery of the prostitute is ended with the abolition of man's "right of privilege" to hold her captive to his vicious indulgence, when these insuperable obstacles to a "white life for two" have been removed, mankind may at last begin true race culture on the basis of justice, wisdom and love. And when that time comes, the world will place high in some Temple of Remembrance of the great and good who have achieved this miracle of progress, the fragile figure and the sad and lovely face of Josephine Butler as the embodiment of the crusade for the better life.

[*To be continued*]

THE RIVALS

SCUDDER MIDDLETON

SOMETIMES I wish that we had never met,
That I had never seen those eyes of yours
So wonderful and clear and full of youth;
That I had never taught my hands to know
And love the cool and golden of your hair;
For O, my love of you is full of pain,
Deep knowing pain that numbs my heart and soul
And fills my eyes with hot and bitter tears
Because of something that can never be.
O, I have lately learned to hate the sound
Of little children's feet, their little cries
Have mocked me when within your arms I lay,
And I have seen their tiny hands reach out
And take you from me in the lonely night—
O love, my love of you is full of pain.
Sometimes I wish that we had never met,
That I had gone the winding way of years
To dream some quiet dream and call it life—
This had been best I think for you and me.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK

MINNIE J. REYNOLDS

THE Maltesi stood in a long line in the corridor of the city hall of Zolfo. In Zolfo the dry goods merchants are universally called Maltesi, which is to say, Men of Malta, relic of who knows what past epoch when the merchants of this Sicilian town came from Malta, or dealt in goods from Malta.

Each Maltese had at least one little red book in his hand; sometimes as many as ten, twelve, fifteen little red books, all of exactly the same pattern.

Behind a little glass door in the wall stood a city official who seemed to be calling a roll. All the names upon the roll were those of women.

"Genna Santuzza."

"Moglia Concetta."

"Peroni Lucia."

The voice droned on, pronouncing the family name first and the given last, after the Italian manner.

Strange to say as each of these feminine names was called one of the Maltesi would step forward and present a little red book. Whereupon the clerk within would enter certain figures and pay over certain coin of the realm.

"Borassi Rosa," called the clerk, and a young merchant, a somewhat anxious and unprosperous looking young man, stepped forward. He had only one little red book.

The Maltesi were a set of taciturn and stoical seeming men, but at this a sort of noiseless stir seemed to run through the line, and some were seen to perform that act which the Italians call "smiling under the nose." The young merchant was perfectly aware of this, but he stepped stolidly up and received from the pompous official the sum of six lire; one dollar and twenty cents. Then he went away. He was a young man. He had only one little red book. He went away, and again the line of waiting men smiled "under the nose."

"Mamma Rosa will never do it this time," said one of the portly, taciturn men to another.

"No, no," replied the other, "she is a dishrag."

Down on the shore of the African sea, the "mare Africano" of the Romans, Zolfo lay broiling in the sun that day. No one breathed in Zolfo in daytime in the summer. It lay on a narrow border of shore which surrounded a gulf, beneath a beetling, precipitous hillside, there on the South shore of Sicily. Towns, no more than babies, can choose their place of birth. They dug sulphur out of the side of that hill, and the boats came and loaded with it in the little port of Zolfo. It was too hard and too long to climb to the top of the hill, and there was no tram-way or funicular to transport the people to the airy summit. So Zolfo lay and fried in her own juice, seasoned with sulphur, at the foot of her cliff.

They had a humorous saying in Zolfo—"We shall breathe up there." This was essentially Italian humor, which so often has something of the frightful in it. The people of Zolfo had placed their cemetery on the lofty hilltop. Most of the men of Zolfo got to the top of the hill at various times during their lives. But many a woman was born, had children, grandchildren, lived to old age and paid her first visit to the peak above in the hearse. So the Zolfiani used to look up at the peak in summer time and say, grinning, "We shall breathe up there."

Since it had no room to spread out, and could not climb, unless like a fly upon the wall of a house, Zolfo had perforce to grow more and more crowded. In those dark old stone houses, more like vaults than houses, how many creatures were crowded; human creatures and pigs and hens mixed in with them, and often a little donkey as well. And how many children came and went in those abodes. How many children the women had, in those dark, breathless stone houses; some twelve, some fourteen, some sixteen. They were near to nature in Zolfo. They bred as nature does; abundantly, lavishly, that out of the lavish abundance a few might be dragged up to maturity. Rarely indeed did the mothers of Zolfo raise more than three or four out of those great families.

But, strange to say, all those little dead babies, of which

such countless numbers had come and gasped and gone their way to the hilltop in Zolfo, helped to raise their brothers and sisters who survived. For no sooner had the baby started on its ride up to the place where it could breathe than the mother started for the municipal foundling asylum. There she brought home a foundling to nurse, and a little red book. Each month she took the book to the city hall and received a dollar and twenty cents; each month as long as the baby lived.

If it were true that little brothers and sisters lived because of the dead babies, still truer and still more strange it was that grown-up sisters married because of them. This is a hard saying, and only to be understood by those who comprehend the corredo. For a man may make shift to feed his children by the shovels of sulphur he takes from the mountain side, but how shall he earn the corredo? The law of the corredo, unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, rests like a pall over Sicily. It is the bride's trousseau, but besides her clothes it includes the bed and its furnishings, and the house linen for the new house to be furnished.

In a country where marriage is the only career for women, where economic conditions render it extremely difficult to support a wife, and whence large numbers of the young men continuously emigrate, the corredo is, indeed, the price which a family pays to buy a husband for a daughter. His price would be higher, of course, were not his feelings engaged. But lost indeed to a sense of his own worth and dignity must be a young Sicilian who would marry a girl who could not bring him a corredo. It is a blight resting upon the island; an expense invariably difficult to be borne. There are fathers of families who emigrate to America, and crowd the tenements of New York, and lower the standard of living of the American working class, because of the corredi of their daughters. There are brothers denied the right to their own love and marriage, because family pride puts their nose to the grindstone for years to provide the corredi for sisters. For Sicily is a land in which women cannot earn money.

Immemorial custom, based on that love of display which is an integral trait of the Sicilian character, causes the corredo to be brought in goods, often absurdly disproportionate to the sta-

tion of the family, rather than in their equivalent in money. And lest the lover should be not sufficiently versed in women's gear, his female relatives watch the corredo in the making, and report to him its deficiencies. Then when he goes to call upon his beloved, acting upon information received, he may enliven the conversation with such remarks as " You haven't any bedspread; you must bring me a bedspread in the corredo," or " You must bring me four pairs of pillowcases, not two." The phrase indeed in Sicily which indicates wild, mad devotion, the upsurging of a passion which beats down all sane, normal considerations, is to say that a man took his wife "*in camicia*." Being translated literally this reads "*in her shirt*"; that is, without any corredo.

The accepted sum to be expended for the raw materials of a corredo among plain people of Zolfo was two hundred lire, forty dollars; said materials being then made up by the bride and her relatives. It is hard for a girl to marry without that sum in Zolfo. And it is a ghastly sum for the majority of the plain families in Zolfo to obtain.

How many children had Mamma Rosa had? She herself could not have told you. They had passed through her arms and away to that breathing place on the hill so many and so fast that she herself had forgotten how many there had been. Out of them all she had saved four alive. Four girls. A calamity; a disaster; a brooding burden of horror, in a poor Sicilian family where there are no brothers to help marry them off. For there is no future or place for such girls except in marriage. Some fathers will emigrate, submit to extraordinary sacrifices in such case. But Papa Borassi took no thought of the burden. It was a human impossibility for him to make enough to dower four daughters. Papa Borassi did not worry over impossibilities.

But Mamma, Mamma Borassi had married off three of those daughters. A forty-dollar corredo she had provided for each, a husband she had secured for each. With the milk of her breasts she had done it; the milk which those little dead babies on the peak required no longer, and which was therefore available for the succession of foundlings which had passed through her arms. It was so the women of the populace in Zolfo dowered their daughters and enabled them to marry. A dead baby,

a foundling to take its place and a little red book in which the official each month noted the dollar and twenty cents paid by the city for its care and maintenance.

And since the making of the corredo required much time, all sewed by hand as it was, the foster mother often took her little red book direct to the Maltese; secured the dry goods on which her daughter's future happiness depended, and turned over the little red book to the merchant.

This explains that line of waiting Maltesi at the city hall, each there to collect his monthly stipend from the little red books consigned to him by the foster mothers of Zolfo. And each merchant had learned by experience to cast an appraising eye over the woman who brought him a little red book, to reckon the possibilities of the case, and decide whether she were a good risk or not. For if the foundling died, the payments on his goods would cease. And though he could claim and remove them, they might have assumed an unsalable form.

Often on a murky evening a grave and dignified Maltese might be seen picking his way through the slum streets of Zolfo, swarming with pigs, hens, donkeys and humans. He was in search of some certain foundling, bent on knowing whether it were in good condition or not. Poor little foundling; with only a dry goods man to care whether you lived or died. But the dry goods man, indeed, watched over the foundling as carefully as the women of those streets did over their little pigs. It was profit to him if it lived; financial loss if it died. So it was, in fact, to the foster mother also. She did not want the foundling to die. She gave it all she had. But sometimes nature did not provide enough, and then the foundling, like her own baby before it, must go up to the place where it could breathe better. In such cases a desperate Maltese had been known to carry a wretched little foundling home to his own well fed but disgusted wife, and pushing his own baby aside for the nonce, to see that the foundling got what would keep it alive.

It was experiences of this kind that caused the merchant who had married off Mamma Rosa's three elder daughters to refuse when she came to him the fourth time. He looked her over with appraising eye. She had been a magnificent creature,

considered as an animal. For more than twenty years she had been famous to the municipality of Zolfo, for she had had from it an almost uninterrupted series of little red books. During all that time Mamma Rosa had been giving babies to the world; and when they died she had nourished others from what seemed a never failing source. But now it was true what the taciturn Maltese had said. "A dishrag," he had called her.

He looked her over and shook his head.

"Mamma Rosa," he said, "you cannot do it this time."

"What! I cannot do it? I?"

She felt herself offended in her dignity as a female; as a mother and feeder of the race. For so many years she had had no other function. She felt insulted at the insinuation that this function was to cease.

It was impossible to discuss matters with this taciturn Maltese. He remained perfectly silent while she expostulated. So that finally Rosa, maddened, was reduced to screaming ferociously in the street before his door. She called upon the passersby to resent the insult he had offered her. She harangued the crowd that gathered upon the many children she had borne and nursed. She called upon them to declare if the asylum authorities would have entrusted the foundling to her care if she had not been able to nourish it.

But at this not only the listening Maltese in his shop, but the crowd in the street smiled "under the nose." Zolfo had many foundlings. Zolfo was, indeed, too civilized to let them die unsuccored. It did, indeed, rescue them in a municipal asylum and board them out with foster mothers. But they were undeniably a source of expense to the taxpayers and of profit to nobody. On the other hand, everybody knew Mamma Rosa's fourth daughter, Tuzza. Everybody recognized the duty of old Rosa in the matter. It was her business to marry off her daughters. She had stood to her guns like a heroine, and without aid or help had succeeded in placing three of them decently and respectably for life. That she should be unable to do as much for the fourth was undoubtedly a disaster which commanded the sympathy of any ordinarily humane person.

Zolfo discussed Mamma Rosa's condition as openly and un-

squeamishly as if she had merely had a cold. From the stand-point of common humanity it was manifestly more important that a daughter should be married off than that a foundling in which no one was interested should live.

Moreover, Mamma Rosa's private duty bore a direct relation to the public welfare and the municipal treasury. It was eminently proper that her daughter Tuzza should be married. It was eminently desirable that some man should be bound by law to support Tuzza's children. Else Tuzza in turn might perhaps begin to furnish foundlings for the municipal asylum. The function of women of Tuzza's class was to be mothers and feeders of infants. Society was not so organized in Zolfo as to furnish or even recognize any other function for them. Tuzza married would chain some man to the support of her children. Tuzza unmarried was distinctly a menace to the taxpayers.

Under the circumstances it was hardly strange that a harassed municipality should wink a minute when it gave old Rosa this last foundling, and this last little red book. Yet it made the crowd assembled in front of the Maltese's shop smile under the nose to hear Rosa calling the hospital authorities to witness that she was able to nurse this baby.

One after another Rosa visited the dry goods merchants to be refused by all, until finally she found a young man just starting in business. Because he was pressed for money he consented to take the risk. But he would not give Mamma Rosa the customary two hundred lire worth of materials. He would consent to only one hundred and forty lire, twenty-eight dollars' worth.

The female relatives of Pietro, Tuzza's lover, were called together in consultation. They examined the goods agreed upon, discussed the case in all its bearings. It was not, of course, what Pietro had a right to expect. Nevertheless, because of the affection of the young people, and because of Mamma Rosa's brave efforts, which everyone recognized as creditable to her, they decided to accept the corredo.

Now, indeed, began a time of happiness in the one large, dark ground floor room which served as the home of the Borassi. At the large street door, which furnished the only opening into

the room, Tuzza sat all day sewing on her corredo; laughing and joking with passersby, displaying with pride the linen and muslin on which she sewed, the finished pieces which slowly accumulated in the great family chest in the corner. And ever and anon as she worked she would give the baby's cradle a push with her foot.

The cradle was a piece of sacking, fastened by cords to the wall across a corner of the room. In it, night and day lay the "trovatello"—the little foundling baby.

"Oh, bella, oh, what a retico baby this is," Tuzza would say occasionally, as she jogged the cradle and made it swing back and forth. "Retico" derives from "eretico"—heretic, and signifies in the dialect unquiet, discontented, troublesome; a bland and reasonable indictment of a heretic surely.

Tuzza was in fact very patient with the trovatello's crying. Her nerves were good, she was not disturbed. Perhaps the trovatello deserved her patience, since it was enabling her to marry. Nevertheless its screaming would have gotten on the nerves of a person less well poised.

The baby cried incessantly; night and day, night and day. Faint, shrill, agonized screams. One could but wonder, surveying it, where in its tiny body it found the strength for those incessant screams. The trovatello lived, but it did not grow at all. Only one portion of its anatomy grew. That was the thumb on its little left hand. The trovatello sucked this thumb all the time, and the thumb had grown until it was like a great puff ball, larger than the rest of the hand. It would have made some people a little sick to see it, but Tuzza did not mind it at all. Tuzza was going to be married.

One smothering evening Pietro came to take his beloved for a walk down by the water edge, where there was a little breath more air. No engaged couple can walk out alone in Sicily, even in broad daylight. The girl's reputation would be forever ruined. So shapeless old Rose had to waddle along too. Papa Borassi was off about his own business, so the trovatello had to be left alone. But who, indeed, would injure the little creature? It was quite safe.

The moonlight that night was that amazing, that dumb-

founding summer moonlight of Sicily; so thick, so golden, that it seems almost a thing tangible; with something in it almost dangerous, which mounts to the head so that one can understand that saying that people are turned mad by moonlight. One finds in Sicily the tradition of the lupe manaro; the man who, when the moon is full, goes out and howls like a wolf. Tuzza and Pietro were excited by it. It was hard on old Rose, who must thus waddle and waddle after her day's work. They would not leave it. They walked in it interminably, giggling and whispering.

All this time the trovatello alone in its cradle in the dark room was crying. All the long evening its feeble, gasping wails were heard in the neighborhood. They did not disturb any one much, for they scarcely penetrated beyond the open door. Those who heard them merely said: "the trovatello," shrugged their shoulder and gave voice to some idle speculations. They seemed, however, to disturb the rest of an old hen who was setting in her basket fastened high upon the wall, for she uttered at times that low, speculative, talking note, in which hens seem to be discussing matters of interest. The old hen had raised many chickens in that room. When one of them got lost, and shrieked its fear in frightened peep, the old hen would act quite crazily until she found the wanderer. Possibly she was wondering, as she said things in a low voice to herself, why its mother did not come to this peeping chick in its cradle.

Finally old Rosa, weary with toddling, managed to get the lovers home. As they reached the black pool of the open door she stopped them with upraised finger.

"Zitti, per carita—hush, for pity's sake," said she softly. "That screaming child is asleep at last. Be careful not to wake it. Let us have a moment's peace."

But she herself, as she shuffled in to find the candle, stumbled against something which fell with a crash. She stopped stock still for a moment, resigned to the expected wail. Then, with nervous haste, she found and lit the candle and rushed over to the cradle. Why did not the baby wake—which woke at the buzzing of a fly?

A frightened cry came from the cradle side, a cry for help.

Tuzza leaps to her mother's side. But the worthy Pete is a prudent lad. He lingers cautiously by the door without a word. Old Rosa is struggling madly with something at the cradle. What is it? It is the cord, one of the cords that tie the square of sacking to the wall. Does Mamma Rosa wish to cut the cord? Ah, no; she tears at it, with desperate, fumbling fingers, and finally it loosens; one corner of the sacking trails down, and the trovatello rolls out upon the floor.

Then Mamma Rosa runs shrieking through the door and calls all the neighbors in to see. Ah, is it not a pity? The poor trovatello! The cord of the cradle has come untied while they are out, the baby has fallen on the floor, it is dead. Alas, poor little one!

Tuzza weeps with her mother, but the worthy Pete says not a word. He quietly disappears.

All the next day, although he knows the anguish with which Tuzza must await him, he does not come near. His mother and his older married sister come, however. They come with pursed up lips and cold and self-contained looks. In response to Rosa's wild entreaties they consent not to break the engagement immediately. They consent to wait till night. Wait, wait, only wait a little, pleads Rosa, with all the tropic wealth of tragedy which South Latin blood and adoring motherhood can supply.

So they sit all day, waiting. The Maltese also waits. He has put his wife in his store, he waits silently and sullenly in the Borassi home, guarding his goods. Rosa has vanished. Tuzza sits in tears, far too despondent over her own troubles to attend to the baby. A neighbor woman comes in and prepares the trovatello for its ride up the hill. If she notices that there is no wound, no bruise on its little body, she says nothing. The Sicilians talk much and rapidly, but on some things it is not necessary to advise them to silence. The officer who comes to take official cognizance of the death, also offers no comment. The baby's little body is a mere skeleton. How could it possibly have weighed down the cord? The dreadful, enlarged thumb is plain to be seen, now that it is no longer in the baby's mouth.

Drearly the long hot hours creep by, and at dusk the municipi-

pal dead cart comes to take the baby away. There is no priest, no service at all. They are putting the trovatello in a rough little box. The merchant and the mother and sister of Peter are feeling that it is useless to wait longer. They rise, the merchant begins to gather up his goods. Tuzza's sobs break out afresh, heartbrokenly.

Suddenly there is a ferment without. The neighborhood, which has also been waiting, is accompanying Mamma Rosa to the door. She rushes in, her face triumphant, radiant. Tuzza gives a cry of joy. The harassed young merchant drops the goods which he has begun to make into a bundle. The mother and sister of Peter unpurse their lips. From somewhere the worthy Peter himself appears, and sidles toward Tuzza.

"See!" cries Mamma Rosa victoriously, and extends her arms.

In one rests a baby. In the other hand she holds another little red book.

L'ACQUARIO

J. S. HUXLEY

HERE are three things in Naples that are famous—three objects in contemplation of which the Neapolitan feels his heart swell with patriotic fervor—three wonders with which to astound and silence the impudent foreigner. These three things are:—the View—the Museum—and the Aquarium. But, O thou Neapolitan patriot, when the so-contemptible foreigner regains his wits, a little reflection shows him that 'tis at all events not thou who shouldst be proud! Who made the view? God: or (for perhaps our Neapolitan is an Anti-Clerical) perhaps 'twere better to say that it is the outcome of crumplings of earth and belchings-forth of ashes—and you all have been naught but a fly—(and a dirty one at that) on the wheel of Geology. Who made the Museum? Its makers are long dead—ancient Romans and more ancient Greeks. It was a kind act of yours to give their works shelter—but it is not the shelter that we come to see.

But who made the Aquarium? Let the last sad blow fall on the patriotic heart. Less Neapolitan than is God or Geology, less than were Greeks or Romans, is the maker of the Aquarium—an intruder, a northerner, a German! Poor patriot heart, now collapsed, must swell itself on Gloves and Coral Brooches if it would revive!

Let us leave it slowly dilating, and betake ourselves to the Aquarium. I would not attempt to be your guide to the other sights, nor would you thank me if I did: but trust me in the Aquarium and you will at all events learn more than the native guide will teach you.

The sun shines outside from a hard blue heaven, putting the palms and cactuses quite at their ease and making the long avenues of ilex look quite northern. That is the time: pay and grudge not, push the swing-door—and enter into another world.

Dark and cool it is, silent but for sounds of splashing: no light but what, entering by invisible windows, must pass through the waters to reach your eye. On the south the sun lights up the

tanks brightly, and here and there, where beds of brilliant little sea-anemones and coral-creatures vegetate, or where purple sea-urchins, with their hundreds of little suction-pumps for feet, crawl over starfish scarlet and gray, and the yellow sea-lilies perpetually wave their five-fine-branching arms,—the transformation-scene at Drury Lane is not more brilliant. With meaningless brilliance in both cases;—these pure and gorgeous colors, so it seems, are of no more use to their possessors than the lovely mottlings of many Cowrie-shells, that covering folds of skin conceal during the whole of life.

But coloring may be useful as well as ornamental. Look into this tank, where even the bright sun reveals nothing at first but weedy stones. Look again, and half the stones are fish, mottled beautifully with brown and black and white, beset with little ridges and filaments that look like seaweed, nestling close to the rocks, and scarcely stirring. In the swirl and confusion of a shallow sea, none but the cleverest enemies could spy them out.

On the west and north sides only a dim and pale light enters; here are put the creatures that shrink from the direct ray of the sun, living under ledges or in the deeper waters—not so beautiful or bright, but more mysterious. There are great Skates and Rays, that some call Elephants' Ears, others Pfaffen hut, for the likeness that they bear, as they swim along flapping their undulating sides, to the black broad brimmed hat of Roman Catholic priests. Murænæ, their thick conger-like body decorated with sheeny golden-yellow pattern, their most wicked-looking and small head tapering like a Fox's to the nose—driest descendants perhaps of those to whom the callous Roman sensualist, in his villa at Posillipo not two miles off, used to throw his slaves. Crabs and crabby animals of various sorts, shapes and sizes: in their tank I saw one day a scene that might have been played by human actors. A dead carcase of one of their fellows lay on the gravel, surrounded by crabs and hermit-crabs pulling away for dear life with their big pincers, now and again coming into collision and nipping at each other, but reserving most of their energies for the feast. One great big crab smelt it from afar; up he sidled, and without a by-your-leave put his biggest claw over the head of the smaller fry, took hold, and tugged till a piece

came off, finally conveying it back and shoving it into his mouth in the most human manner imaginable. Overhead hovered the poor relations—like semi-transparent prawns on the lookout for stray bits that no one else wanted, eager, but very timid, shooting up and away with one flick of the tail at the least alarm. Among themselves, however, they were quarrelsome enough; I saw two have a very good imitation of a boxing match. The whole thing was, in its Crustacean way, very like the funeral scene in *The Devil's Disciple*.

As for the Precious Coral, and the Sea-Horses (so like chessmen leading a nice free Alice-through-the-Looking-glass existence among the sea-forests,) and the Jelly-fish, more like some-one else's disembodied shadow than independent beings, the prize-Chrysanthemum Flower show of big anemones, and the Octopus, beautiful even in repulsiveness—these and many other queer and lovely things you will see and wonder at.

One might spend the whole day there with much profit and pleasure; but I expect that after an hour or so, unless you happen to be a particularly ardent lover of beasts, you will be thinking of going. As you step out into the light, your eye is caught by a notice on the side of a broad flight of stairs: "E vietato di salire," with "Défense de monter" underneath, in case (as is highly probable) your comprehension of Italian should be limited to "Buona sera," and "Si prega di non sputare nella vettura." Prohibition rousing curiosity, you look up and round about, and see that there is really quite a big place besides the Aquarium itself, and wonder what happens inside it. "Must be pretty damp, living over all that water," you think; but your mind subsides into rest very soon, and you set out to try and find a cab with a taximeter and for once not be cheated.

In spite of your going off so carelessly, it is really quite interesting up there—in that Institution, of which the Aquarium is only the outward and visible sign, for which your two francs entrance-money has just been expended. Inside that building, what a change from the vast, untidy, childish village of six hundred thousand inhabitants in which it stands! Here is cleanliness, order, and willing industry in the high air of learning; all around the elemental feelings and passions contentedly living in lazy

poverty and dirt, dying in wildest superstition. Naples is the most uncivilized city in Europe; here in her midst is the first Zoölogical Station in the world—first in time, in size, and in renown. Founded, in the face of great difficulties, by Anton Dobon (alas now dead, though not before he had seen his first modest building expand to thrice its original size, and known that the fame thereof was gone forth into all lands), to-day it stands, the great simple white structure, with place for seventy workers if need be, each with his own little room (or half a bigger one if he be a new arrival and the place is crowded), his private tank, and his battery of all the thousand-and-one machines and tools and substances that are needed to force Nature's hand.

By way of showing some of the difficulties besetting those who wish to take advantage of this southern sea's munificence of beasts, I may say that not more than a small fraction of the scientific equipment can be got in Naples itself; half has to come from the great manufacturing towns of North Italy, the rest all the way from Germany, paying much duty on the way for daring to be better than native products.

The worker does not notice all this, however: all is made smooth for him. Here one knows the joys

“Of quiet work throughout the quiet days,”
the quiet sometimes broken by the thrill when the experiment has succeeded, the strange new structure is understood. Such moments are glorious, but rare: more often is despondency to be fought with, when creatures die, preparations are spoilt, when one feels that one's work is not progressing, or worse still, that it is essentially unimportant.

But the work goes on all the time, each adding his new brick, or mortaring up a gap, or repairing a hole in that vast edifice that is ever fair to look upon, yet ever being built. One gives the history of the Trypanosomes of Fishes (first cousins to those unwitting scourges that pass with the bite of the Tsetse into man's blood to give him the Sleeping Sickness). Another is describing a newly-discovered and strange sea-worm; it seems as if the sea would never cease to yield new creatures. Another is investigating the strange property of sponges, that when they are cut in bits and pressed through finest gauze, the microscopic units

will join up once more to little shapeless balls and still remember somehow to build themselves up into the miniature of the form they had before. Another is after determining all the chemical processes that take place in the early development of the egg; you want a lot of eggs for that, but luckily the Sea-Urchin comes to the rescue, for a good one will hold about five millions—one for every inhabitant of London (think of the infant mortality that must always be going on!).

The Man in the Street laughs aloud at such a catalogue; it tickles his fancy that grown men should be working at such tiny microscopic things, such absurd-looking creatures. His practical side is saddened with the waste of it, however.—Dear Man in the Street, don't be saddened, nor too contemptuous. For, to start with, any day one may stumble on something after your own heart; who knows whether sponges may not be cheaper, or Central Africa more habitable, as the result of one of this same laughable catalogue of researches?

And then, and this is more, each new brick has its place—perhaps waiting for it in some obscure corner, perhaps in some great arch that has lacked just this to stand alone, perhaps not till after years of neglect and weary waiting. But in the end each always finds its place, each always adds to the majesty of the great fabric that through the centuries is rising, built by the mind and soul of Man.

THE CITY OF PLEASURE

Five Impressions

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

I

The Excursion Train

A BLUR of oily, black smoke on the clear, green sky, the stridulous escape of steam, clanking brakes, and the excursion train stops at its platform. People pour like a colored, yeasty mass from its doors. In an instant the platform is crowded to suffocation; a headlong rabble of humanity, red-faced or incurably pallid, already worn by the long, hot journey, the rise before dawn, struggle and hurry and cry out, in an agony of apprehension, a torment of soul, lest they should miss a moment's pleasure.

Flat-breasted women, calico clad, herd children in voices that eat like acid through the tumult, fretfully admonish spindling babies that wail persistently with blue and bubbling lips. The men, coat over arm, their vivid-colored shirts sticking wetly to their bodies, laugh harshly, laugh knowingly with obscene intent, nudging each other, winking leaden lids. Their pockets are distended with bottles of spirits: they drink, wiping the necks of the bottles with hardened palms . . . the liquor sends a livid flush, a purple veil of heat, over faces seared and pitted with poverty.

Hundreds of girls, gay in ribbands, in a momentary whiteness, eddy like butterflies over the sordid human stream, shining for a second on the streaked surface, fluttering for a moment in the sun—for a moment only, before they sink bedraggled, drowned. The voices of the girls rise thin and hysterical, staccato giggling mingles with the husky pleasantries of social youths; the merciless voices of the girls deride the makeshift hats, skirts, about them—they dissect their sisters' souls for the amusement of casual young men.

Furtive boys, with cunning eyes and soft, pale palms, flex-

uously thread the mob; mechanics, stupid, patient, their heavy shoulders bent under a hopeless burden of toil, pass with dragging feet; predatory women, bloodless as mummies, laden with mephitic perfume, smile their sterile invitation; old men struggle impotently in the torrent, their senile faces working piteously, uttering quavering cries.

The turbid human stream, the stream unspeakably muddied and stained, writhes and vanishes from the platform with an uneasy, ceaseless mutter—as though it had broken from a morbific cavern—into the pellucid, the immaculate salt air.

II

The Beach

The ebb tide embroiders with filmy, white lace the far hem of the beach; the swinging flood of the sea sweeps opaque, jade-green, to the sparkling horizon; the sky burns with the molten, silver light of the summer sun at noon—and, where the sand is wet, it gleams like bright, shifting swords; higher up it is soft and gray, and hot.

Onto the luminous expanse the passing hour pours a horde of humanity, clad scantily, informally, for bathing—the men in gaudy jerseys; the older women in black, baglike garments; the younger with figures exposed, their legs thrust forward, their naked arms raised to their hair.

They sprawl on the beach, singly and in groups; they are all constrained, all uneasy, breathing by jerks, with labored lungs. Nowhere is there the repose, the immobility, of nature; no one rests save a few old men, nearing death, and drunkards with empurpled visages.

The men, bare to the pitiless light, white like bone, clasp calloused hands about their stringy knees; their feet are atrophied from misshapen shoes; their bodies cramped, shrunken, from garments rigid, unnatural, grotesque. Their bodies are scorified by the poisoned vapors of dye vats, from the death-heat of furnaces, the fumes of lead and sulphur; their bodies are bleached, sapped, from lives fed into machines in rooms closed like boxes.

There on the sand, before the cool tranquillity of the sea, the murmurous peace of its marge, the splendor of its horizon, the men betrayed, lured from happiness, from life, gaze dully downward, or—for a dazzled second—raise stony, blinded eyes to the sun.

The girls are without tenderness, without graciousness; they are without the bloom of scarlet blood coursing through free, white limbs, without the imperious urge of youth. Their desire is that of despair, of the torment of sex forced into perverse channels, of sex balked, betrayed.

The older women, parched by the gray dust of poverty, their souls netted in its cobweb of care, grimly outface the unaccustomed empty hour. . . . And, in and about, weave and play the children,—little, white, flickering flames barely alight in the blaze of the sun, the gigantic flood of noon.

III

The Idle Women

Through the clustered, white columns of the pavilion the sun streams on the idle women with busy fingers. The bandmaster, swaying sensuously to his lifted baton, envelops them in delicately-fluted sound, in the soft blare of golden horns floating above the shadowy depths of the bass.

The idle women are tropical in the streaming sun and wanton music: they are clad in heliotrope muslins, in saffron silks, in bizarre hats of dyed birds and gilded straw. Their ears are hung with carved metals, with coveted stones, stones bloody as greed, cold as deceit, green as feverish envy; their powdered throats are necklaced by pale, salt pearls, jades of aged Accad, the cerulean crystals of lost Hyksos kings. Their fingers, the busy fingers of the idle women, the nails pointed and enamelled with vermillion, sparkle with platinum and prismatic stones.

Their sparkling fingers pass and repass over the squares of linen that form their task, their occupation, that absorb their energy, their time. They embroider the minutes, the hours and days, into the useless web in their busy hands; they embroider

their inutile lives into the empty designs, link their vacuous imaginings in the stitches of the wasted threads.

They gather in council, conversing in half whispers sharp as steel, in words that burn whereon they fall like deathly acids; they nod their heads in corrosive malice, they nod the cold, dyed birds, the gilded straw. They smooth their sleek hips complacently, and lament the absence of their little dogs, their silky-white dogs with pink flesh and uxorious eyes. They dwell upon the painted men in exotic plays, the hermaphrodite heroes, the frozen prostitutes, of their favorite fictions.

They rub their over-ripe cheeks with carmine, their eyes glitter from amid purple pencillings; they dabble odorous ointment on their dry lips. A miasmic perfume swims from the idle women into the streaming sun. The bandmaster sways in sensuous abandon.

IV

The Cabaret

The smoke of countless cigarettes, coiling upward from the crowded tables of the transplendid café, veils the painted nudes and gilded cornices of the walls, the incandescence of the distant ceiling. Below champagne glows like golden tulips on slender stems of glass, the light burns sullenly in narrow flames of brandy, burns palely in cordials violet and silver, and gleams in crisp, amber beakers of beer. The men drink ceaselessly, served by a legion of waiters that converge in a sombre stream at the outlet to the bar, the men various yet alike, dull, insensible, blank; but the light of the glasses illuminates the dulness, the insensibility grows less evident—animation courses slowly, doubtfully, over the masks of the human commonplace; released from a thousand fetters, a thousand cautions and calculated fears, the voices rise, become spontaneous; a lyric note of laughter frees a score of hearts from the tyranny of the inevitable.

The clear chord of a piano, the vibrant note of a violin, sound from a platform against the further wall; after a momentary pause, in a bar of dusty light that falls diagonally from above, a woman appears, Castilian, in black and scarlet. One gleaming shoulder is bare, and a scant, fringed skirt is cut away

from knees that show seductively in warm silk. A native hat rakishly shadows her countenance, out of which her gaze sweeps insolently over the attentive tables.

She advances to the edge of the platform, and, with a sudden stamp of her foot, to the beat of piano and violin, bursts into a song, a song with a provoking, delayed tempo, now explosive, now pensive, melodious. She abandons herself to the music, she is utterly free, utterly pagan; her arms are tense, relaxed, alluring.

The last traces of stolidity, of calculated caution, vanish magically from the men; they are freed from the hypocrisy, the material baseness, from the gaol that custom, that lies, that the struggle, pitiless, inhuman, for the cold counters of civilization, the empty symbols of success, have built about their hearts. For a moment youth, the youth of the world, of men, so soon slain on doubtful altars, stirs faintly, glows with a reflection of vanished warmth—an anodyne from the dead past to the dead future.

Sharply, in a swirl of scarlet, of warm silken limbs, the song ends amid a tumult of approval, of lifted champagne like gold tulips on slender stems of glass. The dusty bar of light wavers, vanishes: from a shadowy corner of the platform, folded in a voluminous cloak—a gleam of scarlet, of pallid countenance, purple lips—the singer insolently gazes over the transplendid café.

V

A Curtain

Beyond the girdle of shining lights that encircle the City of Pleasure, beyond the thronged esplanade, the glittering cafés, the stately hostellries, the sea reaches out dark and still to the serene night. The moving, humming throng is gaily-colored, various, prodigal: the women are clad in silks, in carnation and mauve and blue, they are clad in white that clings closely to their soft limbs, that foams in lace upon their smooth shoulders. They smile slowly with ruby lips, they smile luminously with their eyes; they invite attention to their exotic bodies, to their hands, like the waxy petals of flowers, of frangipanni.

The men are opulent, flushed from the festival of the senses; they look masterfully at the gleaming lights, at the great hotels, the blazing cafés; at the material splendor that is the evidence of their success, of their importance, their domination. They look masterfully at the women, hung with barbaric ornaments, laced into provocative forms. The blinding spectacle of light, of living, of illimitable riches, seems to fill the earth, the sky . . . all time.

Then, slowly, the sea, that was so black, so withdrawn, turns gray, seems to rise in long quivering fingers, in fingers that grope blindly for the shore.

Streaming pennants of fog twist inward, hang curtains, hang cobwebs, over the lights, dimming their radiance into pale, ghostly flares. The fog drifts in and envelops the women; it veils them in a cold filament that cloaks their lustre, it blackens their lips, strews ashes on their vague countenances.

It wraps its chill about the men, extinguishing the fire of their blood, of their life. Slowly it blots out their edifices; the hotels vanish, the lighted cafés dwindle into an utter gray waste.

There is no sound, the voices are hushed, the footfalls stilled. Slowly, inexorably, all fade, all disappear, are lost: the sands are as blank as they were a thousand, thousand years ago, as they will be when a thousand, thousand, thousand years have fallen into the termless fog that absorbs all effort, all time.

SHIPWRECK

HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE wind cried up from the east with a long thin wail.
The dark rolled over the stars, the dull sea rose.
And the Skipper turned from his light-o'-love by the rail
And his body tingled with sweat and his blood froze,
For he heard a babe, the cry of a babe in the gale.

"It's come at last, it's come! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?
Last night, d'ye hear? Last night, I tell ye, it came!
I heerd her moanin' all night, an' I knew it was near,
In my dreams I heerd her moanin' an' callin' my name,
Andy, Andy, Andy! like a hammer in my ear.

"An' at last near morning I heerd a cry, an' I knew!
A baby's cry, a bit of a second it cried.
An' ye woke me then an' I knew nothin' but you,
Till the dark came again an' whispered: '*They've died!*
They've died!'
An' I heerd the wind tellin' the sea as it blew.

"An' they're all alone on the Cape, an' round them's the night.
All alone in the bed she faced north to the sea,
That wherever I was I'd know one beacon-light
Was shinin', she'd say, thro' fog an' the dark, for me.
An' it's shinin' now! I can see it—stary an' white!"

The Skipper's light-o'-love she stood like an oak
Bred amid crags and whipped by the wild wind's scourge.
And the wind loosened her hair and tore at her cloak,
But she laughed like the spume back to the shouting surge
And the taunt of the deep spoke in her voice when she spoke.

"Andy, little fool Andy, afraid of his wife
Cooking her beans an' cod, safe on the Cape!

What's *she* done for you? You was dead. I kissed ye to life."—

He laughed, shrilly, and flung back his head to escape
The perilous scent of her flesh, poised like a knife;

But her face was close, her loose hair flew in his eyes.

His limbs grew faint of her nearness, her lips on his cheeks,
The hot forge-flame of her breath and her breathless cries,

Till he sank on her pulsing throat, and, dizzy and weak,
Knew nothing at all but her bosom's fall and rise.

Up thro' the dark the hurricane called the sea,

And the billows shrank and sprang and bellowed and boiled.
The mate whistled, and out from the hatch's lee

Shadows leapt up the shrouds and dizzily toiled;
And the bark eased, but the gale cried terribly.

The Skipper stirred, but he heard not whistle or gale

Tho' the prow plunged deep and flung in his face the foam.
He heard only the sound of footsteps frail

In the sandy yard of his bleak Yarmouth home,
And the creak of a gate and the crunch of the loose beach-trail.

The Skipper stared like a dead man out into space.

"It's her! An' she's white an' her cheeks is wet with the storm.
The gray shawl's over her head an' close to her face
She's holdin' our little baby to keep him warm,
An' she's striding down to the sea wi' ghostly pace."

The storm was loud. His woman drew close his head.

"Baby, Andy, yourself, scared at the wind!"
But the Skipper's voice was thick with a new dread:
"She's gone, gone into the sea! She's gone to find
Me an' you to show us the baby that's dead."

"D'ye hear, d'ye hear? She's gone down into the sea,
An' she'll come an' find us an' make me look in her eyes.
O beast, you! Why couldn't ye leave me be?
I hated ye half the time, but ye hooked me wi' lies,
Till ye had me high an' dry wi' your devilry.

"Let me go, d'ye hear? Christ, how I hate ye! le' go!

They've furled the tops'l's. Not a stitch on her sticks!"

He pushed her down. She kissed him. He struck her a blow.

"Christ! Not to-night I won't tumble to you an' your tricks
Wi' God chasin' me here—an' a ghost below."

He lurched to the wheel, he shouted, and swift thro' the dark

Men climbed, swaying, and labored. The loosed sail roared.

The Skipper steered on, but his boyish face was stark;

And blindly on, like a frightened mare at a ford,
Snorted and plunged and reared the maddened bark.

On! And he heard a footfall under the sea!

On! And the swish of great fins making room!

He saw the sea-floor's desert shadowy,

And he saw her coming, whiter and swifter than doom,
Tho' she moved not her shoulder at all, nor bent her knee.

He saw her pass like a wisp thro' the level sea-weed,

Like a ray of the moon he saw her move over the crag.

Before her he saw undulant arms recede,

Lumps drop to cover, racing fishes lag—

And he shook out canvas to match his speed to her speed.

The sea with shock and thunder broke over the side

And the mast shuddered and yawed and the beams droned.

But the Skipper heard not wind nor bellowing tide,

He heard only a voice that faintly moaned

And close under his feet the steps of his bride.

His hands were no more his own on the plunging wheel

For a stronger soul than his own had taken command.

It turned the rudder, it turned the shivering keel

Till the bark jibed in the clutch of the awful hand,

And the gale broke a sail from its bolts with a loud peal.

The Skipper's light-o'-love clutched, wildly, his arm.

With a curse the mate leapt to the wheel: "The shoal!"

But the Skipper fought free, he feared not the tempest-harm,
 He feared only a ghost pursuing his soul
 With feet swifter than all the pinions of storm.

And the vessel crashed with shiver and shock on the bar,
 And the waves pursuing swept tumbling the deck.
 Up the shrouds shadows leapt to a groaning spar;
 But over the shoal the storm flung the harried wreck,
 And it staggered into the breakers, jar on jar,

Beaten and open-seamed, to the last mad clash!
 The Skipper dragged his light-o'-love to the yards.
 Shouts, and shouts again, and the mortar's flash,
 And in bonfire-light the black shapes of the guards
 Coiling again and again the whirring lash!

They drew the Skipper's light-o'-love to the shore,
 They drew the seamen safe, but the Skipper alone
 Abode the buoy's slow return once more,
 Alone with eddying soul and face of stone,
 Alone with a voice low thro' the storm's roar:

"Andy, Andy, I'm here! Andy, it's me!
 Look up, Andy, look. I've brought you your boy.
 He's so pretty, Andy. Why can't ye look up an' see?
 Who'd ever ha' guessed, Andy, 't you could destroy
 Me an' the babe an' yourself so foolishly?"

The Skipper's flesh crawled, for he felt the touch
 Of a hand on his hair and lips' faint press and glow.
 "Was she kind to you, Andy? An' did ye love her so much?
 She never loved you as I did, Andy, I know.
 An' you—you was all too good for the like of such.

"Come to me, Andy. There's nothing for you over there.
 An', Andy, the baby an' me are close to you here.
 There's nothing for you wi' her only hate an' despair.
 But I shall be in your eye, Andy, an' in your ear,
 An' in your heart forever an' everywhere."

The Skipper heard, thro' howl and thunder he heard!

 But the buoy was nigh and voices called from the beach.

He sprang to the buoy—eternity!—it stirred!

 Slowly with groaning rope and the tackle's screech,
Shoreward, darting, plunging like a great bird,

It hurtled. But once more the hollow steep

 Rose up with hands, it rose, unearthly, vast.

It hovered above him, gaunt awfulness waiting to leap,

 Leapt, broke, thundered, whelmed him at last.

Day came. But the Skipper came not forth from the deep.

THE CASE OF RICHARD MIDDLETON

ROBERT SHAFER

PERHAPS it was only natural that in the beginning I looked at the case of Richard Middleton with suspicion. Being merely an American, I had heard little or nothing of him before his tragic death. After that I began to hear more, but even then I had read practically nothing that he had written. For this reason I felt that I was able to take an unprejudiced view of the rather indiscriminate praise of him that was issuing from the mouths of his friends, and everything that I heard did but add to my suspicion.

Here was a man who had died in the saddest of all ways, and was it not probable that the brilliant promise of his youth had been at the best only partially fulfilled? At any rate, he had never published a single volume, and he was a member of that class which, as Mr. Frank Harris assures us, is the lowest of all classes in England—that is, he was a journalist. In this capacity, it is true, he did achieve publication in various English periodicals; but so, I argued, do innumerable young men who will never deserve anything more than the most ephemeral notice. Besides this, however, I learned that Middleton had a high artistic ideal, and believed that he was fitted for literary achievement far beyond the province of the mere journalist, and that he also held in contempt our propagandists who are masking themselves, not always discreetly, beneath the flimsy covers of the contemporary novel, and behind the asbestos drop-curtains of our modern drama. Admirable though this was of him, did it, I asked myself, mean anything in particular? For it is a notorious fact that every American citizen, actuated by precisely the same motives, always carries an original, hand-made drama, priceless for various reasons, in his left-hand hip-pocket; and yet we do not, at least some of us do not, assert that on account of this fact all American citizens are perked out with the distinctive marks of genius. No, I said, the facts of the case must be that these English friends were filled with a most natural grief at Middleton's untimely death, and out of this grief must have been born

the desire to do what in them lay towards gaining for him some sort of posthumous recognition. Their motives, of course, were most commendable, but I felt that their actions spoke better for their hearts than for their heads.

However, the chance at length came for reading a considerable amount of Middleton's actual work, both in prose and verse, and I grasped this opportunity, not without hesitation, it is true, for I dimly foresaw that this reading might play havoc with my previously impartial attitude toward him; and this, I might add, is just what it did!

I find that Middleton's was a figure truly remarkable as well as pathetic, and that his friends were really fulfilled of an inspiration that lacked not the quality of measured judgment. He was a fine and rare story-teller, and often he rose to the heights of enduring poetry. It is true I would not venture upon the romantic comparison of him with Chatterton, starving in his garret, which seems a little absurd to my mind, but then much may be forgiven the critics when their flights contain a kernel of important truth. And I am almost willing to believe that Middleton wrote one or two poems as enduring as anything of Chatterton's. It is also true that I would not venture to be so disagreeably superior in talking about Middleton's merit as was Mr. Henry Savage in his introduction to the first series of *Poems and Songs*. Still, I may be wronging Mr. Savage; perhaps his assertions are only an echo of an odd little way that I believe Englishmen sometimes have when they are talking to each other.

To speculate on what a man might have written had he lived longer is always interesting, and sometimes not quite useless. I fancy that Middleton would have written poetry much less variable in its quality, and that he would have turned more and more to lighter, less ambitious things, that he would, indeed, have written the poetry of childhood supremely well. In *Poems and Songs* we find the beginnings of just such a change as this, and it is precisely in those places where he gets away from his Lilies and Dorothys and Christines that he usually—though not always—gives the truest and best expression to his genius. In some of the so-called "pagan" poems we seem to perceive a medley of influences, a thing that is almost certain to occur in

the first poems of any young man. Mr. Arthur Ransome has recently shown us some of the sources of inspiration for Oscar Wilde's early poems, and while this did not serve to increase any merit they may have had in my eyes, it certainly did not decrease their value, but rather made them the more interesting as reflections of the young Wilde's personality and interests. In the same way we can see here and there in Middleton's work the passing legacies of Ernest Dowson and of Mr. Arthur Symons, and, above all, of Swinburne. The critics never tire of telling us just how easy it is to imitate Swinburne, but unfortunately the Swinburnians have never learned their lesson from the critics. At all events they have, one and all, been signally unsuccessful. Certain of the stock tricks that went to make up that complex thing which we call the personal and individual genius of Swinburne they may have caught at times, but the living spirit of the man, never. I am tempted to think that Middleton did the thing better than has any one of the rest of them, but even he, good as he sometimes was, could not be entirely successful; and I feel that these poems, for all their trail of fiery adjectives, must fall a little flat on ears accustomed to the rhythms of the first series of *Poems and Ballads*. The first *Irene* poem, *Love's Mortality*, and *One More Song* may serve as typical of all of them, and one may well recall how fine indeed the last-named poem is, of its kind. The curious will discover the influence of Ernest Dowson, which I have mentioned, in various scattered phrases, and certainly there is a strange echo of Dowson's poem, *Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonæ sub Regno Cynaræ*, in *The Dream That Has No End*. For the same persons I might add that Mr. Arthur Symons' influence, one of spirit rather than of form, is evident enough in *After Love*.

It would be something more than presumptuous to make any kind of an "estimate" of Middleton's poetry at this time, but certain facts stand out clearly. His verse is filled through and through with a passionate love of beauty; indeed perhaps this will be the most evident thing of all for one who has but just finished reading the poems. Moreover, he has no message for the world, save that of the travelling singer in his own exquisite tale, *The Poet's Allegory*. It is there that we find Middleton's

ideas about the nature of poetry—if we have not already found them, concealed in his verse itself—and could a lyric poet have a finer conception of the essentials of his craft? The singer has just arrived at a village early in the morning, but the baker was already up, as is the way of bakers, and he shouted at him, asking his business. The boy answered:

“I might be a good tinker, and worship god Pan, or I might grind scissors as sharp as the noses of bakers. But, as a matter of fact, I’m a piper, not a rat-catcher, you understand, but just a simple singer of sad songs, and a mad singer of merry ones.”

“Oh,” said the baker dully, for he had hoped the boy was in search of work. “Then I suppose you have a message.”

“I sing songs,” said the boy emphatically. “I don’t run errands for any one save it be for the fairies.” . . .

“But you must have some news?”

“News! It’s a fine morning of summer, and I saw a king-fisher across the water-meadows coming along. Oh, and there’s a cuckoo back in the fir plantation, singing with a May voice. It must have been asleep all these months.”

To sing just as would this simple boy, that is to make real lyric poetry, Middleton would have said, I feel sure. And, as probably we might by this time expect, it was in his simpler, lighter pieces that he himself achieved his highest success. That complicated and troubled atmosphere in which he sought to envelop some of his poems we do not find in *Chant—Pagan*, for example, which goes along with such a rapid, swinging movement that we almost break into song as we read it. *The Rebel*, again, is magnified by a spirit so virile, so strong and self-sufficient, that we wonder how the same man could ever have meddled with the faded roses and voluptuous languors of a generation ago. It begins splendidly:

“I am the man who wandered in the skies,
To a strange place hung round with flowing silk
Wherein were set the stars from north to south;
And there I saw a god with dreamy eyes,
And monstrous shadowing beard that dripped with milk,
And there was honey on his drooping mouth.”

But *The Bathing Boy* and *To Them All* are equally fine, if not

even better, and in the latter poem there moves archly a real spirit of song, that brings a smile to one's lips whether one will or no. Different enough is the *Lullaby*—it is the simplest of little songs, with all trace of pretentiousness gone from it, and perhaps in part for that reason I have learned to love it, would dare even to compare it with Robert Greene's lullaby, *Weep not, My Wanton, Smile upon My Knee*. I shall quote only the first stanza, but from that one can see how fine a thing it is:

“ Ah, little one, you're tired of play,
 Sleep's fingers rest upon your brow,
You've been a woman all the day,
 You'd be a baby now;
 O baby, my baby!
 You'd be my baby now.”

Middleton's stories appear to have attracted less attention in England than his poems, and yet I must confess that on the whole he appeals to me more as a writer of prose than as a poet. To be sure, he wrote scarcely the kind of stories that win popularity in our American magazines, and, very probably, in English ones too. Middleton did not deal in the trivialities of the commonplace, nor in the shallowness of the fashionable and the rich, nor yet was he willing to efface real tragedy with patched up and inappropriate endings for the comfort of the sentimental; and perhaps in the face of all this it is a rather unimportant fact that he was a supremely good teller of stories that are real, and charged with life from beginning to end. And yet—and yet, I cannot see how anyone could fail to be charmed by some of the stories collected in the volume called *The Ghost Ship and Other Stories*. If by no other certainly one must be delighted by that strange tale put with supreme tact into the mouth of the villager from Fairfield. It is the story of *The Ghost Ship*, and I feel sure that it is not only unlike any other in the language, but that it always will be. In its praise I can do no better than quote Mr. Arthur Machen, who says of it: “ I declare I would not exchange this short, crazy, enchanting fantasy for a whole wilderness of seemly novels, proclaiming in decorous accents the undoubted truth that there are milestones on the Portsmouth Road.”

No other story of Middleton's faintly resembles *The Ghost Ship*, though *Shepherd's Boy* belongs to something of the same type. The rest of the stories in this book—in all it contains some twenty—are widely different in character, and they impress one by showing both the range of Middleton's power and the varied themes which found in his hands more than adequate treatment. One quality, however, binds all of these stories together, and that is the peculiar individuality of their writer. Of course the same thing may be said of the work of all writers, save of that which those pitiful mediocrities turn out who have caught the spirit of the time and have made themselves into literary machines, and hence I would not have mentioned this factor of Middleton's personal genius were it not a most unusual and significant thing. It is a matter both of spirit and of technique, and it pervades every one of these stories, filling them, for me at least, with a glow of interest which the conventional, "well-made" story has long since ceased to excite. This personal spirit manifests itself sometimes in a kind of unusual daring. Who else would have ventured to write *The Conjurer*? The mystification of the reader is complete, there is no trace of explanation—and the result is an effect the intensity of which I had scarcely dreamed of before. Again this daring is shown in comparisons that shock by their rudeness, by their apparent inappropriateness, so that on seeing them we can only stare, or smile for a moment, until suddenly there comes to us a perception of their extraordinary truth,—“Mother still stooped from bed to bed, moving placidly, like a cow.” Or again, he speaks of “a dark-haired girl of fifteen or sixteen, so unreasonably beautiful that she made a disillusioned scribbler feel like a sad line out of one of the saddest poems of Francis Thompson.”

Another thing that astonishes us is Middleton's extraordinary comprehension of childhood, a comprehension that does not delight us so much as Mr. Kenneth Grahame's, because not put to such pleasant ends, but surely I am not wrong in believing that it is quite as complete. We remember the pleasures of childhood so much more clearly, or recall them so much more easily, than we do the tragedies. And so I think Middleton set himself

distinctly the harder task when he wrote *A Tragedy in Little, Fate and the Artist*, and *The Passing of Edward*—and these things he has done so extremely well that we cannot help thinking that the stories simply must last. I wonder, too, if many people will realize how very difficult the reconstruction of one's childhood would be, indeed how nearly impossible the thing would be, for well-nigh everyone. And yet how supremely well Middleton made those two almost autobiographical studies of his boyhood! I mean *A Drama of Youth*, and *The New Boy*. The latter narrative brought back to me vividly some things I imagined that I had almost succeeded in forgetting—some events of a most unhappy year passed at one of our largest and worst preparatory schools.

Along with this gift, and it is one of the rarest, in its way, Middleton had another, that of extraordinary insight into the world of grown up men and women. We see this quality at its best in two studies, *The Story of a Book*, and *The Biography of a Superman*. Along with it went a kind of humor peculiar to himself, and a power for effective and brilliant satire. The former study concerns itself with a man, "born with at least a German-silver spoon in his mouth," who had much time to spare, and who, perhaps "from some remote hereditary taint," was an incessant novel reader, broad minded enough, moreover, to read good novels as well as bad ones. "From the first he had allowed his reading to color his impressions of life, and had obediently lived in a world of blacks and whites, of heroes and heroines, of villains and adventuresses, until the grateful discovery of the realistic school of fiction permitted him to believe that men and women were for the most part neither good nor bad, but tabby." In course of time he became a skilful critic of novels, and even wrote one himself, which he knew at least to be far above the average in grammar and punctuation. "He read the book to his friends, who made suggestions that would have involved its re-writing from one end to the other. He read it to his enemies, who told him that it was nearly good enough to publish; he read it to his wife, who said that it was very nice, and that it was time to dress for dinner. No one seemed to realize that it was the most important thing he had ever done

in his life." And so the story of the book goes on, delightful from beginning to end, and so very, very true!

Delightful in the same way, and equally penetrating, is *The Biography of a Superman*. It offers, just as does *The Story of a Book*, endless brilliant passages for quotation, but I shall have to restrict myself to a single one:

"Sprung from an old Yorkshire family, Charles Stephen Dale was yet sufficient of a Cockney to justify both his friends and his enemies in crediting him with the Celtic temperament. Nevertheless, he was essentially a modern, insomuch that his contempt for the writings of dead men surpassed his dislike of living authors. To these two central influences we may trace most of the peculiarities that rendered him notorious and ultimately great. Thus, while his Celtic æstheticism permitted him to eat nothing but raw meat, because he mistrusted alike 'the reeking products of the manure-heap and the barbaric fingers of cooks,' it was surely his modernity that made him an agnostic, because bishops sat in the House of Lords. Smaller men might dislike vegetables and bishops without allowing it to affect their conduct; but Dale was careful to observe that every slightest conviction should have its place in the formation of his character. Conversely, he was nothing without a reason."

One feels from the beginning of this narrative that it must be a portrait of that obscure man whose eccentric disciples have been nicknamed "Shavians"—and as one reads on one becomes sure that it can be none other than Mr. Bernard Shaw himself who is thus skilfully and mercilessly portrayed. Certainly there has never been written a more truthful nor a more incisive criticism of the man than this.

One might say many more things of Middleton, but they will be evident to those who have come to like his poetry and to love his stories, while to outsiders they would be bound to be more or less meaningless. It is perhaps enough to say that Middleton was a really great writer of prose—prose remarkable for its meaning rather than for its form—and that he achieved something more than a passing distinction in the field of pure lyric poetry. He was a man who loved beauty with a fervor scarcely conceivable in an Englishman; and he had, and held

religiously to, a high artistic ideal, a thing most remarkable in this day, when, as Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has said, there is nothing that an English writer will not do for a bit of money. Perhaps in the light of this knowledge we can better understand the despair that carried him even to the doors of death, and I do not think we can do better, as we pause for a moment over his name, than recall those concluding stanzas of his own poem, *The Artist*:

“ The shadows fall and the still,
I am loth to sing,
I have wondered and kissed my fill
On the lips of spring.

“ But the golden cities are gone
And the stars are fled,
And I know that I am alone,
And I am dead.

“ No more than a dream that sings
In the streets of space;
Ah, would that my soul had wings,
Or a resting-place!”

EDITORIAL NOTES

Peace

IT is well that the hundred years of peace between America and Great Britain should be fittingly celebrated. But it would be better if all nations would join in celebrating the commencement of a century of world-peace.

There are some eighteenth century survivals who believe and preach that war will endure as long as men remain upon the earth; that bloodshed is the ultimate and only satisfactory argument; and that a world unstimulated by battlefield-shambles would lose inspiration, ideals, spirituality, and descend to abysmal and universal idiocy.

To every forward step, there has always been such opposition from the little men. Unashamed, never learning, they lift their voices to proclaim the impossibility of progress.

And progress goes on.

Jesus of Nazareth was nailed upon the cross of a criminal by the little men of his day, because he proclaimed the religion of Humanity.

There are prophets and seers in our own generation who are proclaiming, with no uncertain voice, the religion of Humanity. The little men will try to nail them upon the cross of ridicule.

But the vision comes nearer and takes clearer form; and tens of tens of thousands through the world have seen it, and will give way no longer to those who walk with their eyes turned downward, denying the shining of stars and the whole firmament of heaven.

It is no vague, illusive abstraction, deferred to some millennial period in the far distant future, that the thinking, seeing men of to-day have conceived and are shaping to the measure of their desire and the world's need. Here and now, with the living—not with the dead or with the unborn—is the work of the present, and the vision of both the present and the future.

And the little men will proclaim to-day the impossibility of all achievement—until they are confronted to-morrow with the realization.

John Purroy Mitchel

THE nomination of Mr. John Purroy Mitchel as Collector of the Port of New York is entirely satisfactory. It is a fitting reward for personal ability and public service of a type too rare; and it is a fitting recognition of the claims of Tammany—made manifest in every act and every record of the organization—to be ignored now and henceforward by any man who values decency in public affairs and is unwilling to associate himself with flagrant and immitigable corruption.

Governor Sulzer and Tammany

GOVERNOR SULZER has apparently drifted a long way from the Fourteenth Street flock.

Charles F. Murphy, of course, will not surrender without a prolonged fight the power which has enabled him, unelected, autocratic, irresponsible, to over-ride the will of the people, nullify the institutions of the commonwealth, and bring the taint of corruption into every phase of public administration.

Yes. He will certainly fight. But the new order in New York State should be able to give him all the fighting that he wants. No decent man can possibly side with Tammany. Every citizen who is not a self-confessed supporter of corruption must fight against the organization which is a byword throughout the world.

Mr. Whitman's Game of Chess

MOVE by move, with the precision of a von Moltke, Mr. Whitman continues his masterly attack upon the Police System and upon those who are responsible for the continuance and long immunity of the System.

The "one little lieutenant" so slightly dismissed by the Mayor as a mere excrescence upon an almost flawless department, has developed into a quite substantial brotherhood of criminal officials. But the Mayor is not dismayed. However many members of the police force may be brought to the bar of justice, there will still remain a residue to receive Mr. Gaynor's panegyrics.

Militant "Progress"

THE Woman Suffrage Bill, designed to enfranchise six million women, was defeated in the British House of Commons by a majority of 47. Last year a similar measure was defeated by a majority of 14. Previously, suffrage bills had for several years passed their second reading stage by large majorities. A brief table for the last five years is interesting.

1909	Favorable majority	13
1910	Favorable majority	110
1911	Favorable majority	167
1912	Adverse majority	14
1913	Adverse majority	47

The extraordinary "progress" achieved since the introduction of the system of daily outrages must be very gratifying to the ultra-militants. Methods that have resulted in changing a favorable majority of 167 into an adverse majority of 47 are obviously benefiting the cause and should be persisted in by all reasonable women.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont

SEVERAL characteristic remarks recently attributed to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont have been received here with the exact degree of respect that they merited; but they may have been taken seriously on "the other side," where the influence exerted by Mrs. Belmont in the councils of her country is not accurately known.

Possibly some of the statements were distorted in transmission; but it seems reasonably clear that Mrs. Belmont is eager to try the experiment of acclimatizing the Pankhurst policies. "If New York fails to awake we shall introduce militant methods of the type used by the Women's Social and Political Union." It would be interesting to know on what authority Mrs. Belmont made that statement, and who is associated with her in the august "we" who announce so nonchalantly their desire to turn a rational movement into a repellent farce.

If Mrs. Belmont, however, really craves an opportunity of proving her personal courage by conducting a hunger strike, no difficulties will be placed in her way. It is entirely unnecessary that she should smash any windows, destroy any letters, or deposit bombs promiscuously in unsuitable places. There is no need whatever that she should engage prison accommodations. The most convenient place for a hunger strike is obviously at home, where the sufferer can have every attention. The progress of the experiment and the fortitude of the experimenter can be advertised extensively in the daily papers. The desired amount of notoriety can be secured, and the moral effect of such a decorous and voluntary martyrdom will be exceptional.

If Mrs. Belmont's plans include arson, a similar principle may be applied, and much inconvenience avoided. The militant suffragettes in England burnt down the house of Lady White—an old lady entirely unconnected with the movement, either for or against. This was regarded as a masterpiece of strategy. But if the object in view be merely destruction, and the consequent advertisement, it is surely unnecessary to select the house of an inoffensive and innocent lady when one has an excellent and perfectly suitable house of one's own. The moral effect, as before, would be exceptional, and the discomfort would be confined to the person who planned and desired it. If the immolation of a pet lap-dog will help things along, Mrs. Belmont can find plenty of minute but expensive material for sacrifice among her intimate friends, without troubling strangers.

Militancy on these lines would certainly attract widespread attention, and convince the public that a new era in the social development of women had arrived.

Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch

A DAY after Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's egregious stupidities were given publicity, Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch issued her confession of faith. Her letter is spirited without being in the slightest degree spiteful; yet there is much in it that may be regretted, especially the view expressed in the following sentence: "These considerations have no idealism in them, of

course, but they have the counsel of common-sense and caution." Common-sense cannot be divorced from idealism. The consensus of common-sense implied in the theory of democracy represents the supreme idealism conveyed in the "vox populi, vox Dei" which so profoundly influenced Cardinal Newman. Again, Mrs. Blatch says: "My objection to militancy rests upon the substantial fact that in our time the vote has not been won through violence." Surely something more than mere expediency is implied in the suffragist cause.

But Mrs. Blatch, as usual, has helped forward the cause that she believes in. It is only necessary to quote two more of her statements. "To suggest militancy in the United States is singularly inept." Mrs. Belmont will no doubt read that declaration with pleasure. And finally: "We are living in the twentieth century and not in the eighteenth, and the manner of pushing our political demands must take into account the conditions of our own time." This viewpoint has been expressed consistently and emphatically in THE FORUM: but we go a little further than Mrs. Blatch. The distinction is not between the twentieth century and the eighteenth, or even between 1913 and 1903. A hundred years, ten years, a year—why go back if the world has moved on? Last year may be as dead as the last century. Let the dead years bury their dead methods.

Personal Animosity in Politics

IT will be a source of pleasure to all fair-thinking and fair-fighting men that the Hearst newspapers have thrown aside the pretence of amiability forced upon them by the exigencies of the last campaign, and have begun to attack the President with their customary virulence. Woodrow Wilson has been moving quietly from triumph to triumph: but no man can be settled quite securely in the public esteem without the indorsement of Mr. Hearst's animosity.

The chief ostensible ground of complaint seems to be that the President is an educated man, as well as a man of affairs. This, naturally, is a very serious handicap in the view of those responsible for the policies of the Hearst papers. But the country is a little tired of "plain men" of the Charles F. Murphy

type. It sends its children to the schools and its young men to the universities; and it sees no reason to condemn anyone merely because he has been foolish enough to develop his intellectual powers by study, broaden his outlook by reflection, and, incidentally, gain practical administrative experience as Governor of his State. It is, of course, a grave disqualification in the opinion of the Hearst papers that the President of the United States should have an exceptional knowledge of the political institutions and the political and social history of his country, a wide range of vision, a balanced judgment, and a stable, resolute character. But the Hearst journals should push their contention to its logical conclusion, and insist upon the closing of all the schools. If it is a disgrace to the country that the President should be an educated man, it is surely undesirable that any of the citizens should be afflicted with an education.

Lord Robert Cecil

IN the debate on the Woman Suffrage Bill in the British House of Commons, Lord Robert Cecil, speaking in support of the bill, contended that to vote against it because of militant outrages would be illogical and unworthy of the high standard of intelligence claimed by members of the House.

Lord Robert, of course, is an open and sincere advocate of the movement for the enfranchisement of women. Recently, however, in a newspaper article, he suggested the deportation of the women who have worked so hard to disgrace their cause and their sex. His attitude and action with regard to the bill should convey a lesson to the extremists—if it is now possible to influence them in any way that does not conduce to their craving for notoriety. Lord Robert Cecil refuses to allow his opinion of a just and fine cause to be influenced by the vagaries of a few irresponsible women. *In spite of the crude militancy of the Pankhurst gospel*, he voted according to his convictions.

Could there be any clearer illustration of the futility of the “malignant” programme? Not because of militancy, but in spite of it, this son of the Prime Minister who so long divided with Mr. Gladstone the political control of his country, supports a cause which he believes to be rooted indestructibly in

justice. In the face of flagrant and most regrettable provocation, he still appeals to reason. The militants appeal to bombs—and expect a world which is outgrowing the stupidities of violence to tolerate them, to yield to them, to place them in a position to give still more deplorable effect to their outmoded doctrines.

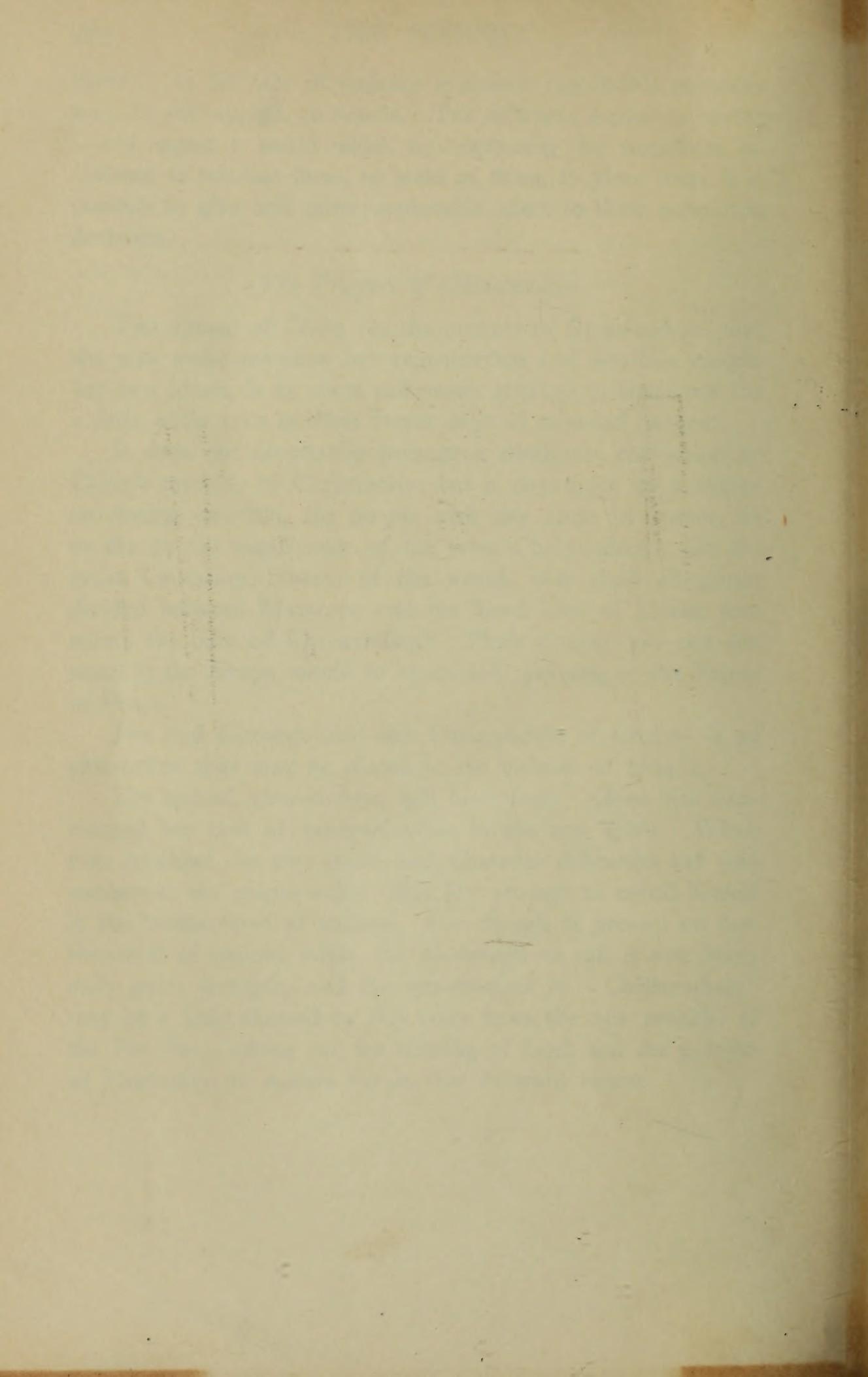
The Prayers of Christendom

THE appeal of China for the prayers of Christendom, that she may make manifest her regeneration and worthily sustain her new ideals, is an event sufficiently striking to stand out for a little while even in these recent days of crowded incident.

It does not necessarily presage a wholesale conversion of China's myriads to Christianity: but it does open up a rather interesting question, for people with any sense of humor, as to the precise significance of the term Christendom. Do the great Caucasian Powers of the world, with their allegiance divided between Mammon and the Lord God of Hosts, constitute the bulk of Christendom? Their prayers are cast too much in the Krupp mould to be entirely pleasing to the Prince of Peace.

The real Christendom—the Christendom of Christ—is an abstraction that may be placed in the vicinity of Utopia.

The appeal, nevertheless, will bear fruit. China has commenced her task of reorganization in the new spirit. Whatever mistakes she may make, and whatever difficulties she may encounter, she cannot suffer from her attempt to enroll herself in the brotherhood of nations. For though at present no brotherhood of nations exists, the movement to call it into being daily gains strength; and the war-maniacs of "Christendom" may be a little shamed by this voice from the new republic of the Far East, asking for the blessing of God, and the prayers of Humanity, to sustain her on her forward course.



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